Saturday Evening Post · December 18, 1965 · 25c

POST

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If you like to draw, you may have a God-given talent

America's best-loved artist almost quit painting in his youth because he was uncertain of his ability. Here's his advice to people who may be neglecting a natural gift that could change their lives.

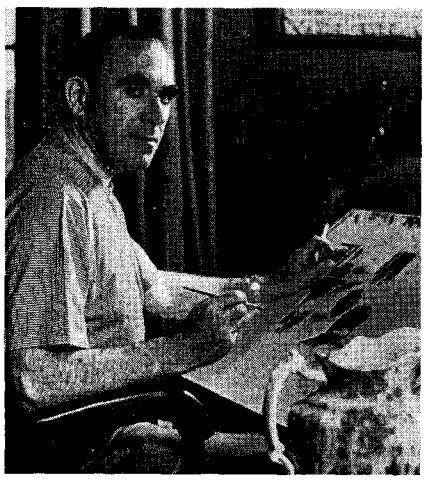
PHOTOGRAPH BY LOUIS LAMONE

By Norman Rockwell

I CAN'T THINK of a greater waste in the world than being blessed with a natural ability...and doing nothing about it. A talent for drawing, for example, is a wonderful gift. It can bring you such a rich and rewarding life that it just doesn't seem right not to give it a chance to develop and grow.

Nobody knows this better than I. I was born in a shabby tenement in New York City. I guess I always wanted to be an artist. I remember, when I was six, drawing pictures on old cardboard to amuse my friends. At fifteen, I had earned enough money from odd jobs to go to art school. Then, over my parents' objections, I left high school after my first year so that I could attend two art schools at once.

Many times I became terribly discouraged and wanted to give up art school to start earning money. But my instructors encouraged me to continue. One day a cartoonist friend urged me to submit my work to The Saturday Evening Post. To my surprise, they bought the first three pictures I showed them and asked me to do three more. I didn't know it then, but this sale started me toward the realization of my dream . . . making the most of the talent I was born with.



Albert Dorne was born in the slums. His God-given talent made him one of the highest-paid artists in history.

Others struggled, too

My story is not unique...other artists overcame greater hardships. Albert Dorne left school at 13 to support his family, but studied art at home in spare time. At 22 he was earning $500 a week. He went on to become one of the highest-paid commercial artists in America.

Stevan Dohanos, famous cover artist, drove a truck and worked in a mill before turning to art. Harold Von Schmidt was orphaned at five. Robert Fawcett, "the illustrator's illustrator," left school at 14. Austin Briggs struggled to support his family in a cold-water flat when he first broke into art.

As I progressed in my career, hundreds of promising artists came to me for help. I gave them as much time as I could. But what they really needed was an effective way to master the trade secrets of many successful artists.

A plan to help others

Albert Dorne found the way. One day over 18 years ago, he asked me to meet him in his studio. There I found Dohanos, Von Schmidt, Fawcett and Briggs. With them were six other equally famous artists —Al Parker, Jon Whitcomb, Fred Ludekens, Ben Stahl, Peter Helck and John Atherton. Dorne pointed out the growing need for trained artists. Then he asked, "Why can't we develop a way to share our art experience and knowledge with all who have talent . . . no matter where they live or who they are?"

All twelve of us loved the idea. Taking time off from our own careers, we poured all our knowledge of art—all our hard-won trade secrets into a series of home-study lessons. W[illegible] over 5,000 special drawings for [illegible] magnificent set of textbooks. After we had covered the fundamentals of art, each man contributed his own specialty. For example, Jon Whitcomb showed how to draw his famous "glamour girls." Dorne showed step-by-step ways to achieve animation and humor. I devised a simple way to explain characterization and the secrets of color.

New methods devised

Finally, we spent three years working out a revolutionary new way to correct a student's work. For each assignment the student would send in, his instructor would actually draw in black and white or paint in full color his detailed corrections. Then the instructor would dictate a letter of criticism and advice. This way, there would be no misunderstanding. And the student would have a permanent record of his progress.

And so we started the Famous Artists Schools. Our faculty totals hundreds of years of professional experience. The School started in an old barn in Westport, Conn. Today it occupies its own modern buildings and has thousands of students. All of us with the School are extremely proud of what our students everywhere have accomplished.

Our students succeed

James Ryan of Los Angeles, Calif., is a good example. If his God-given talent for drawing had gone undeveloped, he might still be a clerk, unhappy with his low-paying, routine job. Taking our Course radically changed his future. Today he's an illustrator at Hughes Aircraft—and pours out a steady stream of free-lance art work in his spare time.

Virginia Bartter, a housewife from Ohio, found that our training helped her earn extra income for her family. Last year she received over $1,000 for paintings she did in her spare time and is now hold[illegible]lasses in her home.

[illegible]a Brinkley of Arlington, Tex., [illegible]urse opened a new world of accomplishment. He's had growing success as an illustrator, doing important free-lance art work. And last year he participated in nine art exhibitions.

Since taking our Course, Felcie Wells, a Charlotte, N. C., housewife, has sold every painting she's done. And she's made valuable contributions to her church—painting murals and other art work.

And an elderly California woman told me her doctors stated many times that medicine would never replace what the Course has done for her health. She has found contentment in painting.

I am not at all surprised by the success of our students. Opportunities open to trained artists today are enormous. The School continually gets requests from art buyers all over the country asking us for practical, well-trained students—not geniuses—who can step into full-time or part-time art jobs.

Do you like to draw? Do you have the desire to train toward a full- or part-time career in commercial art or fine art? If your answer is even a tentative yes to either, I urge you to take steps to develop your God-given talent to its fullest. You owe it to yourself not to waste it.

• • •

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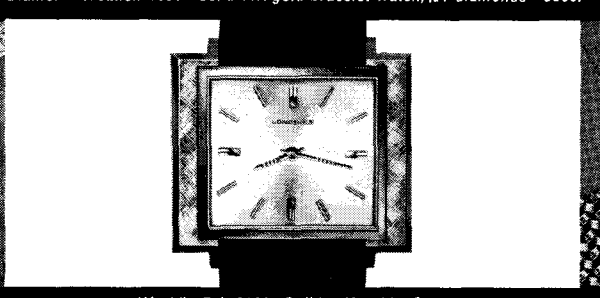

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IN THIS ISSUE

December 18, 1965 • 238th Year, Issue No. 25

Articles

Let's keep Christmas commercial *(Speaking Out)* . . *April Oursler Armstrong* 8
The organization spies *(Affairs of State)* . . . . . *Stewart Alsop* 14
To heck in a handcar *(The Human Comedy)* . . . . . *Marvin Kitman* 16
A Merry Christmas for the Quints . . . . . *John Bird* 21
Tormented life of a pro linebacker . . . . . *James Atwater* 26
"I'm out of a job, I'm all through" . . . . . *Ben H. Bagdikian* 32
Big deal on tiny wheels . . . . . *Thomas Meehan* 78
Why Mr. Jarvis deserves torture . . . . . *Lewis H. Lapham* 80
A church for the hungry . . . . . *Patricia Houtz* 87

Fiction

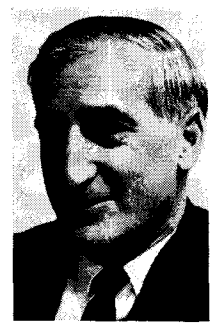
Foxer . . . . . *Brian Cleeve* 48
The possibility of evil . . . . . *Shirley Jackson* 61
Win a few, lose a few . . . . . *Robert Lacy* 70

Departments

Letters . . . 4 America, America . . . 52 Post scripts . . . 76
Hazel . . . . . 84 Editorial 92

About this issue

BEN H. BAGDIKIAN, who examines and dramatizes the world of the chronically unemployed, has done extensive research on poverty. He is author of a book about the American poor, *In the Midst of Plenty*, which grew out of his article for *The Post*, THE INVISIBLE AMERICANS (Dec. 21–28, 1963) . . . . While working on his pro-linebacker article, JAMES ATWATER so identified with the team he was covering that, just like the players, he began to relive plays over and over in his mind, and even dreamed at night about bad plays he had witnessed . . . . The only woman on the reportorial staff of the Huntsville, Ala., *Times*, PATRICIA HOUTZ was awarded a first place in news-writing-without-a-deadline this year by the Associated Press in Alabama . . . . In the cover photograph, taken by WAYNE MILLER, the ever-inquisitive 27-month-old Fischer quintuplets get acquainted with a recent addition to their farm in South Dakota.



Ben H. Bagdikian

Patricia Houtz

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Letters

Hell's Angels

In the midst of the sensationalism and the facile outrage which have marked the press coverage of this group, it is refreshing to read an article which corrects some of the errors and exaggerations, and tries to give an unbiased look into what it is like to belong to Hell's Angels [November 20]. Congratulations to William Murray for his objective, well-documented presentation of both sides of the situation.

WILLIAM H. USSERY
Winston-Salem, N.C.

• Why doesn't the Defense Department draft the Hell's Angels and let them *scare* the Viet Cong to death?

MRS. EMIL R. BEAVER JR.
Tipp City, Ohio

• Your article on Hell's Angels was well done and the most interesting one to date on this strange mob of lowlifes. As a typical "square," I am, of course, shocked and a little frightened when I read of their deeds and misdeeds.

But their protest against the humdrum society is at least honest and screams out, to all who will notice them in their Halloween costumes, the need to be noticed and counted as part of the great American scene. They have yet to sink to the abysmal depths of our homegrown Commies, Vietniks, and pseudo-intellectual creeps who are slowly eating away at our national fiber.

C. F. TREGNEW
Hollywood, Calif.

• The biggest flaw in a democracy is that it lets flourish such organizations as the White Citizen Councils, the John Birch Society, hard-core Communists, the Nazi Party and the Hell's Angels motorcycle gangs.

DICK HUTZLER
Santa Clara, Calif.

• Oh, the power of the press! How quickly opinions can be formed and fears instilled. For example: the effect of this article HELL'S ANGELS and others like it.

My husband has a new hobby—a Yamaha, a small trail bike imported from Japan. It has two wheels and to the average person is a motorcycle, with all the implications that seem to go with it. Since I have always taken an active interest in all my husband's hobbies, I find myself perched rather precariously on the back end of the Yamaha. The disturbing thing about this hobby, though, is that it is not accepted by the general public. When I smile and wave to passersby from our bike, I'm greeted with cold stares and disapproving frowns. Once we were lost and stopped beside someone to ask directions. It took us over five minutes to explain that we were just ordinary citizens lost on the street and needing an address.

This is all very funny, as we are active in civic affairs, and I am currently president of a large Republican women's club. Our fellow-cyclists are everything from a test pilot to a senior scientist. They load their bikes onto small pickup trucks and blaze off for the desert but are home in time to don tuxedos and escort their "old ladies" to a charity ball at the Hilton.

My point is this—since you have given quite a few pages to the seamy side of motorcycling, it seems only fair that you find a little space for the majority of bike owners who really enjoy cycling as a hobby.

BEVERLY JOHNSON
Los Angeles, Calif.

Miss America

It is not surprising that Joan Crawford removed her glasses to get a better look at Miss Bryant [THE DISCOVERY OF MISS AMERICA by David L. Goodrich, November 6]. Heaven help the competition if Debbie Bryant should ever decide to become the first woman President. Her cool, calculated intelligence should take her anywhere.

MURIEL E. CONROY
Albany, Calif.

• I fear that many of your readers will think Debbie is a cold, calculating young woman interested only in becoming Miss America. Our experience at Christian College with Debbie proves that this is not the case.

In 1963 Christian College awarded Debbie a two-year, $5,000 scholarship on the basis of her leadership ability and strong academic background. Although she did, as your article indicates, earn an A average and was chosen Modeling Queen, her accomplishments and contributions to our educational program were far more extensive. Among them were: president of the local chapter of Phi Theta Kappa, the national junior college academic equivalent of Phi Beta Kappa; member of Delta Eta Chi, a national science honor society, and Sigma Phi Gamma, a modern-languages honor society; member of Vesper Board, a group of young women who are responsible for campus religious activities.

In addition, Debbie was chosen as the Best Dressed Girl, acted in our drama productions, sang in her residence-hall chorus, and made friends with everybody.

W. MERLE HILL
President, Christian College
Columbia, Mo.

• What a revealing article. The "ideal" woman is revealed as shallow, but as one who has mastered the external manifestations of depth.

PATRICIA KOSTA
San Francisco, Calif.

Republican ordeal

In their interesting and provocative THE ORDEAL OF RAY BLISS [November 6], my very good friends, Bob Novak and Rowlie Evans, have confronted Ray Bliss with an "either-or" choice, saying that ". . . the party must realign itself either toward the left or toward the right." They are, in my opinion, entirely mistaken, and Ray Bliss is pursuing exactly the right policy in letting it be known that both wings of the party are welcome.

The Lindsay victory, whether it was in spite of Bill Buckley, because of him, or irrelevant to Buckley's candidacy, is a heartening development for the Republican Party. It does not follow that in other parts of the country we should read one wing out of our party, or tell it that it is unwelcome. On the contrary, the Democratic Party has put up with its southern wing for several decades, and in several crucial elections, including the Kennedy-Nixon race, has won with the aid of that wing, and it would have lost without it.

The Republican policy should be "distinguishably different" from that of the Democrats, but, of course, not so different as to antagonize the bulk of our people.

Goldwater Republicans must come to realize that Rockefeller and Scranton charges during the preconvention period were either accurate or at least credible. Assuming they were inaccurate, it was Barry Goldwater himself who made those charges credible. Senator Goldwater's implicit thesis that false charges are enough to win elections does not stand up in the light of history. Indeed, false charges generally backfire on those who make them.

NEWTON I. STEERS JR.
State Chairman
Republican State Central Committee
Baltimore, Md.

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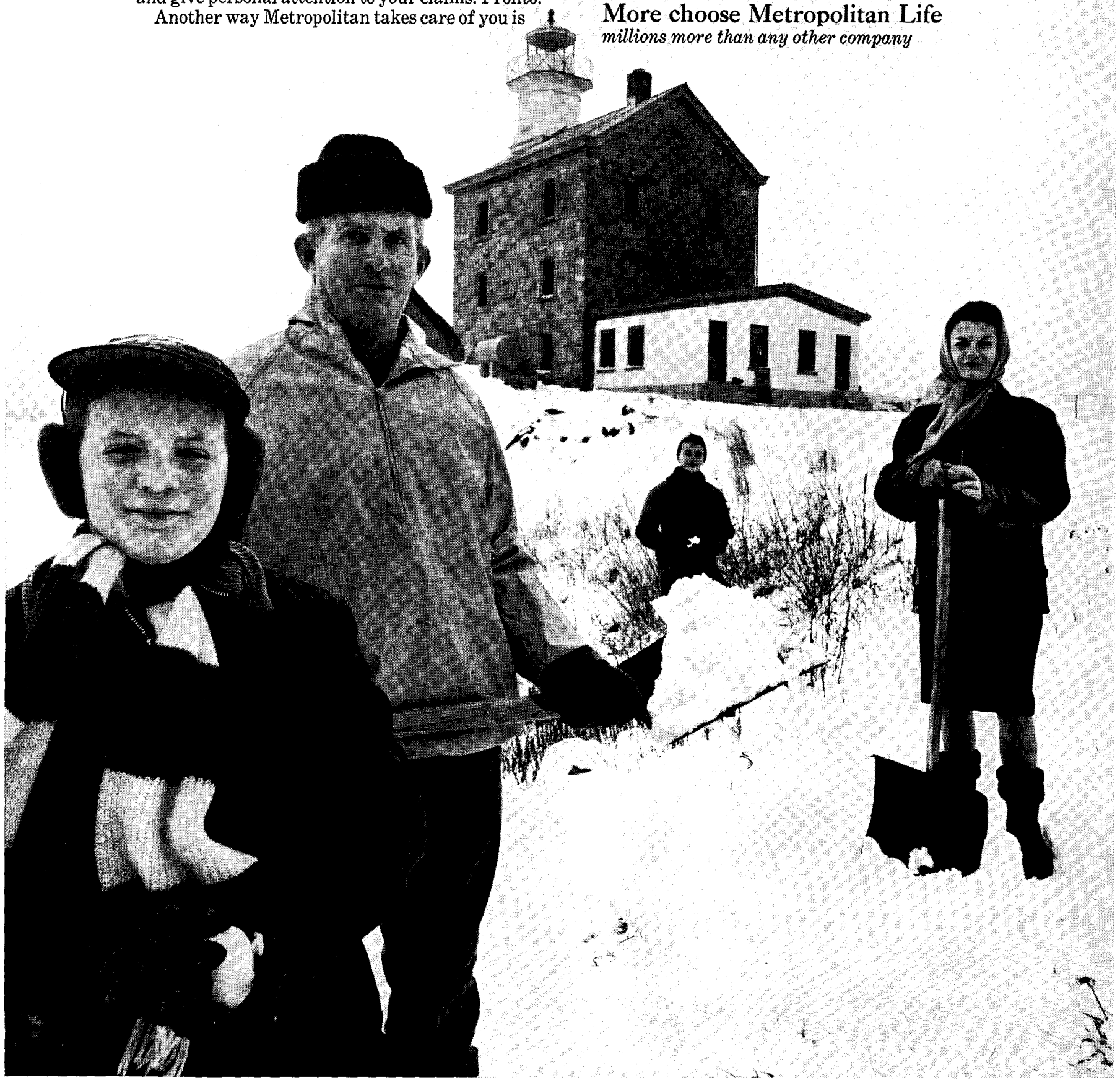

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Letters

• May I congratulate you on your article [by Rowland Evans and Robert Novak]. With a few exceptions, I agree with their observation: Mr. Bliss is going to have to take a stand and proclaim Republican philosophy.

Since I am a member of the California Federation of Republican Women, I feel obliged to come to the defense of one, Phyllis Schlafly, whose election as National Federation President is viewed by the article as a "disaster," but whose election I and many thousands of women feel would be the greatest thing that has happened to the Federation in years.

I hope Mr. Bliss makes his decision after finding the answers to these questions: *Who* opened and operated thousands of Republican headquarters across the country in '64 for the presidential candidate? *Who* collected and donated huge sums of individual contributions of money, the most money the Republican Party has ever had to work with? *Who* walked the thousands of precincts across this nation? And *which* philosophy within the Republican Party offers the voters "A Choice—Not An Echo" of the Johnson Administration?

When Mr. Bliss finds the answer to these questions, I'm sure *his* "choice" will have been made.

MRS. LAWRENCE ZACKER
Campaign and Precinct Chairman
San Diego County Federation of
Republican Women
San Diego, Calif.

Grant Wood

American Gothic

I have just finished reading the very fine article about Mr. Thomas Benton [DOWN THE WIDE MISSOURI WITH 'AN OLD S.O.B.'] by Robert Wernick in your October 23 issue.

As I am the sister of the late Grant Wood, I was much interested and concerned about Mr. Benton's saying that Grant Wood had died in despair. Also, in an article in 1951 in the *Saturday Review of Literature*, Mr. Benton said, "In the end, what with worry over weighty debts and artistic self-doubts, Wood came to the strange idea of changing his identity. He was a man of many curious and illusory fancies; when I went to see him in 1942, as he lay dying of a liver cancer in an Iowa hospital, he told me that when he got well he was going to change his name, go where nobody knew him and start all over again with a new style of painting. This was very uncanny, because I'm sure he knew quite well he would never come out of the hospital alive. It was as if he wanted to destroy what was in him and become an empty soul before he went out into the emptiness of death."

Before going any further, may I say that Mr. Benton was a true and sincere, and a loyal friend to Grant, and Grant in turn thought the world of him. Mr. Benton had every reason to believe that Grant had died in despair, and I feel that I have done both Grant and Mr. Benton a great injustice in not writing this letter of explanation long, long ago.

After Grant had been told that he had cancer, and that there was no hope, he asked to be left alone for a while in order to adjust to the idea. Later he told his private secretary and friend, Park Rinard, that he was going to shut it out of his mind, and that he was going to go on just as he had before his illness, making plans for the future. This was Grant's way of sparing his loved ones as much as possible, and he had so lived that he had no fear of meeting his Maker.

I arrived from California the next day. As I entered the hospital, Grant had the most wonderful and serene smile on his face. I cried, "Oh, Grant, they shouldn't have told you." And Grant replied, "I should know." These were the only words ever spoken to me of his impending death, or to anyone else, to my knowledge, unless it was his minister or his doctors.

During the days that followed, Grant was under sedation—morphine alternated with snake venom. All of his life Grant had many ideas and plans. Too many for any one man to ever carry out. Now each day there was a new plan, and the plan was helped along by the drugs.

Once he told me that he was going to have his house put up for sale. He was going to buy a house in Palm Springs, and he wanted my husband and me to live with him. He told me to be on the lookout for an Oriental houseboy.

When Grant told Mr. Benton that when he got well he was going to change his name and start all over again, it was just another of the many plans.

One of Grant's last plans was to come home and paint. He said to me, "Things worked out best for me in the studio (in Cedar Rapids) where I lived, ate, slept and worked, all under one roof, and Mom did the cooking." He went on to say, "Have my room ready and my easel set up. I'm going home to paint. In the years ahead, I'm going to do the best work of my life. My first painting will be a portrait of our father. It will be a companion piece to *Woman With Plant* (our mother).

Each plan was so realistic, it was hard to believe Grant knew he would never get well. If he had not spoken those few words to me when I first arrived home, I would have thought he didn't know.

The afternoon before Grant lapsed into a coma, a few of his close friends and I gathered at his bedside to drink a last toast to him, as we knew the end was near. Although Grant was irrational, he was far from despondent. In fact, you might even say he seemed "gay."

That night Grant lapsed into a coma from which he never awoke.

In spite of his being troubled by heavy sniping of small, jealous people, Grant had everything going for him when he died. He and his colleagues, John Curry and Thomas Benton, were the Big Three of the art world. Grant's paintings were in great demand, some selling even before they were completed, and they commanded big prices. He had almost climbed out of debt and the chaos of his marriage, and had regained his zest for life. He had reached the very peak.

I would say that Grant went out in a blaze of glory, rather than in the depths of despair.

MRS. NAN WOOD GRAHAM
(*The woman in* American Gothic)
Riverside, Calif.

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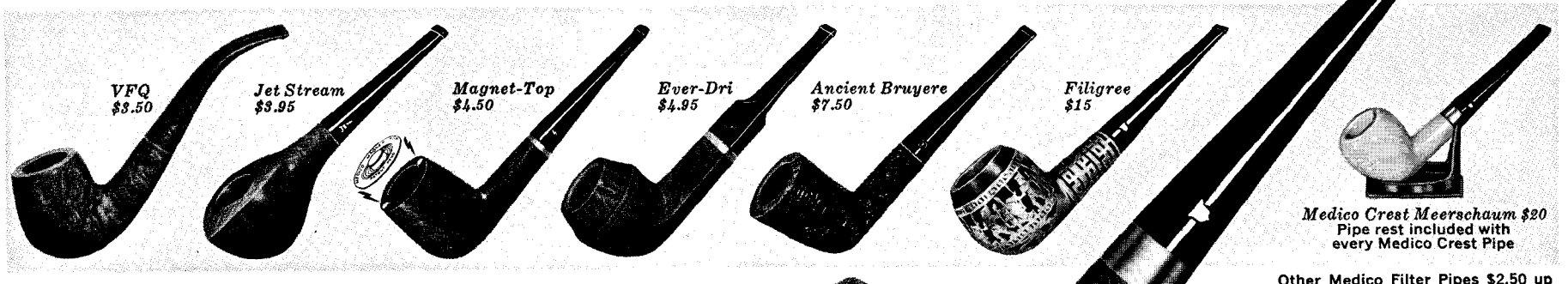

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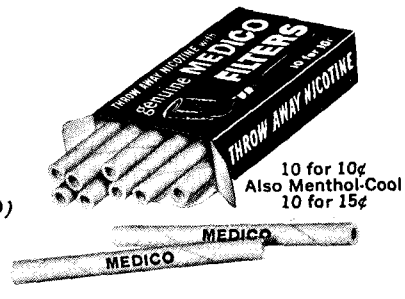

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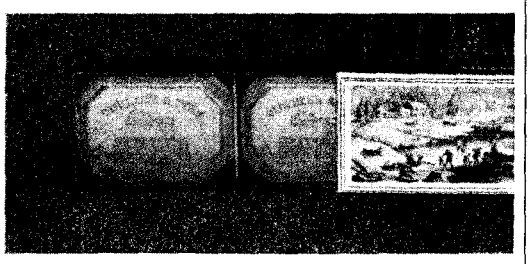

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Speaking Out

Daughter of Fulton Oursler, who wrote "The Greatest Story Ever Told," Mrs. Armstrong completed "The Greatest Faith Ever Known" for her father after his death. Most of her 10 books have had religious themes, and she is studying at Fordham for a master's in theology.

LET'S KEEP CHRISTMAS COMMERCIAL

BY APRIL OURSLER ARMSTRONG

Every year right after Halloween the world becomes Christmas-conscious—and people begin deploring. If only we could have a *real* Christmas, they say. The good old kind. Quiet, inexpensive, simple, devout. If only we could retrieve the holy day from the hands of vulgar moneygrubbers, they say. They say, with earnest horror, that the price tag has become the liturgical symbol of the season.

As a Christian, I do find facets of the Christmas season ridiculous, offensive or disturbing, but I believe most complaints about the commercialization of Christmas are unconsciously hypocritical nonsense. I'm afraid that often the complainers are kidding themselves, striking spiritual poses. I'm not ashamed to admit that if I had to spend Christmas somewhere far from the crowd and the vulgar trappings, I'd hate it. I love the lights, the exquisite ones in *boutiques*, the joyful ones in village centers, even the awkward ones strung on drugstores and filling stations. I love the Santa Clauses, including those on street corners, the intricately animated windows, the hot bewilderment of the bargain basement, the sequins of the dime store. Cut off from the whole wild confusion, I'd not be holier. I'd be forlorn. So, I suspect, would most of us.

What's supposed to be so wrong with a commercialized Christmas?

For one thing, it's usually said that Christmas has become the time of parties where people drink and eat too much. ("Turning Yuletide into foolitide"—that exact phrase was used to describe the holiday in Merrie Olde England, so those who yearn for the "good old Christmas" should carefully define their terms.) Oddly enough, it seems to me that often the people who most loudly criticize this holiday partying are those folks who acquire Christmas hangovers and indigestion. And they deplore it as if no one ever had to avoid hangovers, indigestion or exhaustion at any other time of year.

They say that commercialization has made the buying of Christmas presents a rat race. God knows, most of the gifts we peddle to each other have nothing to do with the infant of Bethlehem. For my part, I enjoy gawking in the catalogues at the new luxuries for people who have everything. My imagination romps over items for my private Ostentatious Wastefulness list: silver-plated golf clubs, hundred-dollar dresses for little girls to spill ice cream on. Dime and department stores are crammed with gifts no wise man would bring anyone. Things like stuffed dinosaurs 12 feet high and replicas of the *Pietà* that glow in the dark.

With rare exceptions it is foolishly pompous to get scandalized and accuse manufacturers, advertisers and vendors of desecrating Christmas by trying to sell what you or I may think is silly junk. Obviously some people like it and buy it, and that's their business. It's said to be the fault of the commercializers that parents buy overpriced, unnecessary toys for children. And that's a fancy alibi. If you don't like what's being hawked this Christmas, you don't have to buy it. And if you're a sucker, your problem isn't seasonal.

Christians began giving presents to each other to celebrate Jesus' birthday in imitation of the Wise Men who came to Bethlehem. The basic idea was and is to bring joy, to honor God in others, and to give in His name with love for all. But in our social structure, with or without the blessings of the Internal Revenue Service, Christmas presents serve many purposes. Gift givers are, in practice, often diplomats, almoners, egoists, or investors. A shiny box with gold ribbon may be a guilt assuager, a bribe, a bid for attention, or merely payment for services past or future. And what is in the box must look rightly lavish, conveying subliminal impact while not costing too much. That kind of petty ugliness we all know about. And we know that often, too, gift givers play Santa Claus against their will, badgered by cozy reminders in the parking lot about how the boys wish you Season's Greetings, or by collections taken up in offices, clubs, Sunday schools, Scouts and third grades.

But are extortion, begging, status seeking and advantage taking so unusual among us that they occur only once a year? Isn't it more realistic to admit that whatever is sleazy about Christmas isn't seasonal?

After all, the instinct and art of commercialization are neither good nor bad. People normally, naturally, make a living from every kind of want, aspiration and occasion. We exploit births, weddings, deaths, first communions, bar mitzvahs, the wish to smell nice, the craving for amusement, and the basic desires for housing, clothes, love and food. Is anything more commercialized than food? But no one complains when millions cash in on our need to eat.

Do we assume that eating is so earthy and undignified that commercialization upgrades it, while celebrating Christmas should be so totally

One measure of a democracy's strength is the freedom of its citizens to speak out—to dissent from the popular view. Although the editors often disagree with the opinions expressed in Speaking Out, they dedicate the series to that freedom.

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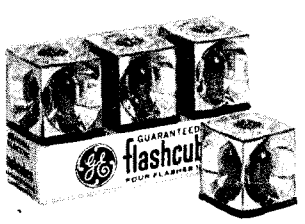

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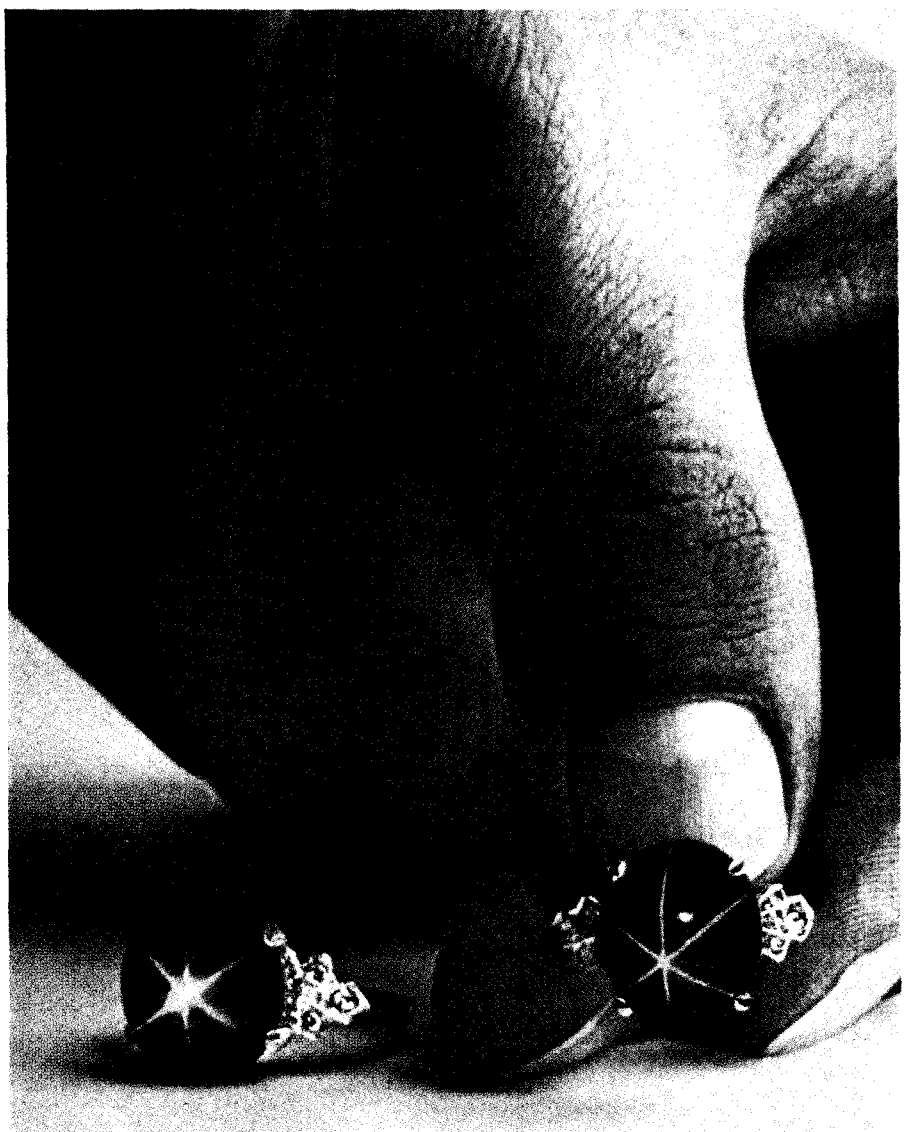

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ethereal a process that it shouldn't be treated in a human way? If so, we are both pretentious and mistaken. We are creatures who both eat and worship, and God doesn't want us as split personalities. When Christ once raised a little girl from death, the next thing He did was to tell her mother to feed her.

Simony is a sin, the sin of trying to buy or sell what is sacred. But this is not simony or sin, this peddling of manger sets, this pitchman heralding the season. No one can buy or sell Christmas. No one can steal it from us, or ruin it for us, except ourselves. If we become self-seeking, materialistic, harried and ill-willed in this Christmas melee, that's our problem, not the fault of the world in which we live.

Some people are dismayed today in a different way, because they honestly fear Christmas is being de-Christianized, made nonsectarian. They are upset when someone who does not share their faith sets up a tree and exchanges gifts and wishes them "Season's Greetings" instead of naming the holy day. They resent the spelling "Xmas." Others fret over the way Santa Claus and snowmen crowd out the shepherds. Put Christ back into Christmas, these offended people cry.

As far as I know, Christ never left it. He could never be cut out of Christmas, except in the privacy of individual hearts. I don't care if some people designate Xmas as the Time for Eggnog, or Toys. Let them call it the Time to Buy New Appliances, the Time to Use the Phone, or the Time for New Loans. The antics of the rest of the world can't change Christmas. Why on earth should we expect everyone to share our special joy our way?

Actually, what bothers most people who decry the vulgar American Christmas is a matter of taste, not of morals or of religious commitment. Taste is a very personal matter, relative, changing and worldly; we're all a rather tacky lot anyway, religious or not. Some Christians like those new stark liturgical Christmas cards, and some dote on luminous plastic crèches, and I hate both, and the Lord doesn't care a bit. Maybe you can't stand Rudolf, are bored with the same old carols, and cringe at Santa in a helicopter. But don't blame your discomfort on commercialization and become righteous and indignant. After all, if your taste is better than that of most other people, you're probably proud of it, and you should be willing to suffer the consequences in kindly forbearance.

I believe the root of complaints about commercialized Christmas is that we're falling into the dangerous habit of thinking that religion is somehow coarsened by contact with real people. I suspect that unconsciously we're embarrassed at the prospect of trying to live with God here and now. At times we modern Christians seem to have a neurotic refusal to embrace reality in the name of the Lord who was the supreme realist, and maker of the real.

It's always easier, if you're not doing very well religiously, to insist that the secularizing world prevents you from devotion. Christmas is meant to be lived in the noisy arena of the shopping-day countdown, amid aluminum trees neckties and counterfeit French perfume. If all the meditation I get around to is listening to Scrooge and Tiny Tim or begging heaven for patience to applaud a school pageant, I'm a fool to blame anyone but myself. Census time in Bethlehem was distracting too.

I know a man who confides that he learns more about patience and love of his neighbor in post-office lines than anywhere else. More than one mother has learned that Christmas shopping on a tight budget can be a lesson in mortification, humility, willpower and joy. There's grist for meditation in the reflection of tree lights in a sloshy puddle. Families have their own customs their private windows on glory. And families that are honest and relaxed find that the commercially generated atmosphere of goodwill hinders them not at all in their celebration. God works in wondrous ways still, even among assemble-it-yourself toys.

Christmas is a parable of the whole Christian venture. The Christian's attitude toward it, his willingness to make it relevant repeatedly in his own time and space, is a symptom of his whole encounter with God. The first Christmas happened, so Christians believe because God lovingly plunged Himself into human nature to transform it. He is not honored by men and women who want to disown other people's human nature in His name.

Let's not make the mealy-mouthed error of complaining that paganism threatens Christmas today. Christmas has already absorbed and recharged the vestiges of Druid feasts, Norse gods and sun worship. Christmas took the world as it was and built on it, and it's still doing just that.

To those who fear that Christmas is prostituted by the almighty dollar, I suggest that it's remarkable and beautiful that Christmas is publicly touted at all. Nor do I make that suggestion, as some might suspect, in a tone of meek appeasement to groups that object to Christmas celebrations in public schools, or créches in town squares. Realistically, I know that in our society what is important to people and concerns them deeply, whether it's cancer or get-rich-quick schemes, patriotism or religion, is talked about and exploited.

If Christmas becomes for some people primarily a subject for commercials, at least God is getting equal time with toothpaste. If people didn't care about Him, He wouldn't get even that.

In good taste or bad, by your standards or mine, the fact of Christ, the good news of the meeting of heaven and earth, the tidings of love and peace for human nature, are announced everywhere. It is still true that he who has ears to hear will hear.

April Armstrong

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How does it work? The unretouched "before" photo shows how a Frigidaire oven looked after we had baked on meat fats, cherry pie filling and starch at 450° for 2 hours. The unretouched "after" photo shows the same oven after one Frigidaire Electri-clean cleaning cycle. High heat—about 900°—has turned even this tough soil into harmless vapor and a trace of ash.

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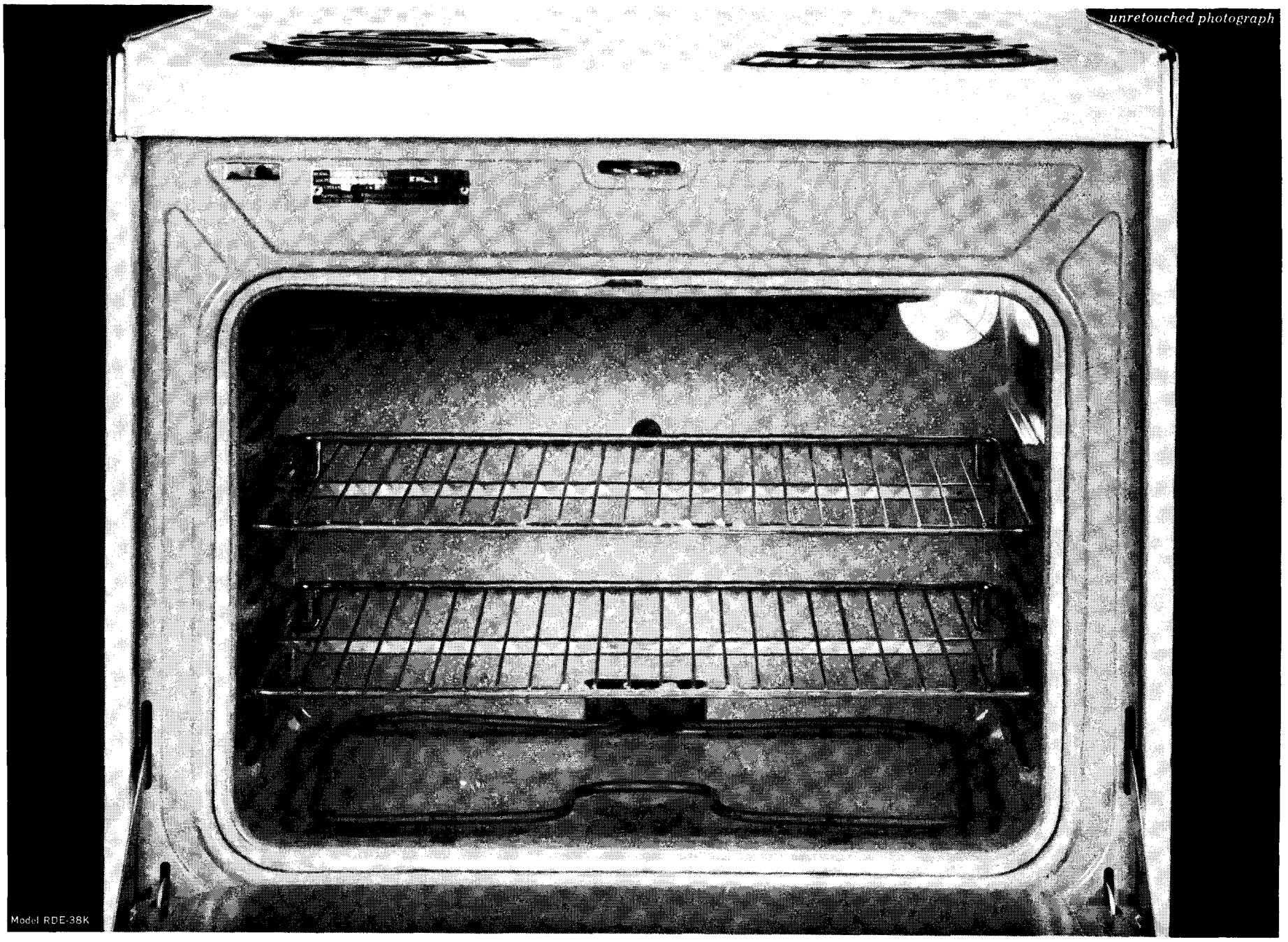

to clean, automatically after

What do you do? Just set the "clean" lever, turn the "start" dial and the Frigidaire Electri-clean Oven does the rest. Cleans itself, plus oven racks, automatically, electrically.

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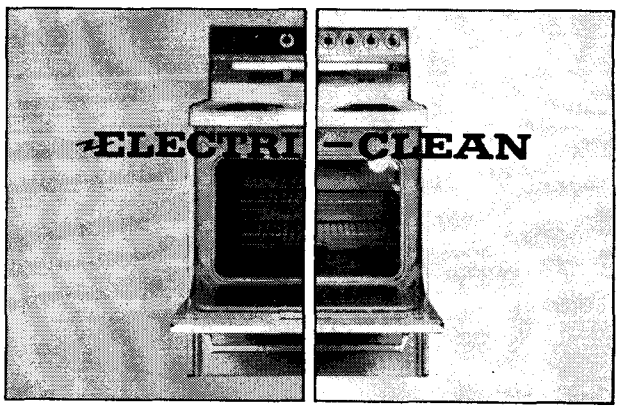
Frigidaire Electri-clean Oven Ranges... products of General Motors Corporation.



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The Organization Spies

WASHINGTON:

It was Oscar Wilde's contention that "Nature imitates art." The world's three most powerful intelligence agencies are now busily imitating the art of Ian Fleming. Moscow's KGB, Washington's CIA and London's MI-6 have produced competing spy-thrillers, to challenge Fleming's James Bond stories on the best-seller lists.

The KGB entry is *Spy: Twenty Years in Soviet Secret Service*, by Gordon Lonsdale. The joint CIA-MI-6 entry is *The Penkovsky Papers*, by Oleg Penkovsky.

Lonsdale, alias Konon Trovimovich Molody, was an agent in the service of the KGB (the huge Soviet espionage agency) in the United States and Britain, until the British caught him in 1961 and sentenced him to 25 years in prison. Penkovsky, a volunteer spy, was by far the most important and informative of all postwar Western agents. He provided invaluable intelligence to CIA and MI-6 from the spring of 1961, when he first made contact with MI-6, until the fall of 1962, when he was arrested by the KGB.

Lonsdale, who was exchanged for a British agent, is in Moscow. If he can get his hands on the proceeds of his book, he will be a Communist-capitalist—income from the book, a best seller in England, is already over $130,000, and if the American edition is a best seller, there is more to come. Penkovsky's book will also make a lot of money, but Penkovsky is in no position to enjoy it—he was tried and executed in Moscow in 1963.

The Lonsdale book is undoubtedly a product of KGB-D, as the KGB's psychological war section is called. The style of the book strongly suggests that it was ghost-written by one of several British journalists who have defected to Russia. British intelligence suspects that Kim Philby, the diplomat-journalist-traitor known as "The Third Man" (the first two were diplomat-traitors Burgess and Maclean) ghosted the book. But it seems hard to believe that Philby, an educated man and a good writer, could have turned out the Lonsdale book, except perhaps as a sort of secret spoof.

The purpose of the Lonsdale book is to make maximum trouble between Americans and British, and especially between CIA and MI-6. Americans are pictured throughout as fools, bumblers, or neo-Nazis, and the British as comparatively amiable—"I have never considered my work as being directed against the British." But it is a clumsy job, heavy-handed and unconvincing. Filtered through his KGB ghost or ghosts, Lonsdale-Molody emerges very clearly as a vain and silly man, more clown than James Bond.

Vanity is, for some reason, an almost universal characteristic among spies. Penkovsky shares this characteristic, but he is a much more interesting spy than Lonsdale.

The Penkovsky Papers could not conceivably have been published without the approval, and indeed the encouragement, of CIA and MI-6. CIA acknowledges this much—no more. But this reporter will bet a considerable sum that the portions of the book ostensibly written by Penkovsky were at the least very heavily edited, and perhaps written in toto, within the CIA and/or MI-6. The book is clearly based on as much of the information that Penkovsky supplied CIA and MI-6 as those agencies want the KGB to know that they know. Some of the information is fascinating. It ranges from marvelously fatuous instructions to fledgling spies on how to spy in America (motels and golf courses are, it appears, useful instruments of espionage) to revelations of high jinks in the Soviet Establishment. There is even a broad hint that chunky Nikita Khrushchev and Madame Furtseva, the equally chunky minister of culture, were having an affair.

But all this is frosting on the cake. The real purpose of *The Penkovsky Papers* is to make a lot of KGB faces red with anger—or possibly white with fear. KGB operations are described in detail and the identities of many KGB operatives are "blown," so that in many parts of the world the KGB is going to have to start again from scratch.

One can almost hear the CIA men purring with pleasure at the thought. The CIA itself has repeatedly had agents and operations disclosed by American journalists, sometimes on the basis of information supplied by the KGB. In any case, in this game of bookmanship, the KGB has very clearly been out-booked by the CIA and MI-6.

This game of booking and out-booking the opposition outfit is something very new in the spy business. It suggests how the spy business itself has changed. Espionage used to be a hole-in-corner affair carried on by slinky characters out of sleazy apartments. Now both CIA and KGB are enormous bureaucratic organizations employing thousands of people, in vast edifices, and even MI-6 (which used to operate very effectively on a shoestring) has a skyscraper of its own in London. In short, as Karl Meyer of the Washington *Post* has pointed out, we have entered the era of the organization spy.

But the significance of the Penkovsky book goes deeper than that. The words may or may not have been Penkovsky's, but the information in the book, and the views which it expresses, sound authentic. Penkovsky was, moreover, a perfectly genuine member of the Soviet Establishment, with contacts reaching into the Praesidium itself.

He decided to become an agent for the West on his own initiative, because he was convinced that Khrushchev's policies involved the conscious risk of a nuclear war which would destroy civilization. Obviously, allowance must be made for a certain lack of balance—a man who takes it upon himself to spy against his own country for what he supposes to be the good of the world is not an entirely normal man.

Even so, what Penkovsky writes provides a useful antidote to a current creeping illusion about the Soviet Union. Since the Cuban confrontation of 1963 and the intensification of the Sino-Soviet quarrel, there has been a growing tendency in this country to regard the Russians as good guys—compared with the Chinese Communist bad guys—and even as potential allies and fellow democrats. This, of course, is nonsense.

The Soviet regime has changed in some ways, but it remains a Communist police state, inherently hostile to the West. Penkovsky's *Papers* serve as a useful reminder that the Khrushchev regime, with the support of the present Soviet hierarchy, twice in three years risked nuclear war, first with the Berlin bluff in 1960, then with the Cuban bluff in 1963. There is absolutely no reason to conclude that the new Soviet leaders may not be tempted to bluff again, if the mounting disarray of the Western alliance leads them to suppose that the bluff might work.

Stewart Alsop

Oleg Penkovsky

Gordon Lonsdale

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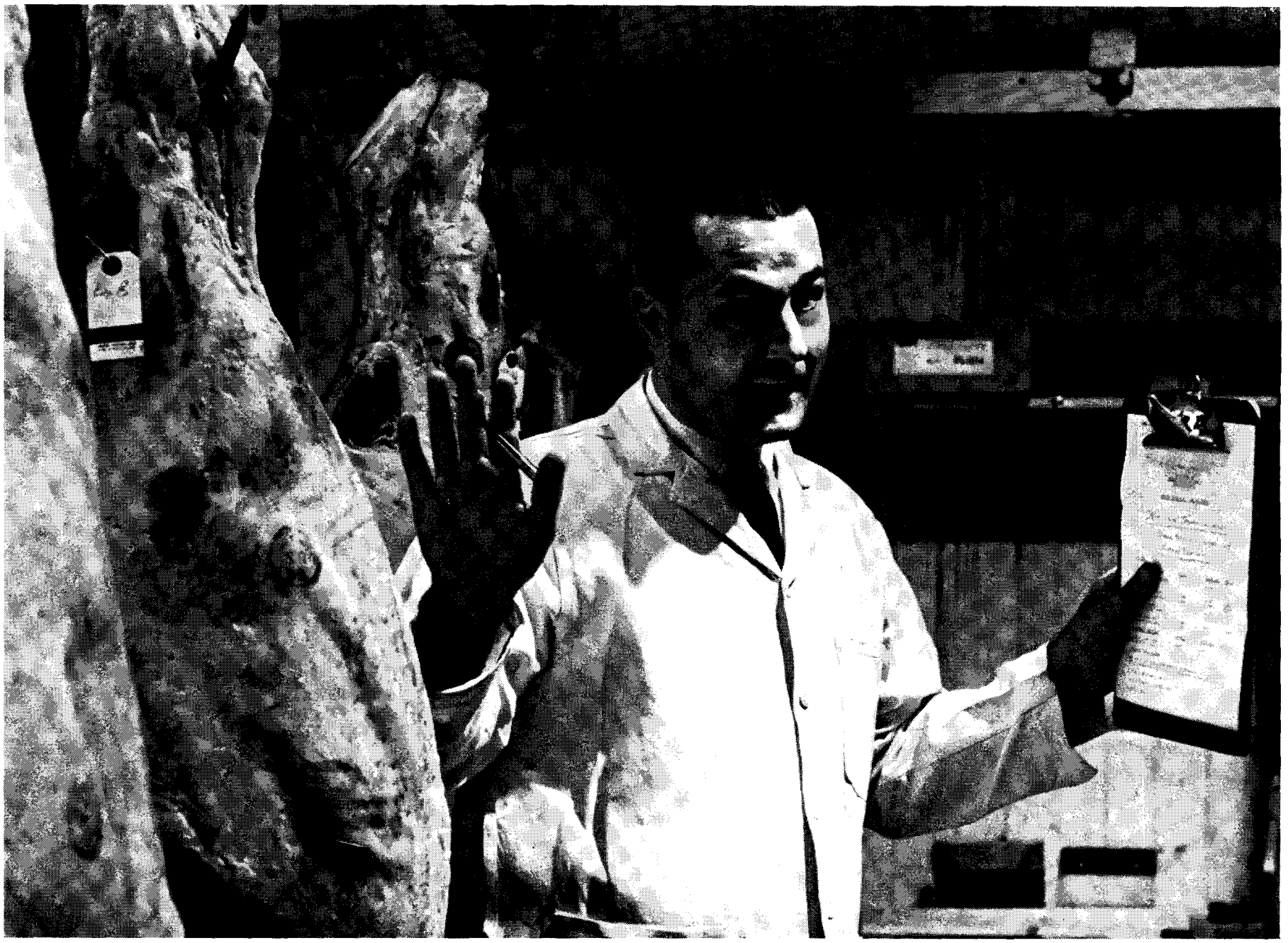
Richard Berberian owns and operates his own food provisioning business in Neptune, New Jersey



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MONY man Marvin Massey talks it over with Richard Berberian

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"But Marvin put himself in my shoes and discussed insurance from *my* angle. I told him about my plans, including retirement at 55.

"He gave it a lot of thought and came back with a detailed plan that tied in with everything I'd ever wanted. Basically I'd be protecting my family. But at the same time I'd be building cash... as an emergency fund for my business ...or college for my boys. And if I didn't use it that way, then I'd be able to retire on it at 55! I bought that idea!

"I've been adding to the plan ever since. I've also got major medical and disability insurance with MONY. As Marvin pointed out... if I'm off sick and can't work then I could afford to pay someone to fill in for me.

"Marvin and MONY sure have taken a load off my mind. It's a pleasure to recommend them to anyone!"

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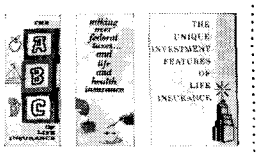

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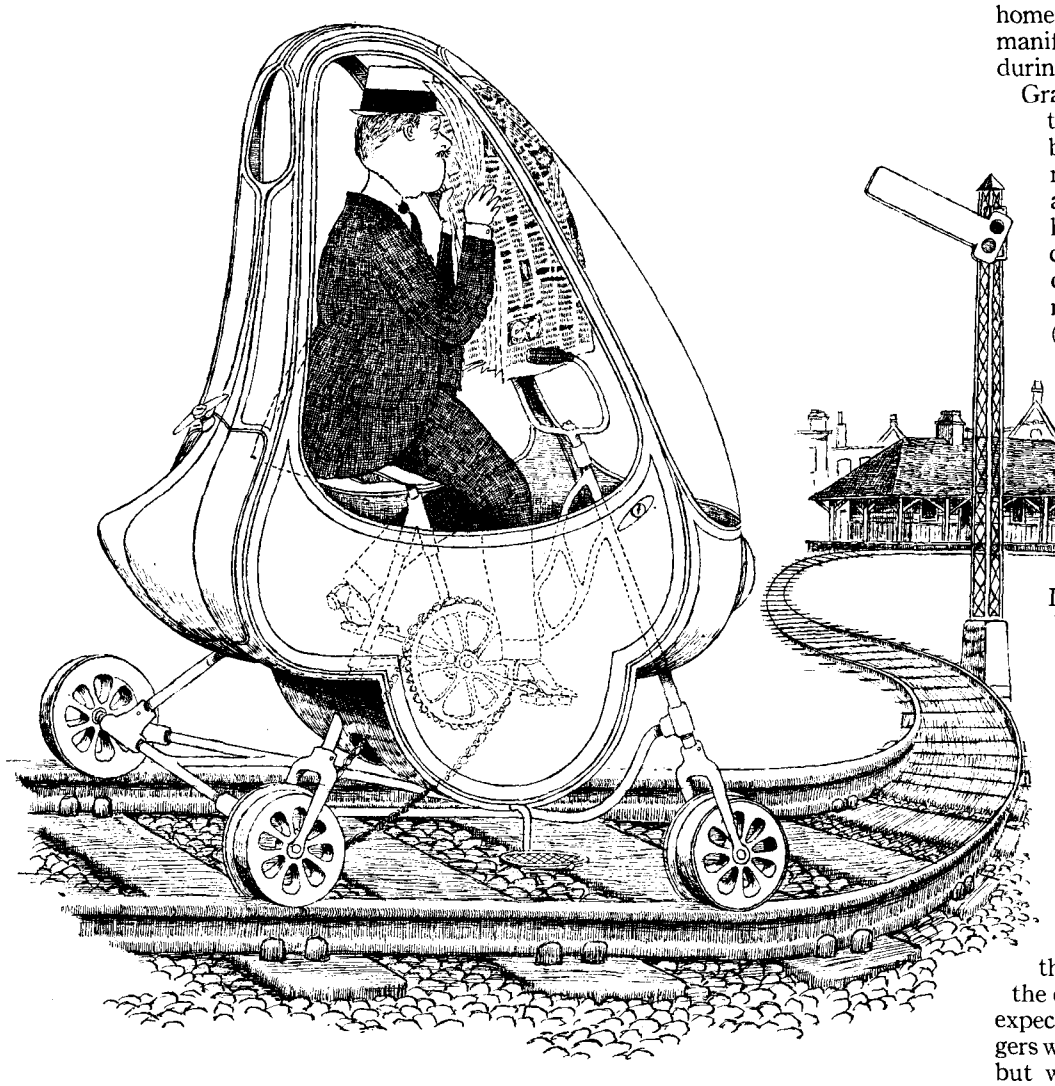
The Human Comedy

TO HECK IN A HANDCAR



By MARVIN KITMAN

Illustrated by N. M. Bodecker

November, 1995

Dear Stockholder:

It was exactly 25 years ago that Congress gave the railroad industry the freedom to get out of the unprofitable commuter business. On the anniversary of that historic milestone in public service, I would like to take a few minuts to talk about our company—where we have been, where we are, and where we are planning to go.

You will recall how difficult it was convincing commuters that the elimination of train service to the suburbs was in the public interest. Every time a train was dropped to improve service, commuters protested by conducting lie-ins on the tracks. But the industry finally convinced everybody that business was really bad by auctioning off their commuter trains as the bills came due. The trains vanished into the homes of rich American collectors, a manifestation of the craze for pop art during that period.

Gradually, however, highways into the cities became filled bumper to bumper with the cars of commuters. Congress acted quickly to alleviate this mess by calling a hearing to find out if something could be done. That's when your company, then known as the Commuter Conservation Corp. (C.C.C.) was given the green light to introduce its famed Commutercare program. The way to run a railroad, your management knew from past experience, was to keep it small. Instead of pouring millions into buying gaudy plush coaches, our program provided each commuter with a small, private railroad car. Advanced technology in the 1970's made it possible to introduce functional, lightweight, unbreakable plastic equipment, called "handcars." The Interstate Commerce Commission granted permission after receiving assurances the cars would be hot in the summer and cold in the winter, so there would be no interruption in the quality of service that commuters expected from public carriers. Passengers were permitted to ride the rails free, but were required to lease the handcars from the company. We provided lots near the tracks of each suburban town for the parking of handcars. The reasonable monthly service charge, or commutation rate, was based on a complicated financial formula:

$$\frac{\text{supply}}{\text{demand}} = \text{whatever the traffic will bear}$$

This decentralized service began with two prototype models: a hand-powered car and a foot-powered car. The latter model was designed by C.C.C.'s engineering department to meet the needs of commuters who liked to read a paper en route to the office.

Your company spared no effort in making commuters happy. Big executives going places in a hurry were allowed to set their own pace on what our traffic department called "express" tracks; wives off for a leisurely shopping trip were restricted to the "local" tracks. And we acted vigorously to eliminate annoying tie-ups during rush hours—when our research indicated delays were caused by red lights, we replaced them with green lights.

By the mid-1970's Commutercare was being widely hailed because it emphasized self-reliance and individual enterprise, virtues which appealed to suburbanites. Labor favored the handcars because they were a weapon in the fight against automation. The President's Council on Physical Fitness cited your company for producing a new breed of suburbanman. "You can recognize the suburbanman by his muscles and flat stomach," said President Robert F. Kennedy.

Realizing that no company could afford to stand still just because it was No. 1, your management launched an impressive series of improvements.

1976: First large handcar introduced, providing standing room for an extra man, or engineer, to do the pumping.

1977: Unveiling of handcar which seated two people back to back.

1978: The handcar with built-in table for bridge-playing executives.

1981: Bright young scientist invented handcar with a little motor. For the first time, engineer was able to check his watch to see if he was on time.

1985: Scientists developed larger motor for a separate handcar, or locomotive, which made it possible to pull several handcars going in the same general direction. Service was advertised as "handcar pool."

1990: To meet public demand, refreshment stand, or bar car, was added to string of handcars, now known as "commuter train."

1991: In response to complaints by customers about the lack of "atmosphere" on the "commuter train," we put advertising placards inside the cars; divided all vehicles into smokers and smoky non-smokers; offered optional dirty washrooms; signed a contract with the Ritz Garbage Co. for the daily delivery of peels, butts, gum, containers and crumpled newspapers for use on the floors of cars; and installed recording systems from which the names of towns were announced electronically and indecipherably.

As a result, we now must report that the future has never been so dark. We have petitioned the Interstate Commerce Commission for permission to drop commuter service. If they don't give us the fiscal relief we need, this great railroad faces bankruptcy.

MARVIN KITMAN,
Chairman of the Board and President

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1966 Fairlane 500 XL

Fairlane '66—a very beautiful solution for very practical families!

Let us admit it right off: the 1966 Fairlane is a sturdy, practical, dependable, day-in, day-out family car. The fact that it is also richly beautiful, luxurious inside, and fun to drive is a spectacular bonus.

Fairlane '66 has a look that makes you think of moonlight and rubies, of winning at Monte Carlo (the Casino or the Rallye, you name it). The excitement continues inside the car, from delightful touches like our 2-way key, curved side glass, foot-operated parking brake and sporty bucket seats on XL and GT models. There are dazzling new convertibles, a paneled Squire Wagon, and sporty new GT hardtops and convertibles.

Yet, underneath the glamor and glitter, Fairlane is all business. Stronger than ever, with new frame, body shell, new smoother ride. Roomier—and more luxurious—inside. Basically very thrifty to buy and to operate but a lot more fun to drive, with sports models and optional V-8's ranging up to 390 cubic inches.

There are 13 very beautiful new Fairlanes to choose from this year, more Fairlanes than ever, with a lot more in them. Drive a '66 Fairlane soon. And bring the family; after all, it's their car, too!

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TOTAL PERFORMANCE CARS

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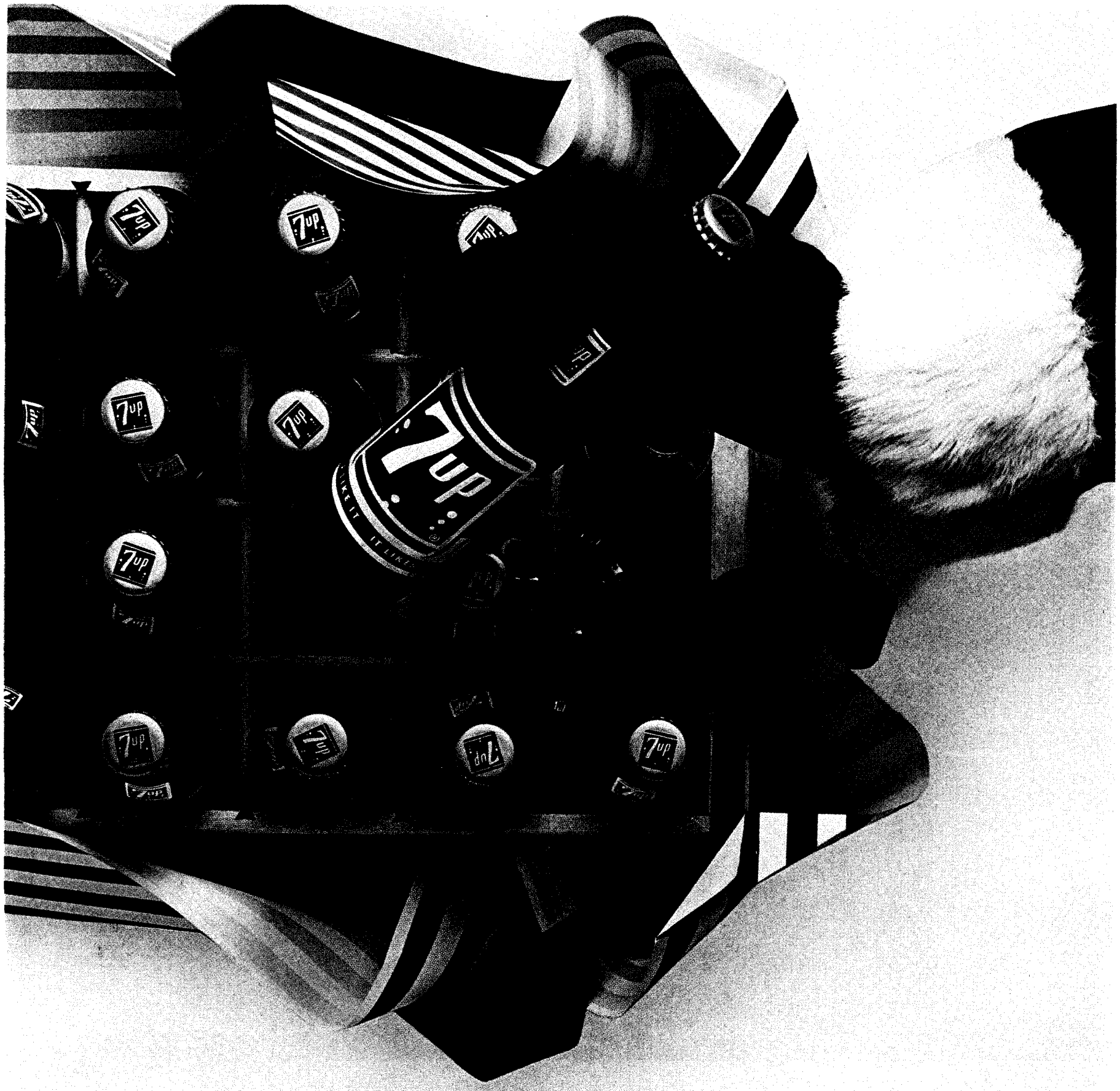

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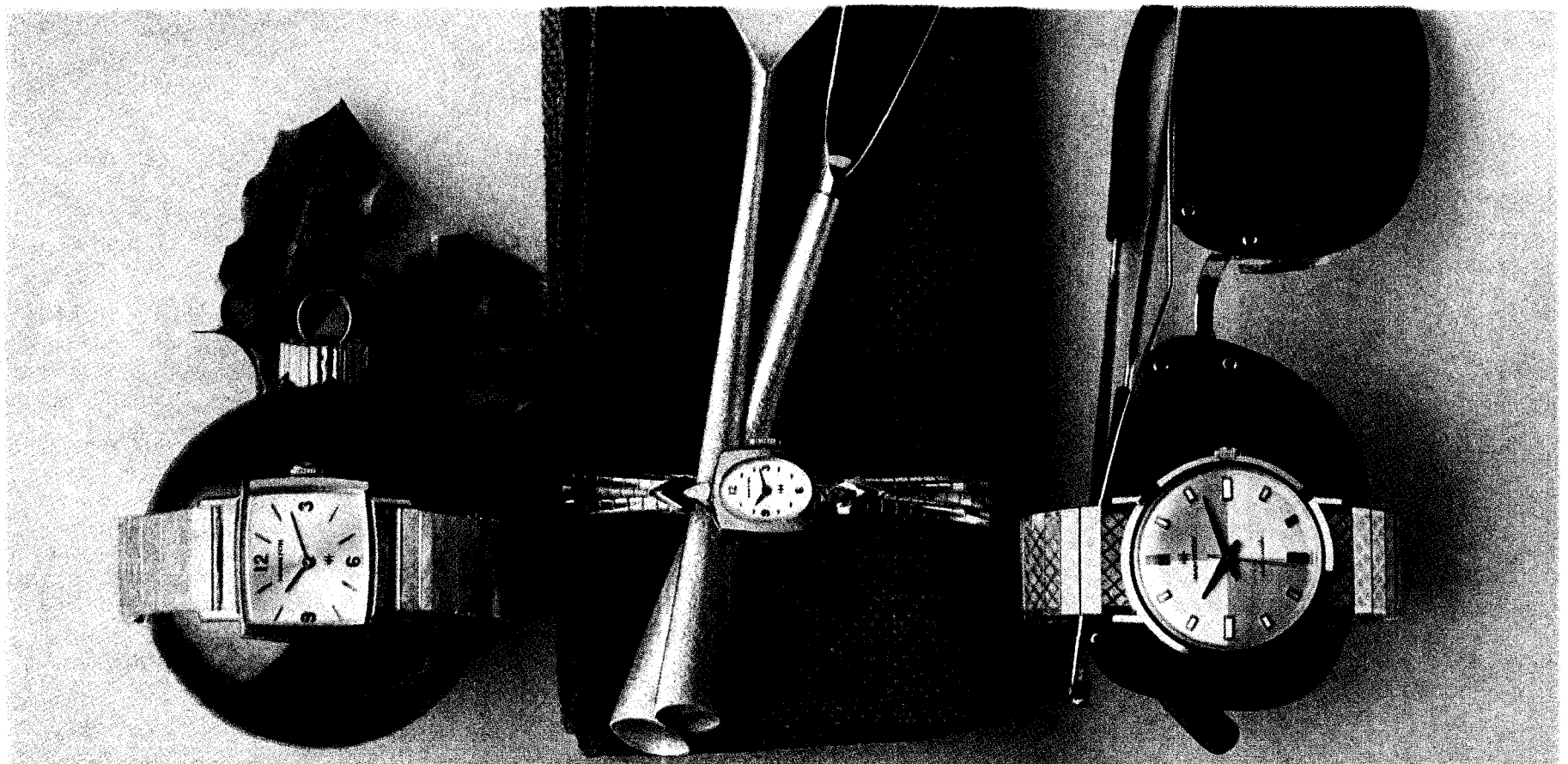
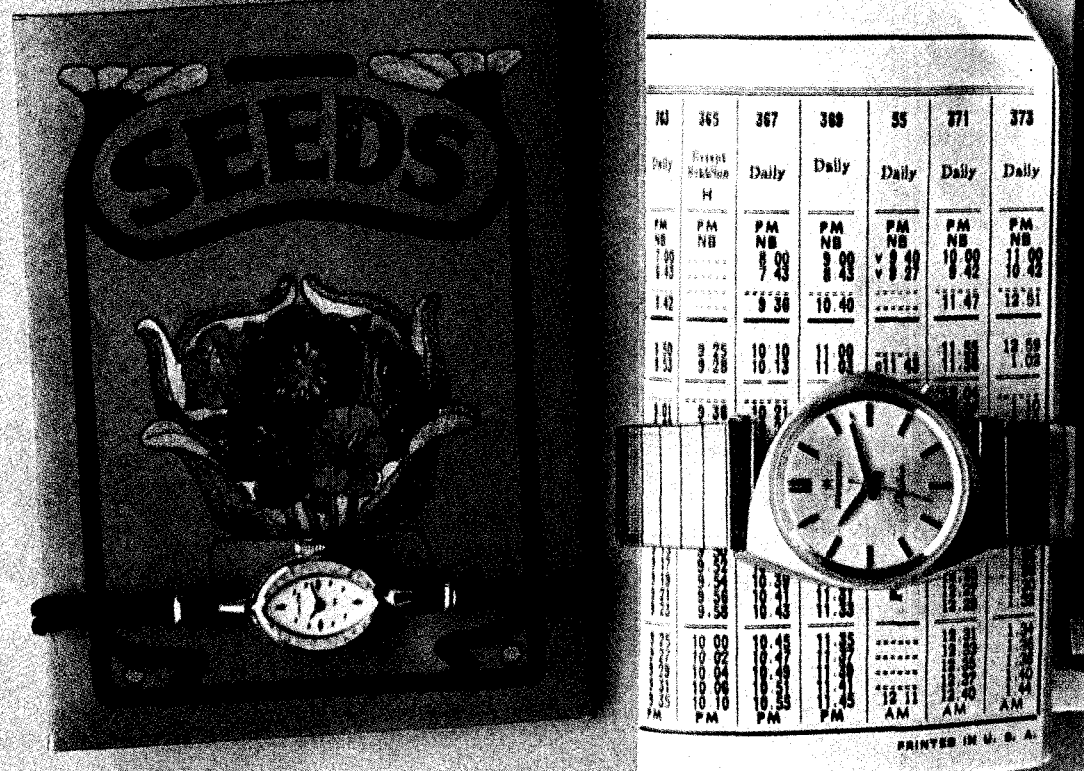
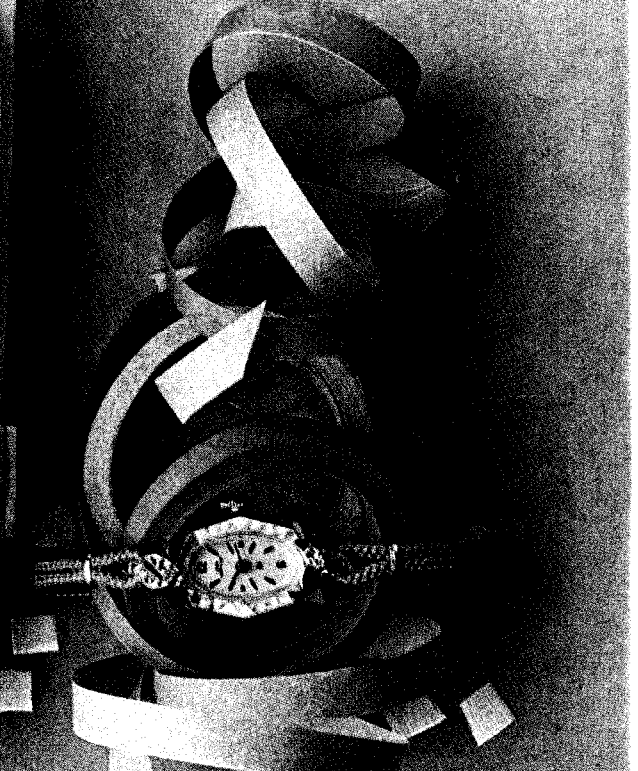


Christmas time ...and dinner time ...and summer time





...and springtime ...and arrival time ...and the big time

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The Saturday Evening POST

A Merry Christmas for The Quints

Spiced apples and homegrown corn, a houseful of relatives, and a visit from Santa Claus promise the Fischers a holiday "with all the trimmings."

People who live on the vast, windswept northern Great Plains are chronically concerned with the weather, and never more so than before the Christmas holidays. For this is the season when sudden blizzards may roar down from the Arctic—or, just as likely, a kindly high-pressure cell may bring days and nights that are crisp and clear as diamonds.

On their farm near Aberdeen, S. Dak., Andy and Mary Ann Fischer, parents of 11 young children, including their famous quintuplets, are hoping for the latter variety of weather, of course. They would like Christmas Eve to be one of those unforgettable winter nights on the Plains when one's breath hangs like a cloud of shining crystals in the frosty air and the stars glitter with white fire, like brilliant ornaments in the great blue

By John Bird

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'We usually get a big tree and try to keep it until after New Year's. But those five kids will have it taken apart by then.'

Jimmy puts presents under the tree. On Christmas, Santa Claus will hand them out.

"Do not open until Christmas," it says. But Maggie, luckily, is too young to read.

vault of the sky. And on Christmas morning they won't mind in the least if the landscape is covered with a blanket of snow, not so long as the roads are open so they can all go to church. All, that is, except the babies, whom their parents plan to leave at home with one of the grandparents.

This year, at long last, Andy and Mary Ann Fischer expect to celebrate the kind of Christmas they long have wanted—a Christmas with all the trimmings. They certainly have the necessary ingredients: a big home in which they are now comfortably settled; a chubby, good-natured baby, 15-month-old Cindy, who is just beginning to walk; the quintuplets—Jimmy, Cathy, Maggie, Margie and little Mary Ann—who are healthy, happy and, at 27 months, old enough to take an extremely active part in the family festivities; and the five older children—Danny, 10; Charlotte, 9; Julie, 8; Evelyn, almost 7; and Denise, going on 6, who are full of secret plans for the great day and expect to have the time of their lives.

"A big family Christmas, that's the best kind in the world," says Mary Ann, the young, redheaded mother. "You know, a day when the whole clan gets together—the grandmas and grandpas and uncles and aunts, as many as can come." She fondly remembers such celebrations from her girlhood years on the old home farm of her parents, the Elmer Bradys, near the little village of Hecla, S. Dak. "Sometimes there were so many of us that we drew names out of a hat for exchanging gifts. And on Christmas Eve we always put some joke-gifts with funny poems under the tree."

The Fischers have other memories, not so merry, which deepen and broaden the meaning of this year's happy preparations. Just three years ago they could afford only the skimpiest of Christmases. In those days they had to struggle for even the bare necessities. It seemed that they just couldn't quite keep up with the costs of raising their family, no matter how hard they worked. And they did work hard and long. To stretch Andy's small salary as a shipping clerk at a warehouse in Aberdeen, they had rented an old farmhouse with a few acres so they could plant a large family garden and keep some chickens, to provide much of their own food. To supply their children with milk, they also kept several cows, and they got up at 4:45 A.M. every day to get the milking done before Andy went to his job. To cut the fuel bill, Andy and young Danny went out with their old pickup truck and gathered discarded railroad ties and other firewood. And when debts accumulated, Mary Ann worked nights as a waitress in a bowling alley for 60 cents an hour while Andy cared for the children.

In those lean years Mary Ann and Andy seldom exchanged Christmas gifts. What little money they felt they could spare, they spent on presents for their children, mostly such practical things as clothes and books, but sometimes playthings, such as dolls, tricycles and sleds. Some of these were secondhand, but Andy could touch them up to look like new. The Christmas of 1962, the year before the quintuplets were born, the hard-pressed parents did splurge a bit. Andy surprised Mary Ann with a $12 wristwatch, something she really needed; and she, hoping that Andy would dress up a bit, gave him a pair of blue slacks and a white shirt.

After the birth of the quintuplets on September 14, 1963, the Fischer income soared from publishing and advertising contracts. This didn't mean, however, that Christmas could yet become a relaxed holiday for the family. December of that year found them all crowded into a four-bedroom rented home in Aberdeen, warm but still unsettled. Their five premature babies had been kept in the nursery at St. Luke's Hospital until November 30, when Jimmy, the largest and strongest, was brought home. Two weeks later Maggie and Margie joined him in the temporary nursery, a room jammed wall-to-wall with cribs. Cathy and little Mary Ann came home four days before Christmas.

The Fischers were delighted to have their family united and had a fine, if somewhat distracted, Christmas day. "Our hands were full of new babies," Mary Ann says. And last year the situation was more or less the same, even though the family had managed to move into its new, 17-room farm home early in December. The new home was the Fischers' gift to themselves, "the kind of a home I never dreamed we could ever have," said Mary Ann. But at the time it was all somewhat overpowering "We weren't even all unpacked," Andy says, "not by Christmas or a couple of months later." The quintuplets were just learning to walk. And another new baby, Cindy, had been born on September 24.

This year the story is different. The large household is running smoothly, surprisingly so considering the traffic and logistical problems created by 11 lively youngsters. "Those little characters," as Mary Ann sometimes calls the quints, now run all over the house and have discovered how to open doors and even windows. They also have learned the value of teamwork when, for instance, they de-

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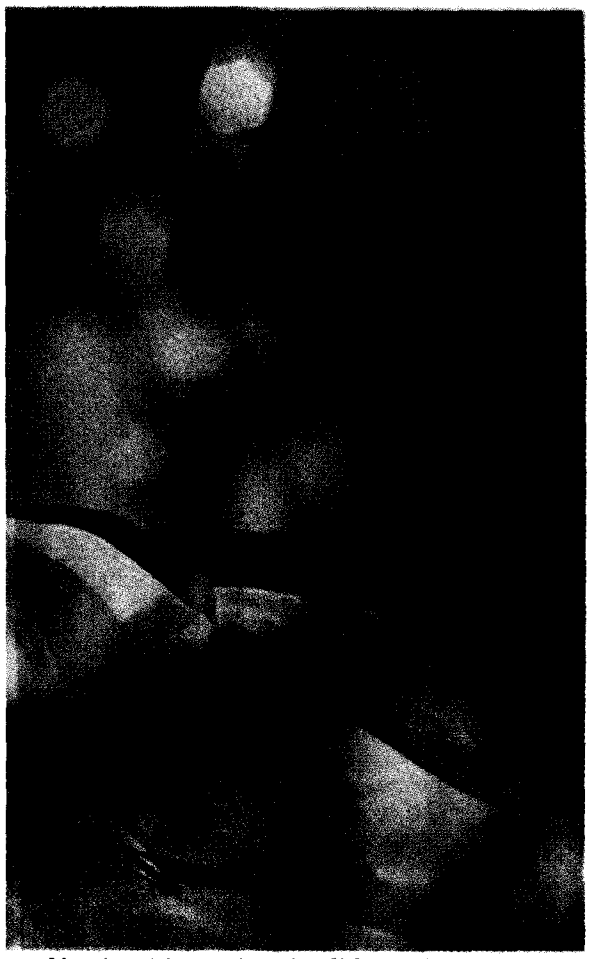

Margie (right) smiles after licking all the ornaments.

cide that some heavy object such as a table should be moved to a new location. Recently, when I looked in on them in the big family room which is their main playroom, Margie, Cathy and Mary Ann were standing on the back of a large leather divan against the wall and taking down a large oil painting of themselves; at that stage, it was dangling by one hook. Maggie, considered the most self-reliant of the group, was standing on a chair, pushing the buttons on the intercommunication-system panel. After restoring the painting to its place, I opened the door to the breakfast room and Jimmy, who now shows a distinct resemblance to his older brother, Danny, dashed out and ran giggling to a hiding place under the table.

As I went to retrieve him, Mary Ann, who was baking and decorating gingerbread cookies in the adjoining kitchen, said, "We have to keep the kitchen doors locked now, unless there's somebody here with nothing to do but keep an eye on the quints. Otherwise they push chairs up against the counters and cabinets and get into everything. It looks like we'll have to put the Christmas decorations almost up to the ceiling. And the tree—well, we usually get a big one and try to keep it until after New Year's, but those kids will have it taken apart by then."

The Fischers' Christmas dinner this year will be nothing less than "the works," says Mary Ann. "Everything from a big roast turkey with cranberry sauce, mashed potatoes and gravy, down to three kinds of pie—pumpkin, apple and mincemeat." The menu also will feature homegrown items from the family garden and orchard.

"Let me show you what we have to choose

Photographs by Wayne Miller

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Early Christmas Eve,

11 red stockings will be hung across the big fireplace—just high enough to be out of the reach of baby hands

from," she said, leading the way to a storage room holding shelf on shelf of home-canned fruits and vegetables and two large freezers crammed full of frozen produce. "It's all out of our garden, except some of the fruit," she pointed out. "I think we'll have some roasting ears. We froze several hundred ears of our sweet corn. Then we like these little spiced apples from our own trees. The whole family likes pickles, so we'll use some of these watermelon pickles and the bread-and-butter kind, too."

Andy and Mary Ann aren't accustomed to voicing their inner feelings, but it is obvious that they have a deep sense of satisfaction with their present way of life and the stability they have achieved. They now feel at ease in their new home and are putting down roots, figuratively and literally. They can see the shelterbelt of trees they have planted around their farmstead, hundreds of small saplings of fast-growing varieties which promise greenery and shade in a few years. Around their 800-acre farm run the fences, miles of them, which Andy has rebuilt. In the pastures are his prized Hereford cows and their calves, and near the barn lot are stacks of hay and cribs of corn which he harvested from his land this year.

Despite their many projects, the Fischers even found time this year to take a summer vacation, the first in their married life. This was a two-pronged expedition. They started by taking Danny, the most ardent fisherman in the family, to Star Lake, Minn., for a long weekend to catch some walleye pike. Then they came home and picked up the four older girls, leaving the babies with the housekeeper, Betsy Strudle, and Mary Ann's mother, Mrs. Elmer Brady. They spent a week taking much the same trip as they had on their honeymoon, going to the Black Hills, where they showed the children Mount Rushmore, and then to Deadwood, S. Dak., where they called on Monsignor Golden, the priest for whom Andy served as altar boy years ago when he lived in Eagle Butte.

This has been a year in which the Fischer quints have become thoroughly woven into the everyday life of their family, just as Mary Ann and Andy insisted they would be from the moment the babies were born. The quints no longer are dressed identically all of the time, although it is more convenient to have five-of-a-kind in such things as snowsuits and coats. The babies, including Cindy, are managed as a group when it comes to eating, bathing and napping, because they are on the same schedule. But in family activities they are treated as individuals and are free to join in with the other youngsters, or not, as they wish. Now at the imitative stage, they try to turn somersaults or dance as the older girls do.

Cathy and her mother make Christmas cookies. Much of the dinner will come from the family garden and orchard.

It might be thought that the recent wave of multiple births, presumably caused by medical use of female hormones, would reduce the "rarity value" of the Fischer quintuplets. But the Fischers don't look at it that way. They point out that their quints are "normal," not "handmade." And the fact that only one set of recent quintuplets has survived as a group—the Lawsons in New Zealand—makes the Fischers realize how fortunate they have been. Moreover, as Andy says, "Those other quints have made things easier for us. We aren't considered such curiosities anymore. We don't get any of those crank letters now."

Relations between the Fischers and their hometown of Aberdeen have smoothed out, too. This doesn't mean that any friction existed; rather, the town had some overexpectations and has suffered some disappointments. Back in the excitement-filled days immediately after the birth of the babies, Aberdeen was in headlines around the world, and many residents exulted, "Now Aberdeen is on the map." They remembered the boom enjoyed by Callander, Ont., when tourists flocked in to see the Dionne quintuplets.

The town expressed its pride and joy with a huge parade and erected large signboards reading ABERDEEN—HOME OF THE FISCHER QUINTS on all the highways at the city limits. But unlike the Dionnes, the Fischer quints weren't put on exhibition for the public. Mary Ann and Andy never even considered the possibility. They didn't want to raise their family in seclusion, but they didn't intend to have their privacy destroyed either. So when they moved to their farm home, their old friends were welcome as usual; but although they erected no high board fences, curiosity-seekers were warned away by NO TRESPASSING notices at the driveway entrance, and NO PARKING signs were posted along the nearby highway. There was no influx of tourists—a trickle perhaps, but no flood—because there was nothing to see. In fact, very few Aberdonians got to see the quints, only those who were lucky enough to catch a glimpse of the babies—mixed in with the other Fischer youngsters—when Mary Ann now and then took them for a trip into town in the family station wagon. It was only natural that some people thought of this as "Fischer secrecy," and only human that some resented it.

But the situation changed on October 9. Aberdeen, a great town for parades, was celebrating Gypsy Day, the annual homecoming event of Northern State College, which is located there. Thousands of Aberdonians had gathered in bright blue Indian-summer weather as 34 bands, interspersed among more than 100 brightly decorated floats, came marching along Main Street. There was the usual cheering, but as one particular float, dressed in orange and gold, came down the line of march, it was greeted first by gasps, then by shouts and applause. On it were the Fischers, all 13 of them, with the quintuplets and Cindy making their first public appearance. The babies were in

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jumper chairs at the front of the float—at least in the beginning. As the noise mounted, Cathy and Cindy started to cry and had to be held by their parents. Jimmy, however, reacted to the music and cheers by falling fast asleep.

"We wanted to introduce the quints to their hometown," Andy said afterward, "but we didn't dare announce it ahead of time because the weather might be bad." Mary Ann added, "I tell you, we prayed for a nice day, and it was ideal."

"The quints stole the parade," said a local citizen, "and the town feels much better now."

If things go according to schedule, the Fischers' Christmas will get under way more or less officially when the older children help the younger ones hang 11 red stockings across the big fireplace in the family room—high enough to be out of reach of baby hands. That will be on Christmas Eve. The older girls have been poring through catalogues, picking out dolls and writing appropriate letters to an old gentleman who reputedly lives at the North Pole. Danny, a serious young man who can run any machine on the farm, is skeptical about such things. But he has scattered hints about nature books and cowboy equipment. (Meanwhile, he is kept busy by his responsibilities for an assortment of livestock that includes a pony, a terrier named Sport, a small snapping turtle, several ducks and a chicken. He has lately been setting traps for a varmint, possibly a skunk, which nabbed one of his ducks.) Andy and Mary Ann are planning to get something for the house, probably a Ping Pong table for the recreation room.

After the children are bedded down for the night, the Fischers and their guests will visit. They especially hope that Great-grandma Mary Margaret Schroeder, who lives in Lincoln, Nebr., and at 84 still runs her own household, can be with them, along with Mary Ann's and Andy's parents.

Early Christmas morning will belong to the children, of course, with a genuine-looking Santa Claus distributing gifts, including an assortment of dolls and toys for the quints. Andy can't play the part, however. "I'd like to," he says, "but it would take those kids just about two seconds to figure out who it is, and we don't want to disillusion the younger ones." He's sure he'll have no trouble finding an appropriate volunteer. Besides, Christmas or not, he will have to get into his work clothes and go out to the barn lot to distribute feed to his cattle, now 100 head in all.

But December 25 for this family is not to be all gifts and feasting and reunion with relatives. Andy and Mary Ann know that the deepest meaning of the day lies in the observance of the birthday of a Child born in a desert village in Judaea, 7,000 miles to the east and nearly 2,000 years in the past. In mid-morning they will put on their best clothes and go to Mass at Sacred Heart Church. In past years it often has been necessary for them to do their church-going in shifts so that one of them could stay home with the babies. But this time, with the grandparents at home, it will be different. "This year we want to go as a family, Andy and me and the older children," says Mary Ann. "We think Christmas will mean more that way." □

Mary Ann discovers that, when all is said and done, one red candle can be the most amazing thing in the world.

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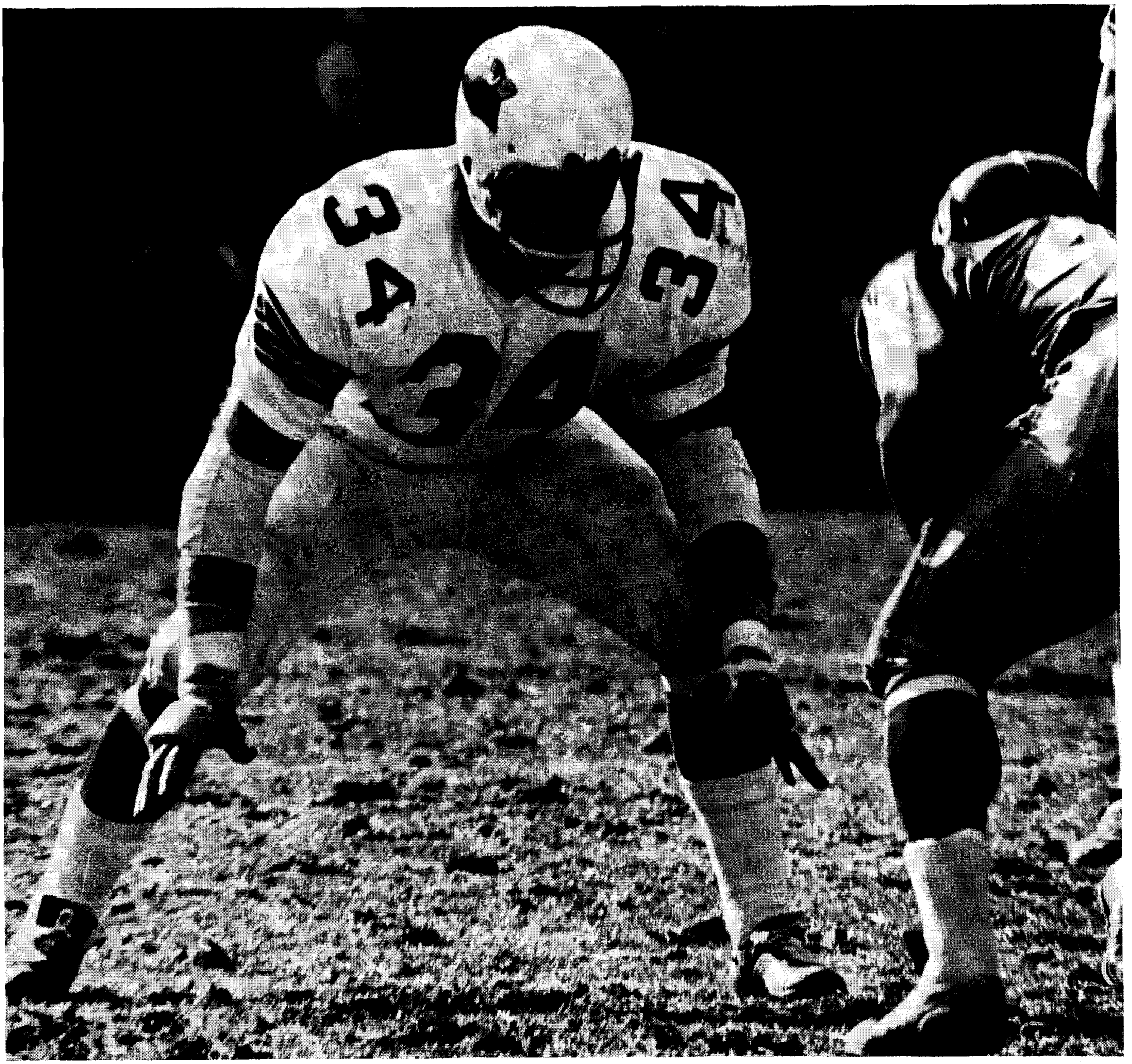
TORMENTED LIFE OF



Professional football seems a simple combination of physical skill and raw violence. But for the player, the worst agony is the mental pressure.

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A PRO LINEBACKER

Warm clouds of steam from the showers were beginning to drift into the cramped locker room. The floor was cluttered with little tangled balls of tape that the players had sliced off their ankles after the game. Some of the huge guards and tackles, still wearing their uniforms, slumped on their stools, their faces blank with fatigue.

The right linebacker of the St. Louis Cardinals, Bill Koman, was standing in the center of a cluster of friends and reporters. Koman is six feet two inches tall and weighs 235 pounds, but he was a man of middling size compared to some of the nearby players. He was being congratulated for a play he had made about 20 minutes before. With his team leading the Dallas Cowboys by a score of only 17–13, Koman had shoved aside the guard assigned to block him and then hit halfback Perry Lee Dunn so hard that he had fumbled. St. Louis had recovered the ball and gone on to win by a score of 20–13.

Koman was smiling politely and shaking the offered hands, but he kept denying that the play was that important. "I missed the big one," he said. "I had Meredith on that big play, and I let him go. I got my hands on him, and they slipped off him just like that."

A few minutes later Koman went out to meet his wife, who was standing with a group of friends and players in a cold concrete passageway under the St. Louis stadium. Joan Koman is a beautiful, blond and gracious woman, and Koman kissed her as though they had just begun dating instead of being the parents of five children.

"Good game, Bill," somebody said.

Koman shrugged. "Yeh, but I messed up that play."

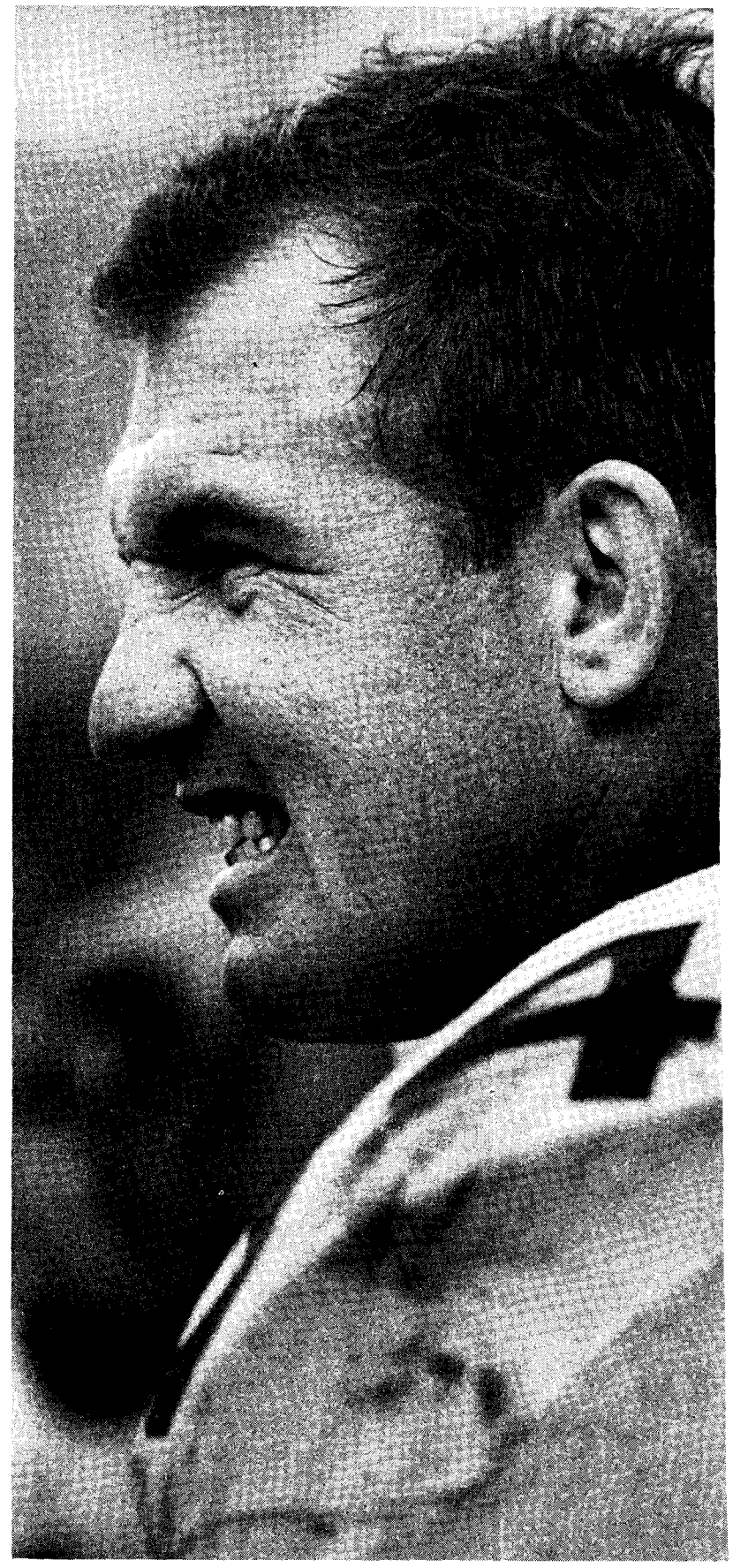
Joan laughed a little too quickly. "I *knew* he'd say that," she said to the group. "I'm getting psychic after all this time. I *knew* he'd come out worrying about how he missed Meredith."

As usual, Koman did not sleep well after the game, which happened to be played on Monday night, a rare schedule aberration in the N.F.L. He kept replaying every down, seeing it as clearly as if the game movies were being projected on the bedroom wall.

At seven A.M. he finally got up and drank some orange juice. Since practice was not scheduled until three o'clock, he planned to spend much of Tuesday at his other job, the vice presidency of a real-estate development company called Town & Campus, Inc.

Driving to his office, Koman said he felt fine. "You don't begin to feel the aches and bruises on the day after a game," he explained. "You're still too keyed up. That old adrenaline is still going around. The second day is when you feel it."

Town & Campus turned out to be an aggressive and thriving company that builds garden-apartment developments in college towns. It was founded in 1960 by a young St. Louis lawyer named Joe Morrissey. Although he is an ex-college fullback, Morrissey is too cool a businessman to have hired Koman just for the prestige of having a tame professional football player hanging around the office. When they met in 1960, Koman was already a successful salesman for



Left, Koman sets himself for pass receiver he knows is faster and more agile; above, his face reflects tension as offensive unit goes into action.

By James Atwater

Photographs by Joseph Consentino

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Koman holds son Jimmy; Janis stands in front, while Johnny runs down walk, followed by Koman's wife Joan.

Koman talks with contractors from his company who are building his new seven-bedroom home in St. Louis suburb.

The No. 2 man in a construction firm, Koman spends up to 50 hours a week on job, even during football season.

a steel company, and Morrissey was impressed by his energy and intelligence. The job of being the No. 2 man in a rapidly expanding company is so demanding that Koman has to work as many as 50 hours a week even during the football season. He was reluctant to say how much money he was getting from the company, other than to admit that it was a good deal more than his salary from the Cardinals, which he would only admit was more than $15,000 a season.

I asked Koman why he bothered to play football at all, since he had a good job in work that he liked. He admitted that he had seriously considered retiring after the 1964 season, but had finally decided to continue for at least one year more, his tenth year in the league. "Football is a great outlet for me," he said. "I have to look at guys all week long who aren't performing for us, or whose bids are way out of line, and I want to annihilate them, but I can't. I have to be nice to them. On Sunday, I don't have to be nice to anyone." He stopped and laughed at himself. "It's very invigorating," he said.

Driving to practice on Wednesday, Koman began talking about a couple of incidents from his boyhood. He was raised in the western Pennsylvania town of Aliquippa, where, he said, "It didn't matter what your name was or how much money you had—what mattered was what kind of a high-school football player your family produced." Koman went on to tell how a severe infection had left him with a stiff left leg for four years, and how he had gone into junior high school as a scrawny, gimpy kid with no athletic ambitions.

"One day I was hanging around the high-school basketball practice, and the ball bounced over to me during some drills. I did what any kid would do—I took a shot. This varsity player came over and grabbed me and kneed me up against the wall. I made up my mind right there that I was going to be a better athlete than he was, and that I was going to get him someday. I went home after my first pro season and there this guy was, hanging around the newspaper store. I could tell he remembered the kneeing, all right, but I didn't touch him—I didn't want to belittle myself by putting him down."

As Koman told the story, he began talking faster, and his temper started to rise. "But that guy still makes me mad every time I think about him," he said. Then he laughed at himself again. "You know, I'm ready to go back to Pennsylvania right now and get him."

Koman also remembered how he had learned that the other men in the neighborhood were lording it over his father because his only son was unable to play football. In his junior year of high school Koman decided to go out for football, gimpy leg or no gimpy leg.

His leg improved so much with exercise that he went on to play two years of high-school football and four years at the University of North Carolina. He waved aside the suggestion that he had been driven to succeed in athletics simply to please his father, or to gain a kind of revenge on a school bully. "I've always wanted to be the best in everything I tried," he said. "I've been competing ever since I got to first grade and discovered that there was such a thing as marks. I wanted to be somebody. I couldn't stand not having the best grades—I was second or third in my high-school class, and I got only three C's in my last three and a half years at college while majoring in economics. The rest were A's or B's.

"I still can't stand to admit that anyone is better than I am. Maybe they are, but I won't admit it. Some people can be satisfied with a nine-to-five job. I can't. And I want to be the most successful person who ever played in this league."

Koman pulled into the parking lot by the locker room and switched off the engine. "I've got to play on a winner," he said. "We missed by half a game last year. This year we've got a shot at it, a good shot. That's the only reason I'm playing. All this business about 'it matters not if you win or lose, but how you play the game,' that's a bunch of bull. Like hell winning doesn't matter. It's all that matters."

At 3:30 the Cardinals clattered down a concrete passageway and onto the field. This was the second day after the Dallas game, and, just as Koman had said, the players were starting to feel the bruises and strains of Monday night. The groans began with the first mild calisthenics. The main chore of the practice was dummy scrimmage. First the Cardinals' offensive unit ran the Redskins' plays against the defensive team, which used the formations and tactics it was planning for Sunday's game. Then the offense ran its own plays while the defense made believe it was Washington.

It was a dull routine, designed with the Pavlovian aim of conditioning the players to react to various situations so automatically that they would do the same on Sunday. At 4:10, Head Coach Wally Lemm finally let the squad go.

Everyone else trotted off for a shower, but Koman stayed on the field to run some laps. By the time he came into the locker room, some of the players had already left. He stripped down to his T-shirt and supporter and strapped a 32-pound weight to his left foot. Then, with a watch in his hand, he sat on a table and held the weight straight out 10 times for 10 seconds each. The exercise was designed to strengthen his left leg, which still showed the signs of his childhood trouble. High up on the thigh was a long scar where they had lanced the infection. There was a mark on either side of the kneecap, little dimples of scar tissue where drains had been placed, and one behind the knee. There was also a faint, curving scar on the knee itself where a cartilage had been removed two years ago.

Wednesday evening, after dinner, Koman got down to the real work of preparing for the Washington Redskins. He removed an oil portrait of Joan from over the fireplace, cleared off the coffee table and set up a movie projector. Then he put on a pair of glasses and flashed a film of a Washington game on the wall of his living room.

Gradually, as he commented on the film, Koman betrayed the fact that he was badly worried about the game on Sunday. In certain formations he would have to cover the Redskins' Charley Taylor man-to-man on pass plays. The problem was that Taylor was one of the finest halfbacks in the league, much faster and more agile than he was. Koman began studying every move by Taylor in the film, running each play two or three times. "He can break the game open on Sunday if he gets away," he said. "He's my main responsibility."

As Koman brooded about Taylor winning the game with a single play, it suddenly became obvious why he had been so upset about missing the tackle on Don Meredith. One bad play could allow the touchdown that could lose a game and ruin the season. One lapse could cost him his chance to play on a championship team.

I learned the next day that Koman had already made a costly mistake this year against a similar back in a similar situation. In the Cardinals' opener against the Philadelphia Eagles, halfback Timmy Brown had come flaring out of the backfield on a pass pattern and left Koman sprawling as he caught the ball for a touchdown. Although they had been favored, the Cardinals lost by a score of 34–27.

"I've never seen Koman so depressed," said one Cardinal official. "I was afraid that if he had another game like that he'd be all done as a player."

Joan Koman, who had watched the disaster on television at home in St. Louis, had been afraid to go out to the airport that night to meet her

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'All week I see guys I want to annihilate, but I have to be nice. On Sunday, I don't have to be nice to anyone.'

As part of training drudgery, Koman throws blocks at a padded sled on high-school field where Cardinals practice.

Leaving room of his home, Koman and fellow linebacker spend hours examining films of the previous week's game.

husband. "Monday night we sat in the living room for two and a half hours and watched every defensive play three and four times," Joan said.

"I *had* to see what I was doing wrong as soon as possible," said Koman. "I was ashamed. That mistake with Brown jarred my confidence."

After a week of scourging himself, Koman had stormed out the next Sunday and helped the Cardinals to win their biggest victory of the year, a 49–13 triumph over the defending champion Cleveland Browns. On the second play of the game, Koman atoned for the Brown incident. "I could tell it was a pass from the relaxed way one back got into position," said Koman. "Frank Ryan, their quarterback, always drops back seven yards and then moves up a couple of steps into the pocket before he throws. I picked out the spot where I thought he would be and headed for it. He never saw me until I hit him.

"When you see a quarterback unprotected like that, you go all the harder. The idea is to knock the living hell out of him."

At practice on Thursday defensive coach Chuck Drulis gave the defense its weekly written quiz on the offense it would see on Sunday. Anyone who misses a question has to contribute a dollar to a team kitty, and the name of each failing player is read aloud before the entire defensive unit. "If you miss a question, it shows that you're obviously not prepared for the game," said Koman. "Then if you make a mental mistake in the game, God help you." As usual, Koman scored 100.

Thursday night he arrived home in time to see his two-year-old son, Jimmy, before he went to bed. Jimmy already weighs 42 pounds, and has the same solid jaw and square set to his shoulders as his father. Koman watched with delight as his son pounded around the living room, bouncing off or knocking over everything in his path. "Jimmy, my boy," he said, "I'm afraid you've got all the instincts of a lineman."

That evening Dave Meggyesy, a young reserve linebacker, came over to watch the game films with Koman. As the living-room lights went off, Koman's two eldest sons, Billy, six, and Johnny, four, crept down the stairs far enough to watch through the banister. At one point, Koman discovered that the Redskin linemen were betraying themselves by keeping their weight back on their heels so that they could rise up quickly to block for the quarterback. "Look how their heads are up, Dave," Koman said. "Look at Snowden there [the rookie left tackle of the Redskins], with his legs straight and his tail cocked up there like a peacock." Koman also noticed that when the Redskins centered the ball without a count, hoping to catch the defense off-guard, the quarterback would put his hands under the center the moment he came out of the huddle.

Suddenly, with a great flash, the projector's bulb burned out. "No worry," said Koman. "I always carry a spare in the car."

The new bulb had been burning for about 15 minutes when there was another flare and then darkness. "That's unbelievable," cried Koman, sitting bolt upright on the sofa. Dave Meggyesy began to gather up his notes. "The mark of the real pro," he said, "is two spare bulbs in the car."

By Friday's practice, neither Koman nor any of the other Cardinals was showing any of the signs of nervousness about the approaching game that college players usually exhibit. "There's no college-boy pep talk in the pros," Koman explained. "In college you can use that kind of emotion to beat a team because there may be only two or three real football players on the field, and maybe half a dozen that could hit that trash can over there if it stayed in that spot forever. In the pros everyone is a football player, and everyone has muscle. This is a game of concentration. The team that makes the fewest mental errors wins. You get ready for a game by building on confidence. I know there's no way in the world that I can run as fast as Taylor, but I know I can cover him if I do my job right.

"I believe I can play my position as well as anyone in the league. All this business about the great ballplayers being so modest is bunk. These guys all think they're the best. I've seen guys up here who never showed a flicker of emotion break down and cry when they didn't make the All-Pro team, because they knew they deserved it."

Recognition is a sore subject with Koman. He is comparatively little known outside of St. Louis, although he has twice been named to the Eastern All-Star squad that plays in the pro bowl. One of the reasons for his anonymity is the fact that he plays a conservative, unspectacular brand of football. ("Show me a linebacker who makes a lot of interceptions," he says, "and I'll show you a linebacker who is out of position a lot of the time.")

The Cardinals flew to Washington on Saturday. Koman confessed that he still had not thought through the maneuvers he would have to use against Taylor. "I'm not convinced in my own mind I'm ready to play," he said.

On Saturday night, Koman and his roommate, safety man Larry Wilson, watched the game between the Cleveland Browns and the Pittsburgh Steelers on television. Both men were for the Steelers, since the Browns were the Cardinals' main rivals for the division championship. Koman and Wilson identified every offensive formation, then called the proper defense for it. It was like watching a bridge game with two clairvoyant kibitzers; they knew the next move before it happened on the screen. To the disgust of both men, the Browns came from behind to win. "Hell," said Koman, "now I won't be able to go to sleep until three o'clock."

But he never really went to sleep, as he knew he wouldn't. At 6:30 on Sunday morning Koman decided that it was useless to stay in bed any longer. He dressed swiftly and walked the few blocks to St. Matthew's Cathedral, where he attended Mass and received Communion.

At 9:15 Koman went into the special dining room set aside by the hotel for the Cardinals' pregame meal. There are some players in the league—defensive tackle Alex Karras of the Detroit Lions is one—who cannot eat a thing on the day of a game. Despite his intensity, Koman has never had this particular problem. He ate some scrambled eggs and a small steak, medium done, and he drank a cup of tea.

Koman rode to the stadium with two players who work closely with him on the right side of the defense—end Don Brumm, six feet three inches and 245 pounds, and safety man Jerry Stovall, six feet two inches and 205 pounds. "They're going to try something right off," said Koman as their cab struggled through the downtown streets of Washington. "Something off the slot or the pro set. They'll be looking for that big play to give them that spark."

When they reached the visiting team's locker room, they found the Cardinals' white road uniforms neatly hung up in the open lockers. The shoes were on the floor of the lockers with the stockings neatly folded across them.

Koman, Stovall and Brumm had expected that their lockers would be together, just as they are back in St. Louis, but they were separated. Whitey Zimmerman, the team's equipment man, came over to explain that a Redskins man, trying to be helpful, had hung up the uniforms out of order. Zimmerman made a point of the explanation. On the day of a game, everyone connected with the team goes out of his way to avoid giving a tense player the slightest provocation.

Before changing into their uniforms, Koman and Stovall walked up a flight of concrete steps, down the corridor and out onto the field. They paced over it slowly, staring down at the ground.

"The turf is loose where it was laid down over the baseball infield," Koman said glumly. "It'll tear up easily. And look here." He pointed with his toe to one of the dozens of little hollows and hummocks that dotted the grass around him. "You step on that and you twist an ankle—I don't care how well you're taped."

Up in the grandstand the first fans were beginning to file in. It was 10:55, more than two and a half hours before game time. Back in the locker room, Koman took off his watch and put it and his wallet into a little tan bag that was placed in his locker. The bag bore his number: 34. He pulled the drawstring tight and gave the bag to Zimmerman, who locked it up for him. While Koman was undressing, Ken Gray, a guard and the captain of the offensive team, entered the locker room and gravely began to play solitaire.

Koman pulled on his supporter and a T-shirt and walked into the training room to be taped. After shaving his left leg, he climbed up on the table and stood while trainer Jack Rockwell sprayed the skin with a benzoin compound that would make the tape hold better. Rockwell next took a roll of tape and began wrapping the leg in a crisscrossing cocoon that left the kneecap bare. The bandage was the standard protection for a player who is missing a cartilage in his knee.

When his leg was taped, Koman sat down and Rockwell started to work on his ankles. First he put a dab of salve on the heel and the instep of the foot. Then he placed a small square of gauze over

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'Show me a back who has a lot of interceptions,

each spot. The salve held the gauze in place while Rockwell used both hands to tape, and the gauze acted as a cushion for the bandage. It took the trainer about 15 seconds to tape each ankle.

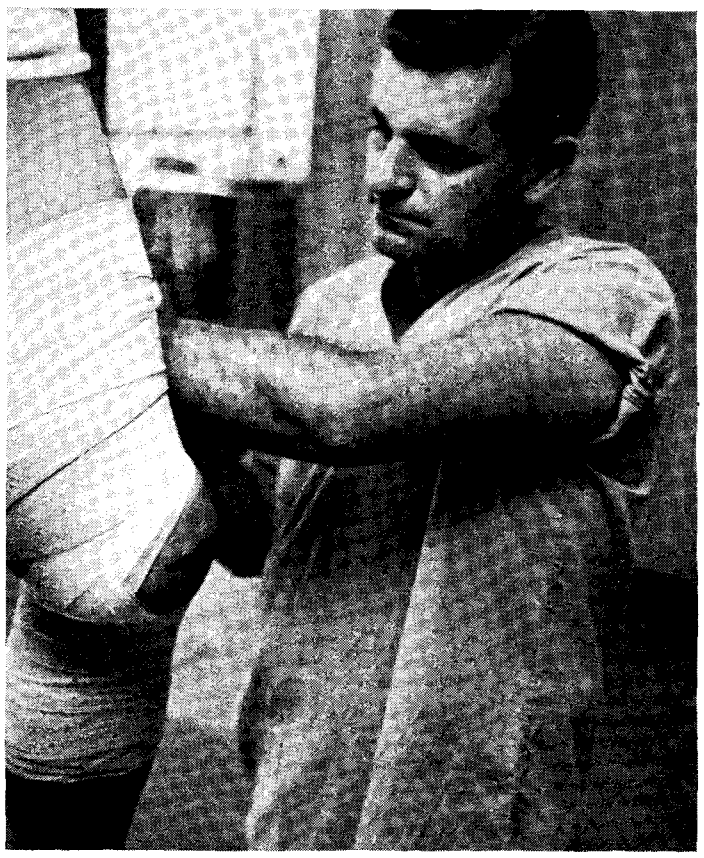
The very fact that Koman was being taped at all was a sign that he realized that, at 31, he was getting old. Until three years ago he had never been taped. Also, his knee would have been smashed without the bandage. In some games the force of the blows had bent his leg sideways so violently that the thick layers of tape had split wide open.

At 11:15, Koman started to get dressed. "I'm very fussy about my equipment," Koman admitted as he dressed. "If I don't feel right, it makes me miserable. It stays on your mind, and you don't want any distractions out there."

Koman had taken special pains to make sure that his pants fitted him like a second skin. The tailor from the manufacturer had worked over the legs, letting them out a fraction of an inch here and taking in a fraction there, until Koman pronounced them perfect. The outline of his thigh muscles showed through the fabric.

Koman next considered several elastic elbow guards and finally selected a pair. Although he

Trainer compensates for missing cartilage in Koman's left knee by heavily taping it in a crisscrossing cocoon.



did not usually wear them, he had during the great victory over Cleveland, and he had decided to try them again, as much for good luck as for protection. "It's funny," he said, "you try not to get superstitious about this game, but you do."

At 11:55 the rest of the Cardinals filed into the locker room. The room was now filled with 40 big men, but it was still eerily quiet. The only distinct sound was the ripple of cards as Gray shuffled his solitaire deck. He was having a fair run of luck.

Across the room from Koman, Sonny Randle, the Cardinals' split end, took off his shirt and revealed a long scar on his right shoulder where the surgeons had repaired his collarbone last season. Defensive halfback Abe Woodson laced a harness over his left shoulder, which had been dislocated in an exhibition game. Fullback Prentice Gautt, who had suffered a severe kidney injury three years ago, struggled into a back brace. A dozen players carefully put their bridgework aside.

At 12:15 Koman began to withdraw. He sat facing into his locker, ignoring the men on either side, and flipped through the pages of the program. Around the room, most of the men were doing the same. Dale Meinert, the middle linebacker, began to stuff his left cheek with tobacco. Gray stopped playing solitaire.

In the training room, Jack Rockwell fitted a broad strap across his left wrist. On the top of the strap, held in place by little bands, were five small capsules of ammonia. He would break them under the nose of any Cardinal who was knocked unconscious. At the trainer's side, attached to a leather flap hanging from his belt, dangled a pair of scissors, a roll of tape and a long, angled pair of pincers with little plastic pads at the tips. If any Cardinal swallowed his tongue when he was knocked out, Rockwell would use the instrument to pull it out of his throat and prevent him from suffocating.

Koman restlessly moved to another chair. "As good a shape as you're in, right now you feel you couldn't run a step," he said. "You'd rather take the physical beating than the mental pressure. That's why so many guys can't last."

I asked if he had found enough time in the previous 12 hours to prepare himself for Taylor. "I feel I'm ready mentally," he said. "Whether or not I can do the job physically is another matter. We'll have to see."

The Cardinals' kicking specialists went out onto the field at 12:40 and seven minutes later Coach Lemm said, "OK, gang!" With great relief the remaining players stood up and filed out the door.

While Koman warmed up carefully, stretching and testing his muscles, the seats in the great curving stadium that rose far above the field were slowly filling. At the other end of the field the Redskins, in their burgundy jerseys and gold pants, were also loosening up. Taylor sprinted downfield and caught a pass. He looked magnificent.

Then, suddenly, after all the days of tedious preparation, Jim Bakken of the Cardinals was running at the ball for the kickoff. From that instant on, the game of pro football I saw from the St. Louis bench seemed to have no connection to the game I usually watched from the stands or on a television screen. I was used to seeing patterns and precisely timed maneuvers. From the field, seen at eye level, pro football is confusion and simple, raw violence. A St. Louis guard, pulling out of line to lead a play, glared at the linebacker who was his target, and you could hear him grunting with the strain of his sprint as he neared the sideline. A Cardinal end turned inside a Redskin safety man to catch a pass and squinted as he waited for the tackle to hit him.

Koman and Taylor began their duel on the second play. The Redskins' halfback started around left end on a sweep. Koman was giving ground gradually, moving to the outside, trying to contain the play, when Taylor suddenly cut inside him. Fighting off a blocker, Koman managed to tackle him from the side, but not before he had gained 13 yards. Taylor had won the first trial.

On third down Taylor flared out of the backfield as a pass receiver and cut in. Taylor was running at about three-quarter speed, and Koman stayed with him perfectly, retreating with a surprisingly graceful motion despite his short, choppy steps, leaning to one side while changing direction, as though he were skating backward. With Taylor covered, quarterback Dick Shiner threw a pass to another receiver and it dropped incomplete.

After the series of downs was over, Koman came off the field eager to find out what had gone wrong on Taylor's sweep. He picked up the headset on the little table in front of the bench and talked to Drulis, who had already analyzed the play from his vantage spot in the press box. Drulis said that a Redskins' guard had pulled out of the line to lead the interference. "They've never pulled the guard on that play before," Koman said. Drulis ordered Koman to charge the play instead of giving ground, and said that Stovall should come up fast to help on the tackle.

Minutes later the Cardinal defense returned to the game, and Koman was again running backward with little steps as Taylor came downfield on a pass pattern. The ball was thrown to an end cutting across ahead of Taylor. Someone batted the ball and it was intercepted by Larry Wilson. The only man between him and the goal was Taylor, but he was enough. He hit Wilson low, cartwheeling him into the air. Koman came off the field shaking his head. "One block and it's a touchdown," he said. He was blaming himself for not taking Taylor out of the play, although he had been drawn out of position by the pass pattern.

The Cardinals scored after the interception to take a 7–0 lead. Five plays after receiving the kickoff, the Redskins again tested Koman with the end sweep. This time Koman charged the play hard, got past the blockers and tackled Taylor for a two-yard loss.

Koman was now following the game script exactly as he had been preparing it in his mind. Every time Pres Carpenter, Washington's tight end, was on his side of the line, Koman would square off on him, waiting to see what he would do, shoving him away if he tried to block, following him if he tried to break loose.

A short time later the Redskins' great Bobby Mitchell outdistanced two Cardinal backs on a pass play, and Shiner put the ball right into his hands, only to have him drop it. Mitchell was so far ahead of his pursuers that when the boos came, a tremendous, angry blast, he was all by himself, a single man being humiliated by 50,000 people.

Koman came back to the bench shaking his head. "See what I mean?" he asked. "See how close these guys come? He's going to catch one or two of those. We're in a ball game, buddy."

Early in the third quarter, leading by a score of only 13–3, the Cardinals were driving for the touchdown that would break the game open when it happened. Sonny Randle ran a pass pattern into the right side of the end zone, where he was grabbed by a Redskin defender. Charley Johnson threw the ball to Randle on the opportunistic theory that an official would see that the end was being held and call a penalty, which would have given the Cardinals a first down. But the call was not made, and the Redskins' Johnny Sample beat Randle to the ball to make an interception.

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and I'll show you a back who is out of position a lot of the time.'

On safety blitz, Koman sprints from normal defensive position, bursts through line, and slams into quarterback.

On the next play Bobby Mitchell took off straight down the middle with his greyhound stride. He was ahead of everyone when the ball was thrown, and this time he did not drop it. No one even got close enough to try a diving tackle.

Koman was glowering when he sat down on the bench. "Watch them go now," he said angrily. "They're fired up."

But St. Louis's offense rallied to kick a field goal, making the score 16–10, and then abruptly the mood of the game changed again. Washington's fullback was beginning a line plunge when, without a finger being laid on him, he dropped the ball. The Cardinals' Brumm picked it up on the Washington 10 and began to run for the goal line. On the St. Louis bench you could not see the beginning of the play, but the sight of Brumm with the ball was plain enough, and the Cardinals jumped up yelling, "Boomer! Boomer!" The big end crossed the goal line with the touchdown that made the score 22–10 and gave the momentum back to St. Louis.

As the game went on, Koman was having so little trouble handling Taylor that it was hard to see what he had been worried about. Then, late in the third period, Taylor again flared out of the backfield as a pass receiver. When he saw that Taylor was running at half speed, Koman turned his eyes away to steal a glimpse at the quarterback. At that precise instant, Taylor cut to the outside and accelerated to top speed in about two strides. This time Koman was lucky; although Taylor was completely open, Shiner threw an incomplete pass to Mitchell.

But mistakes like these were rare. The St. Louis defense was dominating Washington so completely that the game was becoming something of an anticlimax. Koman was easily reading every pass play as the Redskins lined up. Washington's Jim Snowden, the rookie tackle, had his tail high in the air and his weight back on his heels, so that he could rise up quickly to block Brumm. As Koman had anticipated from studying the movies, the Redskins were also using the quick snap to disrupt the timing of the red-dogging St. Louis linebackers. Quarterback Shiner would tip off the play by putting his hands under the center's rump a second or two sooner than on a standard count. When he did, Koman and the other linebackers would shout the warning: "Quick snap!"

The one thing that still frustrated Koman was the fact that he had not yet gotten a good shot at the Washington quarterback. "I'll get him," he promised. "I'll really get him." Late in the fourth quarter, he did. Koman started like a sprinter with surprising speed for his size and ran right past one potential blocker. Shiner saw him coming and barely got rid of the ball before Koman lowered his head and hit him just above the waist. The impact knocked the quarterback flat on his back.

Koman came back to the bench, grinning for the first time all afternoon. "I don't see how he got up," he said, shaking his head with honest pride at his play.

The Redskins got one more meaningless touchdown, and the game ended with St. Louis winning, 37–16. "It was close there for a while, buddy," Koman said as he walked slowly toward the locker room. "This was a defensive battle." Sweat had soaked through his jersey across his stomach and back, and there was a layer of dirt sticking to the wet fabric. His face and neck were coated with a thin layer of mud. He had come through in remarkably good shape. His left leg, the bad one, had not been damaged. There was blood on his right forearm, but the cut was nothing.

The locker room was surprisingly quiet after the victory. "It's almost always this way," said Bob DeMarco, the Cardinals' offensive center. "After you lose, you don't want to say anything at all, and after you win, you're too tired to do much celebrating. The good time comes tomorrow morning when you wake up and realize that you got the job done."

Koman began to pull off his uniform. He had played a good game, and he knew it. The week of planning, the extra running after practice, and the two nights of peering at game movies had avoided another Philadelphia. The afternoon was a triumph so complete that it seemed almost easy.

Koman was satisfied, but he was too much of a professional to admit it. He was reverting to his normal, postgame mood, talking very mildly, avoiding any comment that might be interpreted as boastfulness or complacency. He sat on his wooden chair in his T-shirt and supporter and carefully folded his equipment into his gray canvas game bag. The sweat was still running down his face, and dripping slowly off the end of his nose.

The big linebacker took a special knife and slit the tape off his left leg. His voice trailed away. He was already thinking about going into Pittsburgh the following Sunday, and about how he would cover the Steelers' Dick Hoak when he came flaring out of the backfield on a pass pattern. □

The game over, Koman walks quietly across the field toward the dugout; whether team has won or lost, there is little excitement; all of his thoughts are on next Sunday's game.

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Mocked by the unparalleled prosperity of their fellow citizens, some three million people go without jobs. The Government speaks of improvement, but a dangerous number of Americans cannot keep up with our onrushing technology.

'I'M OUT OF A JOB, I'M ALI

When Albert MacGinn left his house that morning in March of 1963, he had no way of knowing that by nightfall his private world would lie in ruins.

An erect and pink-cheeked man with steel-rimmed glasses, Al MacGinn was the living model of American prosperity, a skilled worker in a nation whose farms and factories were producing at fabulous rates and employing more people than ever before. After 24 years in a growing industry in St. Paul, Minn., he was getting the top wage of $3.55 an hour. When he left for work it was from his own single-family stucco house with a new roof and a modernized kitchen. He drove to work and returned in his own automobile. Al MacGinn had played it by the rule book. He worked hard and he did well. So when he returned home in the gathering dusk of that March evening, his fate seemed so improbable that he found it hard to tell his wife the truth.

"Kathy, I'm out of a job. I'm all through."

She stood motionless for a long moment, then said quietly, "Al, we'll get by. You'll be at work again next week."

At supper he announced the news to their five children. They fell into stunned silence. The oldest son, the one planning to start college the next year, said, "Dad, you're the best in the business. The other plants will be calling you up." Everyone agreed. Spirits rose, and the meal ended with something like gaiety.

They all were wrong. Al MacGinn has never again worked at his trade. After bitter months of unemployment he finally got the job he still has today—scrubbing toilets on the night shift of a nearby factory.

But Al MacGinn was luckier than many. According to government surveys, three million Americans can find no work, though they look for it, and more than two million who want full-time work can get only part-time. Even these official statistics are rosier than reality. They do not tell of skilled men in mid-career who can get only menial jobs. Nor do they show the more than one million "hidden unemployed" who are uncounted because they have finally given up looking for work. These and others are ignored in the surveys.

For all these millions and their families the richness of the American economy is worse than meaningless. It not only leaves them without work but surrounds them with the sight and sound of prosperity, increasing their isolation and despair. In a depression, unemployment is at least "normal." In boom times, it makes the jobless man an outcast among his neighbors. While almost everyone around him is succeeding, he is failing, often for reasons that are a mystery to him.

Only a person who has experienced the stunning blow of the old job suddenly destroyed can appreciate its force. It is a shock so profound that it damages the victim's will to recover. Sometimes the human destruction is apparent and measurable. Within a few years after the 1954 closing of the Hudson Motor Car Company, 15 auto workers committed suicide and the marriages of more than 300 workers broke up. Last year, when the Government announced that the Brooklyn Navy Yard would close in June, 1966, on-the-job injuries increased 50 percent, off-the-job accidents went up, and the death rate rose.

Most of the suffering, however, is private and unrecorded. Recently this reporter talked with perhaps 150 men who have lost their jobs, and their reactions dramatize their experience.

A 59-year-old millwright: "I was sick two or three weeks. Couldn't eat, couldn't sleep. In forty years I had only seven days lost time, but they announce over the PA, 'That's all.'"

A 45-year-old auto worker: "The day they announced the closing, the guy next to me, he just went blank. He'd worked there thirty, thirty-five years. His wife was an invalid with arthritis, and he had a son and a daughter still in college. He just stood there like someone hit him with a hammer. I practically had to lead him out to the car."

A 49-year-old auto worker: "I saw men cry I'd never seen shed a tear. Grown men standing there with tears coming down their cheeks. Remember, these are tough bastards who'd been through the depression and the war, some of them two wars."

These reactions conflict with the stereotype of the American workingman as a lazy and cynical rate jockey. They also reflect the shock of the suddenly jobless man as he discovers how quickly an interruption in wages can destroy normal family life in the city. Especially for the older worker they suggest that the death of a job disrupts a deep rhythm in life and implies the death of the man.

The unemployment of 1965, is not the massive idleness of the great depression, of course, or even of the recessions of the 1950's. But neither is it a small or a transient problem. It is a faulty part in the economic machine, a malfunctioning gear in danger of mangling itself and crippling the rest of the engine. Already the harsh sounds of this flawed machine have been heard: gunfire from bitter coal miners in Kentucky, the roar of flames during the Watts rebellion in Los Angeles, the shouts of rioters in Harlem and Rochester, N. Y., and Springfield, Mass.

Despite periodic panics and depressions during the last 100 years, the country has never produced a durable solution for unemployment. In the great depression, joblessness reached at least 25 percent. By the end of the 1930's it was still an intolerable 15 percent. (Economists consider three percent "tolerable" because at any given moment about three percent of the work force is temporarily out of work—men changing jobs, for example, or young people not yet hired for the first time.)

Pearl Harbor brought the grisly full employment of war, when part of the population works at destruction and the remainder supplies the destroyers. The postwar demand for scarce goods kept men busy, but by 1949 the unemployment rate was up to 5.9 percent. The Korean War made jobs, but after that the rate went back to 5 percent.

This year's rate promises to be about 4.5 percent, an improvement due in part to the economic expansion for the war in Vietnam. But much of the change occurred because many of the jobless were soaked up by activities like the anti-poverty program and were counted as employed. Yet most of these people must emerge from the special programs to look for work. If they were now counted as unemployed, the total count of jobless would be over three million.

Through all the subtleties of statistics it is clear that the "normal" labor market does not provide a job for every American who needs one.

It is impossible to understand the impact of unemployment by dwelling on the national average of 4.5 or 5, or 7 percent. The idle are not distributed evenly through the nation but concentrated in bitter masses: among all Negroes, 10 percent; among all the young, 16 percent; among young Negroes, 26 percent. While most of the population enjoys employment and prosperity, there are masses of Americans who, for all intents and pur-

BY BEN H. BAGDIKIAN

Photographs by Burt Glinn

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poses, still live in the depths of the depression.

The irony is that those who prosper can thank science, and so can the unemployed. The application of the scientific method to the growing of food and making of goods has produced enormous wealth that has rapidly raised the standard of living. More goods at cheaper prices are available to a larger proportion of the population than ever before in history.

But the same scientific method has denied this standard of living to a portion of the population. It permits new machines to produce goods with fewer human beings at the same time that it has vastly increased the human life-span. Since 1900 our total population increased 2½ times, and the new standard of living has added an average of 20 years to the life-span of each of these new Americans. But the new machines don't need all the new Americans.

The most awesome instrument of change for the workingman in our time is the computer that runs an automatic machine. Two years ago, for example, an electronics company bought two computerized devices that automatically wired circuits for radios. The company was able to reduce the circuit-wiring work force from 17 men to 3. Today the company has doubled its production with the same two machines. which now do the work formerly done by 35 men. But it still requires only three human beings.

The rise of automation has been so swift that no one knows how many more human jobs it will eliminate. In 1954 there were fewer than 400 computers in use. Today there are more than 25,000, and most of their owners can't find enough work for them to do. So it is impossible to predict how much of the nation's work could be done by present computers, not to mention the 8,000 computers on order. And there are still other kinds of laborsaving changes. With machinery one man can lay down weed-killing chemicals that will do the work that it would take 360 human weeders to do. It is irrational to expect such change to slacken.

The new methods have also changed the occupations of men, changed them so fast that unemployment exists partly because men's experience and schooling, even though it may be better than that of their fathers, is not good enough to keep up with the revolution in technology. The latest edition of the *Dictionary of Occupations* lists 23,000

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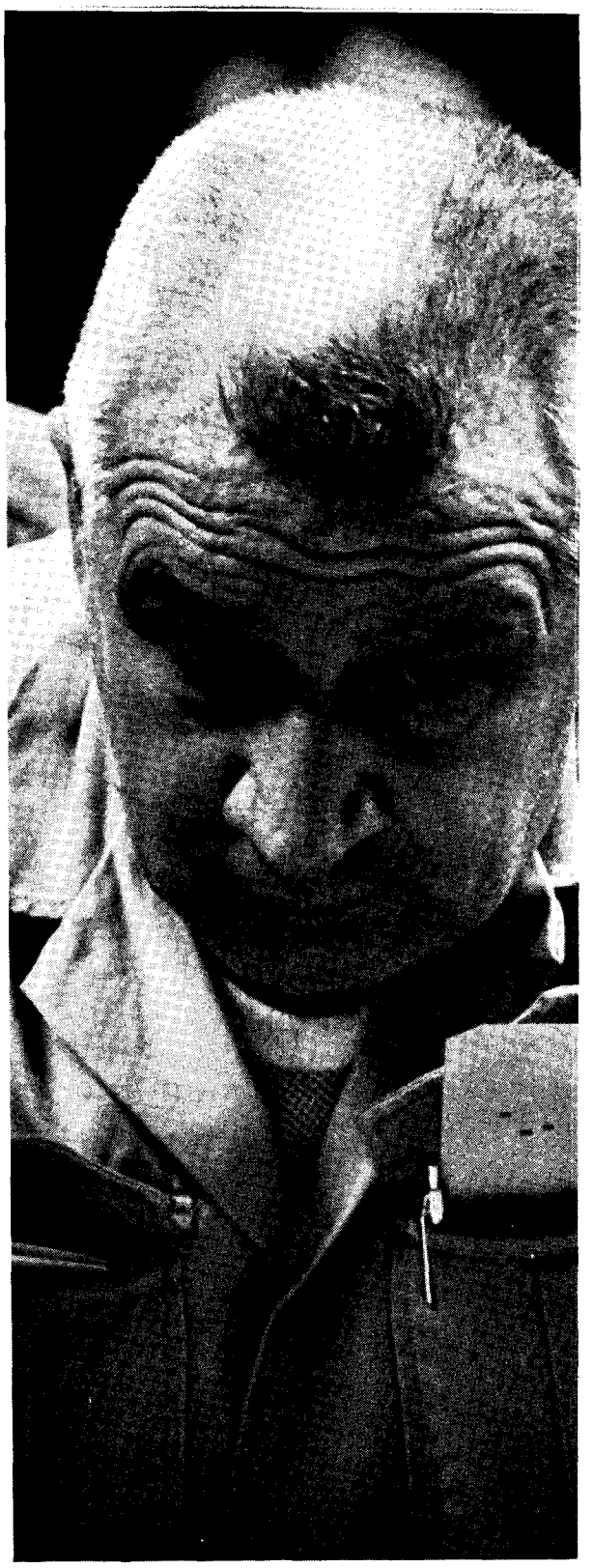
When the automobile plant shut down,

15 workers committed suicide

and the marriages of 300 others broke up.



Anxiety grips three shipfitters as they learn that their jobs at the Brooklyn Navy Yard are over. All three are just short of their pension and too old for retraining.

'I'M OUT OF A JOB.'

different jobs in the United States; 6,000 of them did not even exist 10 years ago.

The drift in modern human labor is away from the simple workman to the man who thinks and adapts. Aristotle once said that the educated are as different from the uneducated "as the living are from the dead." A modern Aristotelian who happened to be a Chicago slum kid put it to me, "Man, you got no education, you're dead." In 1950 if a person had gone no further than fourth grade, the odds of his being unemployed were one in 12. Today they are one in six.

Let no white-collar worker think he is immune. Already typists, filing clerks, bookkeepers and even management men who evaluate inventory and place orders are being replaced by computerized machines. In 1960 the *Harvard Business Review* said that "for every five office jobs eliminated, only one is created by automation."

Yet optimists continue to comfort themselves that the new machines *ultimately* will make enough jobs for all. They point reassuringly to earlier work changes seemingly as drastic as modern ones—to the introduction of knitting machines into textile manufacturing, for example, during the Industrial Revolution; *ultimately*, they say, those new machines expanded employment. They overlook two things. First, the early changes brought massive suffering, with riots and revolutions and wars. Second, these changes came to societies still largely wedded to the land, and the land guaranteed many of the unemployed a source of food and a place to live.

Today the average worker is a city dweller who has many fixed expenses. Even if it were true that machines eventually produce enough jobs—and it has not been true for a long time—his family needs food, shelter, medicine and a place in the working world not ultimately but now.

Fifty years ago, when the automobile put the blacksmith out of business, the blacksmith left his trade by ones and twos and threes in otherwise healthy towns. Today it is 79,000 jobs lost on the East Side of Detroit in 10 years, or 12,000 lost in San Diego in two years, or 7,000 lost in South Bend in one year. When this happens, it leaves masses of men jammed explosively together in misery, and it cripples their community.

Industry is organized in gigantic units, partly because such super-units can best afford maximum automation. The giant corporation is not like the local industry a century ago, limited to just one town. Corporations today span the entire country, whole continents, the globe; they move factories thousands of miles, quickly abolish old products and invent new ones and change their work force in multiples of thousands of men.

The new machines affect the life of the community in a new way. In 1913 the equivalent of automation was Henry Ford's assembly line, and in 10 years Ford increased production of his cars from 203,000 to two million. This vast jump was possible because, when he started, only one American in 100 owned a car, and despite the new efficiency the market rose so much that he increased his work force from 14,000 to 128,000. But in 1950, when Detroit started automating, one American in four already had a car. Detroit was not able to increase production 1,000 percent, as Henry Ford had, but only 12 percent. The chief effect of its automation was to increase profits and reduce employment six percent.

The giant units, the swiftness of change, the packing of people in cities—this all means that the whole system is sensitive to shock as never before. A cutback in automobile production shakes the entire economy and may determine whether Mrs. Albert MacGinn in St. Paul will buy a new refrigerator, how much interest she will pay on a loan, or if her husband will find a job.

It was only indirectly that a machine took away Al MacGinn's job. But it was a machine that kept him from staying in his trade.

Al MacGinn is a sort of Midwest workingman's Horatio Alger. As a youth he worked on his father's farm until one night a new neighbor's horses ran loose, and Al volunteered to round them up. The new neighbor got him a job in St. Paul, and Al worked all through the depression, got married to Kathy in 1938, was laid off three months later, but scrounged part-time jobs all over town until he found his present trade. Then he joined the ranks of solid citizens.

After the war, for example, he bought his house and insisted on a short, seven-year mortgage. He was an ideal householder and consumer. First, he paid for the house. Second, he remodeled the basement. Third, he put in a new furnace with baseboard heating. Fourth, he modernized the kitchen. Fifth, he put on a new roof. Since the youngsters would work part-time to help pay for their clothes and tuition in the state university, he expected to be able to make future improvements—new storm windows, insulation and, in the spring of 1963, a new car. He was a good man to have in the St. Paul economy.

Though he looks and talks like a schoolteacher, Al MacGinn is an expert in the bloody trade of slaughtering cows. He was, in effect, chief surgeon on the cutting-room floor of a packinghouse, a "floorsman." His job was to cut away the hide from 75 carcasses a day, working ambidextrously to avoid nicks in the valuable hide or bruises on the even more valuable beef. His job seemed invulnerable. It takes about five years to learn the floorsman's trade, the highest skill and highest pay

For Nate Pierson (left) and Charles Butler, both 18-year-old products of Chicago's slums, life is a series of low-paying temporary jobs, with long waits in between.

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in a packinghouse. And Al belonged to a union in an industry that is 90 percent unionized.

He remembers the day all this was swept away. "I was skinning out a cow, and someone came out on the floor and said, 'The company's closing up. After today it's all over.' I felt like lying down right next to that cow."

The company for which he had worked 20 years had run aground for several reasons. One was tax trouble. But the main one was that the small, independent packinghouses were having a difficult time keeping up with the big ones that had automatic machinery.

The day after his plant closed, Al went to the big packinghouses in the St. Paul area. He found they either were hiring laid-off workers from plants they had closed elsewhere, or else were stepping up their automation and reducing their own work forces. He also discovered something else. Big packinghouses don't need floorsmen anymore. A machine does most of what Al used to do. The operator of the machine can learn the job in weeks and gets 54 cents an hour less than the floorsman he replaces. And he processes twice as many cows a day.

Al MacGinn was desperate. "I tried to sign up at the state employment office for on-the-job training for anything—cook, welder, they had them all posted. They said I was too old. I said, 'Hell, you're making a mistake. I'm only fifty-two.' You know what they said? 'That's too old.'

"I went back to the packinghouse where I worked during the depression washing sheep. I was ready to wash sheep again. The girl said, 'I'm sorry, we can't accept anyone over forty.' I didn't say anything. I just put my tail between my legs and walked out."

Like Al MacGinn, many an older worker is finding out that once off a payroll he is fighting the odds. Thousands of Americans, for example, will recognize this recent conversation between a worker with 32 years of experience and a clerk in a personnel office:

WORKER: Any chance of getting a job? Any job?

GIRL: What's your age?

WORKER: Fifty-seven.

GIRL: I'm sorry, you're too old.

WORKER: Well, what am I supposed to do, lay down and die?

GIRL: I'm sorry.

"After twenty years on the same job," says an unemployed machine operator, "I thought they'd look at my record, but they'd say right away, 'Too old.' I'd lie about my age. I'm fifty-two, but I'd say I was forty-eight, but that didn't make any difference. *Do you know, for Chris' sake, when you're forty-five years old, you're too old?*"

These men are not too old to do their work. They are just too old to get a job.

The American male at age 50 can expect to live 23 more years, but if he loses his job, he may never get steady work again. A year after one large plant closed, the unemployment rate for men over 50 was 2½ times the rate for men 40 to 49.

One reason for this is that at the employment office the older man out of work finds himself competing with younger men. The younger men are better educated. Half of American fathers finished ninth grade, half their sons twelfth. Companies seldom fire an older man for lack of education, but once the employer has a choice, he takes the younger, better-educated, more adaptable man.

Employers plan for change, even if our employment mechanisms do not. Thirty years ago it was assumed that whatever a factory was making at the moment, it would be making 10 years later,

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and in the same town. This is no longer a safe assumption. Products, processes, job skills and locations change. Robert F. Mello of the U.S. Civil Service Commission says that six-year-old Americans now starting school can expect that their vocations—*not their employers but their occupations*—will change three times in their lifetime. Knowing this, the employer looks for the younger man adept at the reading-writing-math skills that will help him convert his tasks in the future.

The older worker out of a job finds himself in a cruel trap. He has often worked for years building up pension and insurance benefits that he loses when his plant closes. When he applies at a new plant, the boss knows that the older worker's pension and insurance will cost the company more. A common type of pension plan costs the employer $76 a year for a 27-year-old man and $497 a year for a newly hired 57-year-old man. A typical life-insurance policy costs $1.32 a month for the worker under 45, and $9.65 for one 55.

The age trap is worse in this generation because there are so many young. In the 1960's the labor force between 45 and 64 will increase 21 percent, while those at the youngest end, 14 to 24, will rise 45 percent. The older man has to compete not only with his own contemporaries but with a surplus of younger men.

Al MacGinn didn't know the statistics, but he discovered the reality. As time passed without a job, he understood starkly what few working families think of: In our time the typical household has become a complicated economic unit with fixed costs (car, utilities, household appliances, high rent, education, modern health care) that do not diminish much when income disappears. Since 1935, average household investment in home equipment has risen 2½ times; in transportation 3½ times; in medical care three times. Most of this investment requires borrowing. In

Alphonse Windholz, 53, was laid off by aircraft factory in Wichita, Kansas, but was rehired six months later.

1935 average household mortgage-and-installment debt was $875; today it is $5,000.

Thus when the average man loses his job, or takes drastically reduced pay, he is faced with a catastrophe in his household that will drop him out of his community and maybe even out of working society. It is typical for the family man who has lost his job to switch from roasts to hamburg, to cut out movies, bowling and beer. But the biggest burden remains.

Al MacGinn took the night job cleaning toilets and left the ranks of the unemployed. He settled for less. A Californian named Herb Minton didn't. Herb Minton isn't "unemployed," but neither is he working. He is one of the nation's million "hidden unemployed."

Minton is 38 years old, has a wife, a 14-year-old daughter and a 10-year-old son, lives in a $22,000 home with three bedrooms and worked for 11 years in a plant near Los Angeles. A graduate engineer, he was laid off almost a year ago when a defense contract ended.

He has a problem. His wife's mother is an invalid who needs his wife's almost daily attention. The mother's life is rooted in Los Angeles, and she dreads moving, so the Mintons feel they must stay where they are. He also wants to keep his trade as an airframe engineer. In the months immediately after he was laid off, he wrote about 200 letters of application, registered in specialized agencies and asked his college placement bureau to keep an eye out for his kind of airframe-engineering job in the Los Angeles area. He visited countless plants and offices.

About a month ago he gave up trying. His savings are almost gone. He long ago gave up his first car and is about to give up his second car, which in Los Angeles is tantamount to unconditional surrender. He could get a job as an automobile salesman or restaurant counterman, but he knows that if he did, the odds are against his returning to his old profession.

Because of the way the Government makes its employment surveys, Herb Minton is not listed as unemployed. The national statistics on the jobless come from a monthly questioning of 35,000 households in 701 counties. The 550 interviewers for the Bureau of the Census are under strict orders to stick to the precise wording of their questionnaire. For every person over 14 who is not in school or disabled, there are two crucial questions:

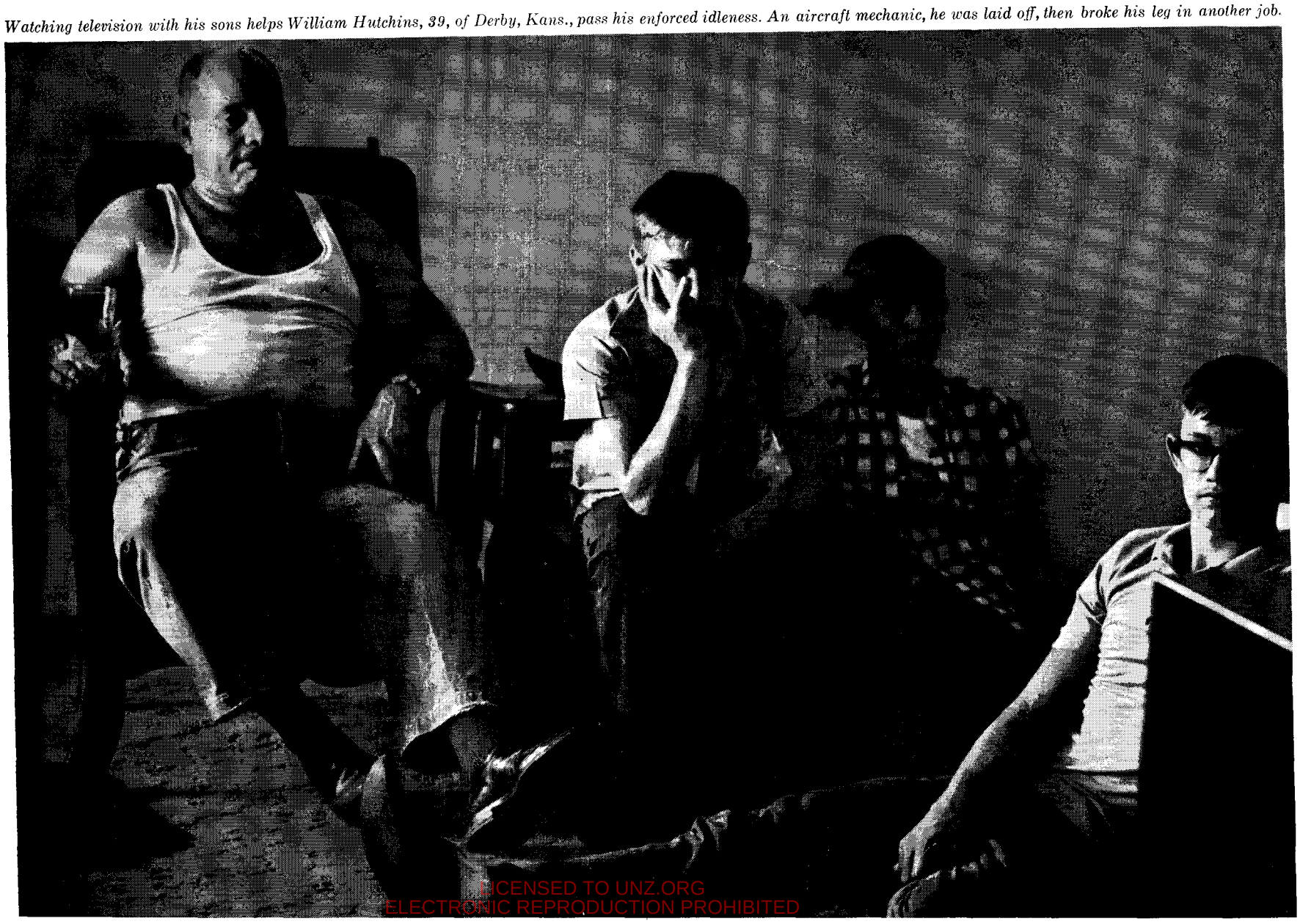
1. "Did you do any work at all last week, not counting work around the house?"

If the answer is, "No," the next question is:

2. "Were you looking for work?"

If the answer is "Yes," the person is counted as unemployed in the statistics. If by "looking" he thinks the questionnaire meant physically

Watching television with his sons helps William Hutchins, 39, of Derby, Kans., pass his enforced idleness. An aircraft mechanic, he was laid off, then broke his leg in another job.



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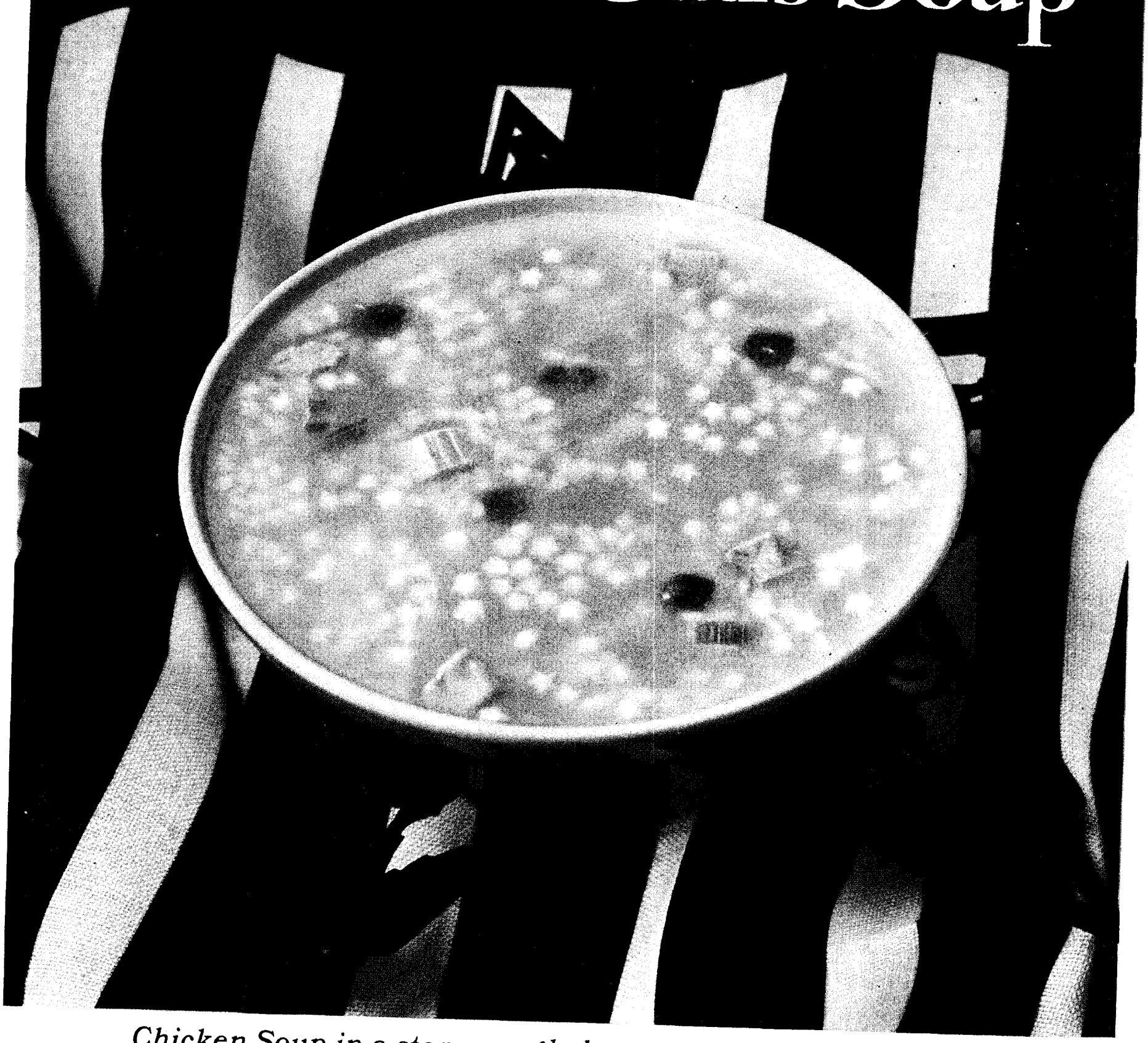
New from Campbell!
Chicken & Stars Soup



Chicken Soup in a star-spangled manner

Taste what Campbell's has cooked up now. A delicious, entirely new chicken soup—tempting new Chicken & Stars. The soup with the star-spangled sparkle! See if you don't relish everything about it. The tender, juicy chicken meat. Those tiny, tasty macaroni stars! And that pure, deep-flavored chicken broth. Children will love it. Grown-ups, too! Buy it . . . try it, today!

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active in a search, or if he gave up looking during the week, then he answers "No," and he is not counted.

The President's Council of Economic Advisers thinks there are "a million or more" who, like Herb Minton, are out of work and wish to work but who don't get into the statistics. Some think there are 1,500,000. If there are 1,250,000, the true unemployment figure in 1965 was over 5.5 percent. It may be that one of every five people out of work today is not only jobless but, in the ultimate banishment in a computerized society, uncounted. Herb Minton, it must be recognized, could get an engineering job, if he were willing to move, and if he would change his specialty. But he wishes to stay where he is and do what he was trained to do; he can put off trouble, for a while.

So can Michael Mosterelli, an 18-year-old resident of Boston's North end. Mike is a dropout. "My teacher called me a stupid wop," he says. "So I punched him." Mike left vocational school just short of his graduation and without his auto-mechanic's certificate, and now he is out of work, a member of the large demiworld of young unemployed from blue-collar families. Mike's father, an elevator operator, brings home $40 a week; his sister brings the same from her job in a garment shop; an older brother contributes $60 a week from his factory job. The total family income is enough to allow Mike some spending money while he thrashes about indecisively, taking infrequent odd jobs. Yet the time will come when Mike will have to work steadily. By then he will be at a bad age for schooling. He may be doomed, as are older men at this moment, to spend his life on the fringes of poverty and unemployment because he has neither the drive nor the knowledge to move in the world of modern jobs.

Once a pipe fitter at Brooklyn Navy Yard, 55-year-old Fred Kramer ponders joblessness.

But Mike's chances are splendid compared to those of Wilfred Jones, for Mike is white and Wilfred is a Negro.

A 15-year-old child of the Chicago slums, Wilfred is banned from school for hitting a teacher. In his tenement, rats run across his bed. For years he watched them and occasionally saw one caught in a trap, but he noticed that even then the rats either chewed off their own legs or else ran off, trap and all. Finally he designed a trap that electrocutes the rodent. "Only thing is, you got to make sure none of the kids touch old dead rat until I takes the fuse out of the box because, man, that rat is hot." Wilfred can build an electric rat trap, but he cannot get a job.

More than a million young Americans of working age live in and around the slums, and while not all of them are unemployed, they are further from constructive work than any other single group. For the formula of unemployment is simple: Come from a poor family; grow up in a nonreading household; attend school less than 12 years; while in school get an inferior education; have a dark skin. Some people escape despite one or two of these elements, few the whole formula.

The odds against young slum dwellers have declined slightly as racial discrimination has softened and education improved. But the decline isn't fast enough to reach the present generation. Only 13 years ago the median schooling of employed Americans was 10.9 grades and of the unemployed, 10.1—a small difference. In 1964 the employed had 12.2 years, the unemployed 10.9. Schooling that in 1952 was good enough to keep a person employed is now a characteristic of the jobless.

Perhaps the most appalling difficulty of these poorly educated and hopeless youths is that they are jammed together by the tens of thousands in ghettos. They spend their formative years untouched by a civilization where men work at jobs that improve with years, where families provide a stable and encouraging base for growth, and where hard work is rewarded.

Wilfred Jones meets all the requirements of the formula for failure. But the formula applies almost as harshly to Mary Jane Spaulding, a trim, attractive Bostonian Negro who does well in school (A's in algebra and shorthand, B's in English, French and history), and uses "who" and "whom" with unselfconscious correctness. Mary Jane wants to go to junior college after she finishes high school and needs summer work to do it. But she faces one obstacle that Wilfred Jones will never have to worry about. She is a girl.

One day this summer she made the rounds of Boston department stores. It was her tenth job-hunting expedition. (She had also applied at five 5-and-10's, four factories, two greeting-card stores and two employment agencies.) She wore a subdued, well-fitting cotton print dress, the brown loafers of the teen-age girl, and her hair in simple flowing style. She carried written recommendations from her school principal, her pastor and a friend of her family, an insurance man.

But Mary Jane, intelligence, smile and all, got no job. She was fighting the most brutal statistics in the almanac of contemporary unemployment, *The 1965 Manpower Report to the President.*

Mary Jane, first of all, is a female. Among all females the jobless rate is 6.2 percent, compared to 4.7 percent for all men.

She is 16 years old, and 16- and 17-year-olds have the highest unemployment for any age group—17.1 percent for boys and 18.8 percent for girls.

And she is Negro. All Negroes have an unemployment rate of 9.8 percent, compared to 4.6 percent for all whites. Negro females have an unemployment rate of 10.8 percent (5.5 percent for white females).

And Negro females aged 16 and 17 have the very highest rate of unemployment—36.5 percent. White females of the same age have 17.1 percent.

There is an antipoverty program in Boston for youths from households where the breadwinner makes $4,000 or less. Mary Jane isn't eligible because her father makes $4,420.

White girls from her class at school have applied to some of the same stores she did. The white girls were hired.

When she talks about that, the shy, teen-age smile disappears and the liveliness of the eyes hardens. "I thought I wanted to go to college once. Then I thought I'd go to junior college. Now I'm not so sure about that either."

What happened to the beginners' jobs that Wilfred Jones and Mary Jane Spaulding need? The story of Corporation Z provides part of the answer. Corporation Z is a mythical company, but its story is based on real circumstances.

The firm manufactures 20,000 items with 1,000 production workers. Then it buys an automated system that can produce 50,000 items with only 400 workers. Corporation Z prefers not to fire the unneeded workers because it would be cruel, it would disrupt community relations and plant morale, and besides it will take time to install the system, and the union might strike.

Normally 25 workers a month die or retire or quit. Normally the company hires 25 men a month to replace them, an important source of employment in Zeetown. Corporation Z quietly stops hiring and installs the new system gradually, unit by unit, over a period of two years. At the end of the two years the factory is automated and there are only 400 men on the payroll instead of 1,000.

Nobody has been fired. And nobody has been hired.

The next year orders rise to 30,000 items, partly because Corporation Z is able to cut its price slightly. An increase in orders has always been an occasion for celebration in Zeetown because more orders meant more men working, more charge accounts at the department store, more gas sold at service stations, more cars sold by auto dealers. But though its orders increased by 50 percent, Corporation Z did not hire more workers. It simply turned up the dial on its automatic machine.

This transistorized-computerized fable has something to do with the 1,600,000 men and women under the age of 24 who have no jobs. For not only did Corporation Z not employ skilled workers or apprentices to make its products. Faced with a decrease in customers as the number of Corporation-Z employees decreased, the Zeetown department store hired fewer salesgirls and shipping clerks; the gas station hired no new pump attendants; the auto dealer hired no auto polishers; and so on. The Mike Mosterellis and Wilfred Joneses and Mary Jane Spauldings of Zeetown were out of luck.

Further insight into why they were not hired comes from a look at why Elmer McNeal was.

McNeal, a chunky 29-year-old fellow with hazel eyes, is seen during the day dressed in the chinos, denim jacket and plastic yellow helmet that mark him as an industrial worker. He operates industrial stills at the Dow Chemical Company in Midland, Mich., where even applicants for the job of janitor must have a high-school diploma and take a battery of intelligence, aptitude and personality tests. Last year 5,000 took the tests and fewer than 500 were hired.

The company's psychology department (three Ph.D.'s and two B.Sc.'s) first interview the applicant. Not long ago this was all. But not now. If he looks good, then he is given an arithmetic test ("One-eighth is what part of five-sixths?"); an aptitude test; a personal vocational-interest test; a 12-minute I.Q. test; and the Minnesota Multiple Personality Inventory, which takes one and a half hours and asks 556 questions ("I like to attend social gatherings, Yes or No"; and "I have black, tarry bowel movements, Yes or No").

Why did Elmer McNeal, an applicant for the lowest-paid, lowest-status

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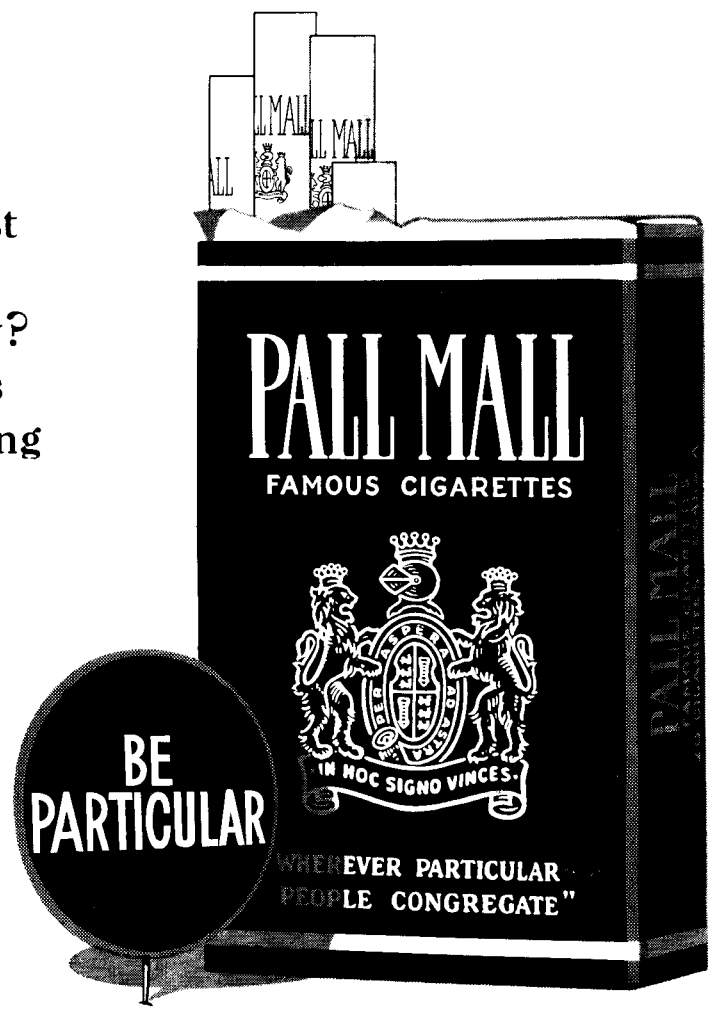

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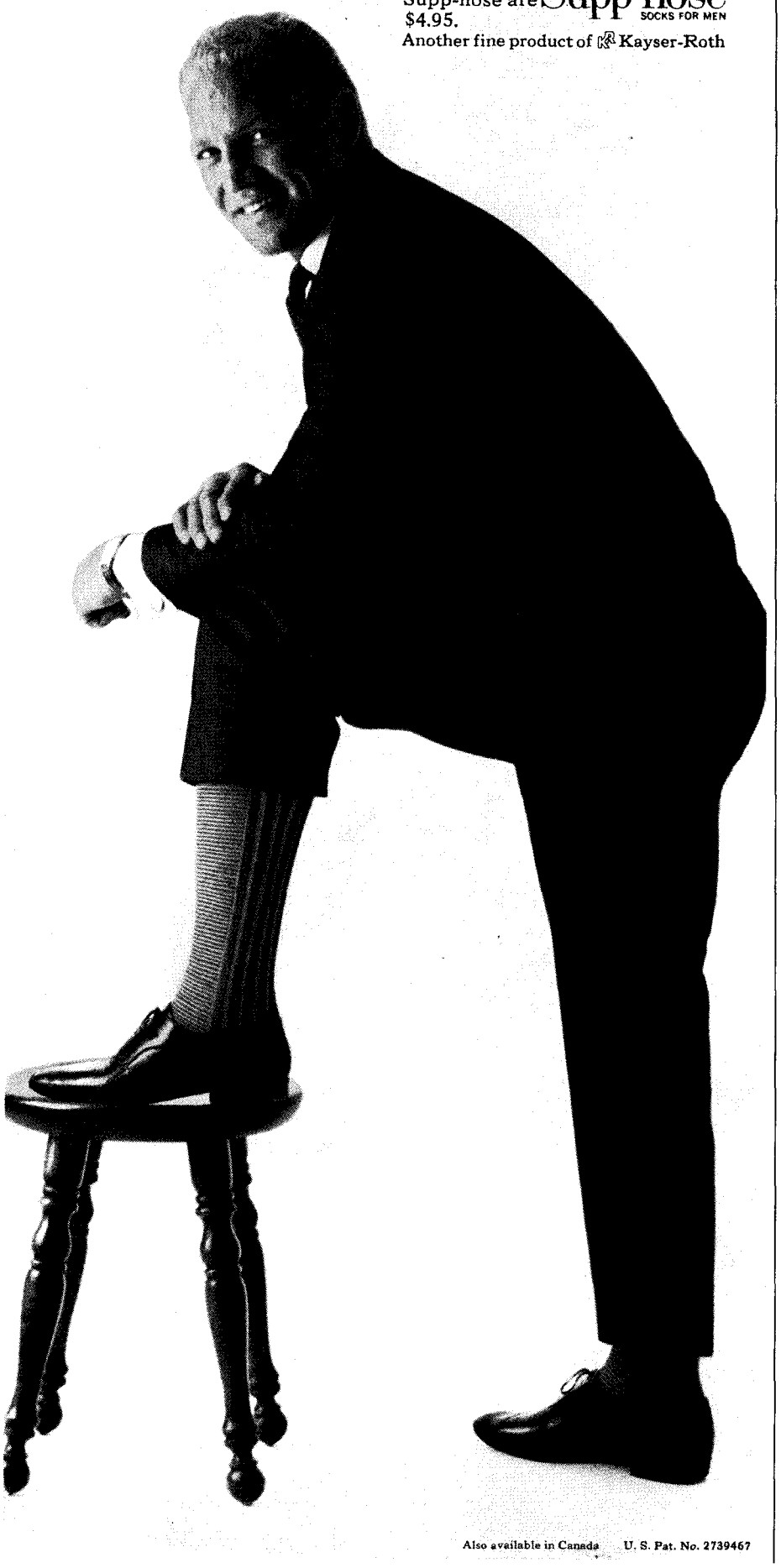

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production job in the plant, have to be so deeply probed? "We need communications skill and responsibility," a company tester says. "Ninety percent of our production workers have to communicate by written messages."

Then why worry about personality? "We want a guy who is energetic, who wants to get ahead, who has a need for status, who protects his interests and yet shows consideration for others. We like a man who has enough dominance to take responsibility but not so dominant that he will get in conflict with others. We have 6,300 people in 2,500 different jobs here, and our technology is changing all the time. We're looking for the man with the personality and the aptitude for change."

Elmer McNeal passed the tests and was assigned to the company's phenol plant. It covers 2½ city blocks, but one can walk for minutes without seeing a human being. Eight production workers on each shift operate the largest phenol plant in the world. As a packer in the shipping department, Elmer was handed Teletype messages like this:

70-450LB DR PHENOL 85 PCT SOLN MUST MEET SPECS 14-P-1 ORIG & ONE COPY B/L SHOW CODE 606320 ON DRS DO NOT LOAD OVER 450 LBS NET WT.

Elmer was expected to select the proper size and type of drum, look up the coded specifications, and mix an 85 percent solution of phenol using 15 parts of water or inhibitor, depending on the specifications. This is not so difficult. But it is unlikely that 30 years ago this would have been required of the bottom-grade worker in any large industrial plant.

McNeal's present job is not so much physical as nervous. He put it: "You watch instruments, you detect trouble. You can't guess. You have to know what's going on, so when you start shutting down valves, you know what's going to happen on both sides."

The case of Elmer McNeal illuminates the transformation of the modern workingman. It also illustrates who gets many of the remaining menial jobs, for all the plant's summer boys—temporary employees who do odd jobs like cleaning up and painting—are children of employees, and all of them are college students. The clean-and-sweep job that used to be the traditional entry into production work is now a dead-end occupation captured by the aristocracy.

Dow is a petrochemical firm, peculiarly suited to automation. But even in the assembly line of Detroit there has been a change. In the 1930's a worker put one part on one car, identical car after endless identical car. "You could be stupid as long as you had rhythm," a union man said. Today the automobile-assembly line still requires rhythm and speed. A delay of 1/10th of a second in a given operation can cause serious trouble. But something new has been added. The automobile buyer can now choose 90 variations in engine, body style, transmission and accessories—not even counting variations in body color and upholstery. For the worker on the assembly line there is not just an unending push-tighten-push-tighten. He has to read the order ticket on each vehicle, pick the specified part of several at his position, and then push-tighten. The task does not require a genius, but it is no place for a man who can't read or write or adjust to change.

As for many of those without Elmer McNeal's qualifications—those work-seekers who are not high-school graduates with the "proper" personality and the optimum range of intelligence for modern employment—existence is increasingly grim: The life that John Gomes leads is a case in point.

Whether or not Gomes is "unemployed" would depend on the day the survey-taker happened to call on him. Gomes began a recent week at seven o'clock on a damp and dreary Monday morning, stepping out of the doorway of a gray-shingled public-housing project in Fall River, Mass., to begin what he calls his daily "scouting." He walked down a hillside—he has no car—under yellowing maples until he saw four men in white overalls adjusting a scaffolding on a house. "Need a painter?" . . . "Nah. We're all set, chief."

Around the corner he stopped at a grocery store with a soft-drink decal on the screen door. "You need some deliveries today?"

The owner looked through thick glasses and said, "Try me Friday, John. Stop in and see Harry down at the appliance place. He told me he needs some wiring done." Gomes went to the appliance store and Harry told him to come back Thursday.

Downtown in the state employment office he read the bulletin boards, then went to a man in shirtsleeves behind a desk. "You got the bridge job posted. They need welders."

"Yeah, John," the man behind the desk said, "they want three."

"You know they won't hire colored if they can help it."

"They said they needed three welders," the man said.

"Yeah, and I've been there thirty times when they posted jobs—painters, carpenters, welders. But I'm stubborn. Give me a card." At the bridge Gomes went to the construction shack where a man in a steel hat looked at his employment-office card and shook his head. "We already filled the jobs."

An hour later it was drizzling and Gomes was at a junkyard. The proprietor looked out through a dirty window at the rusted hulks.

"Jesus, John, it's a hell of a day. But if you want to, cut up that monster back of the shack so's two men can load the pieces onto the truck." Gomes worked with an acetylene torch for an hour and a half and left with $1.50.

On Tuesday he tried 10 places, one of them the appliance store, whose owner had him install three showers in a tenement, and paid him $8 in groceries. On Wednesday he delivered groceries for 10 hours and took home $10 worth of food. On Thursday he installed six electrical outlets for the appliance man and got $5. On Friday he was bartender at a café from five P.M. to one A.M. and took home $10. While he was tending bar, a customer told him that at the potato-chip factory where he worked two men had received draft notices. So on Saturday Gomes went to the potato-chip factory but found that no hiring was done on Saturdays, and besides the men weren't leaving for a while.

Gomes is 46, a tough, wiry and resilient man. He once earned $220 a week, holding down two jobs, but he has seven children, and when his wife became ill he couldn't hold the two jobs and take care of the children too. He is, from a natural knack for work and the training he received during his Army

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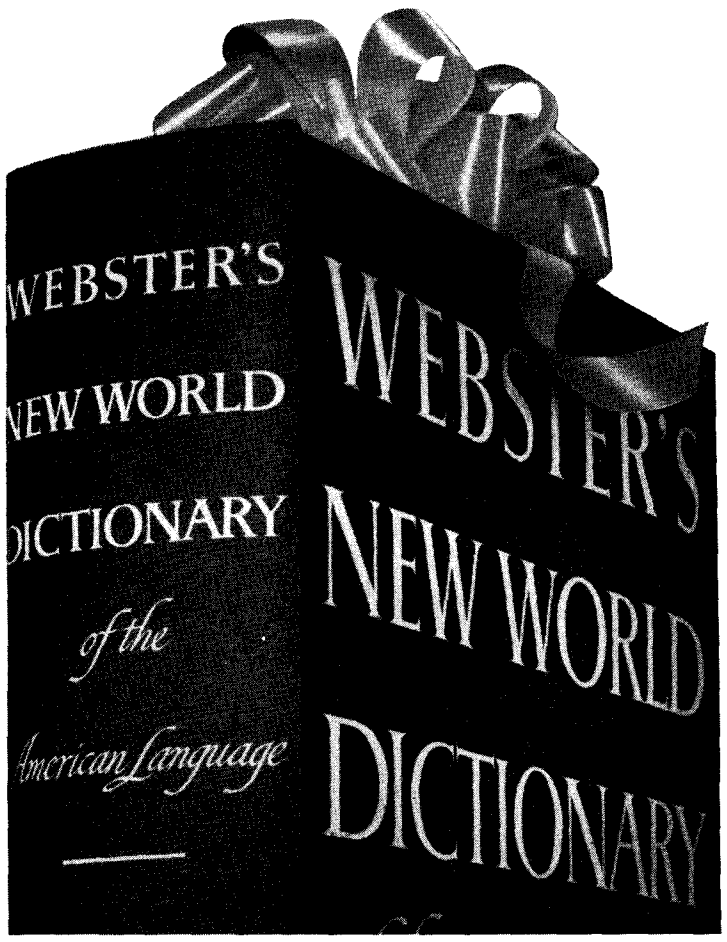

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Now idle, the hands of two jobless men symboliz

service, an experienced arc welder, electrician and plumber. But when his wife was sick, and during her periodic relapses, he applied for veterans' benefits that pay ex-servicemen something like welfare. Gomes is quite insistent that he will not go on regular welfare. "I'm ready to work, anytime, anyplace," he says. "I just wish to hell it was steady."

Few would blame John Gomes if he gave up. Thousands have given up, or are on the verge of it. Russell Thompson, for example, a bright young man of 21, is now weighing the merits of decent work against those of another sort of career: "I'm trying to decide right now whether to go into pimping."

Living off the earnings of prostitutes is not a livelihood found in the Department of Labor's *Dictionary of Occupations*. But that is because the *Dictionary of Occupations* applies to the world of respectability, and Russell Thompson lives in another world.

He bears a resemblance to Perry Como except that Thompson is Negro. He has the same deceptive air of relaxation and calm, the same neat and casual dress, the same slow talk in articulate language that takes ironic turns. Thompson knows the risks in a career of living off girl friends. But all his life the risks in being "square"—in doing what the prayer book says and doing what teacher says and trusting all the polite things people say—have been greater. He knows more than most young men his age. He was bright in school, so much so that his junior-high-school principal sent him out of the district to a slightly better high school. But it was only slightly better, still actually a slum school. He learned to drink, and at the age of 14 discovered sex, and was thrashed by his classmates because he answered questions in class.

He had the advantage of an aggressive mother who somehow held her fatherless family together. He had been in the Army and out of the country. He did well in the basic subjects that defeat many slum children. (Many enter first grade seldom having heard a complete English sentence except on television; without the model of adults reading and conversing; without the preschool experience that conveys such abstractions as "bigger" and "smaller" and "round" and "flat.") But like most slum children Thompson knew almost no one in his age group who succeeded in the conventional way. Those who go to college don't go from these neighborhoods. The real achievers—the ones who own the material goods and drive the cars and have the status seen in the televised versions of the outside world—are more often than not the men who, as Thompson put it, "live by their wits." This means a racket—policy numbers, dope, prostitution.

"There's something I learned when I was sixteen," he said. "You can hit awfully hard with your fists. Four or five of us would go up to a guy and take maybe seventy dollars off him in a couple of minutes just by threatening to hit him. I was lucky. I never got caught. Two of my friends are doing life."

He quit school in the 10th grade. When he returned from the Army, he was turned down for a series of jobs because of his failure to finish school. He took a job unpacking things in a store, but it bored him. Besides, he was attractive to women. He says he could make a minimum of $200 a week if he decides to start pimping.

"Right now I've got three choices. I could apply for a job as a postal clerk on civil service. Or I can go back to the eleventh grade. Or I can pimp. I know I ought to finish high school," he said, "but life is tricky. It's so easy to be tricked. You've got to have mother wit to survive, and I think I've got more confidence in my mother wit than I do in the eleventh grade."

What will become of the John Gomeses and the Russell Thompsons, of the jobless who try and those who have given up, of those with skills and youth and those without? Optimists can find statistics to satisfy themselves. In the last 10 years, they point out, there was an increase of 10 million jobs in the United States. But there is something for the pessimists too. A dozen years ago there were two million unemployed. Today there are about three million.

Is the new technology sheer profit for men, as the 10 million new jobs imply, or is it an insidious trap, as suggested by the three million missing jobs? Both could be true, which may be why men have argued so fiercely about the theory of unemployment.

While men argue, shameful neglect continues in a country that prides itself on being practical. True, the Government has not been idle. It has stimulated the economy with tax cuts, without which matters would be worse. There is the United States Employment Service, but it is run by local rules and deals largely with jobs voluntarily posted and sought, representing a tiny fraction of both jobless men and job openings. There are programs for area development, like Appalachia, to stimulate depressed areas, but these will take years to bring large-scale results, and some doubt that even then the results will be substantial. The anti-poverty program has absorbed a few hundred thousand in one capacity or another. The Manpower Training and Development Act has absorbed still others in apprenticeships and retraining. New educational programs attack one of the root causes of future unemployability. All of these together might eliminate unemployment—though serious men doubt that too. But they will, at best, take time, and they will, in any case, turn their beneficiaries back to the labor market better educated and better trained but still looking for jobs. Unless there is a steady and improved growth of new jobs, we could be producing the best-educated idle citizens in the world.

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prejudice faced by many aged [illegible] workers.

Certain obvious measures might help. There is, for example, no running inventory of how many workers with what kinds of skills are in which places looking for work. So, naturally, there is no way of matching open jobs with men looking for those jobs. No national source tells us that there may be 40 steam fitters in Brooklyn looking for work, and 40 steam-fitter jobs going begging in San Diego.

And there is yet to be developed a rational and widespread procedure for moving jobless men to places where there are jobs. Some union-company agreements pay some moving expenses, but the process in the country at large is still rudimentary. The worker suddenly jobless in mid-career or later seldom finds it easy to move. He may have substantial pension and seniority benefits attached to the closed plant, if it ever reopens, which is why some men spend their lives waiting around closed mines and factories. Or he may have unemployment compensation that ends if he moves. Psychologically the shock of losing a job makes him all the more dependent on familiar surroundings and old friends. Plant closings usually mean collapse of the real-estate market, and a man's home often represents his life's savings, cashed in at a fraction of its value if he sells during the slump.

Massive plant closings are part of the mobile corporate structure typical of United States industry, but this is the only industrial country that permits large-scale plant closings without early warning. In France the Ministry of Labor can declare insufficient warning an unfair labor practice and impose the penalty of added severance pay for the discharged workers. By contrast, in the U.S. in 1954, the 12,000 men at the Hudson Motor Car Company were working innocently in the factory when wives called to say that the radio announced the plant was closing forever. Early warnings can be given in this country. International Harvester told the United Automobile Workers three years ahead of time that it would close a Chicago plant. The New York subway system gave five years' warning of automation in clerical, repair and other operations, permitting reduction in 7,500 jobs by attrition rather than firing.

Nor is there any systematic way of coming to the rescue of the community struck by the catastrophe of a major layoff. There have been emergency aid projects, as at South Bend, Ind., after Studebaker closed and at the Navy Yard in Brooklyn, but in each case it was a special conglomeration of agencies pushed together after the fact. In England the moment early warning is given of a layoff, official British employment agencies move into the factory and begin the process of finding new jobs, weeks or months before the current jobs end.

Unemployment compensation is the chief instrument that sustains a man between a lost job and a new job, yet it covers only 40 percent of workers. To aggravate matters, some states end unemployment compensation if a man signs up to retrain for a new job. Some cities and counties will even stop welfare payments to such a man. Many of the Government retraining programs have formal requirements unsuited to older workers who, unlike their sons, are not experienced test-takers. In Fort Worth, Tex., the Government program rejected many jobless packinghouse workers for failure to pass formal entry tests, but most of these same men and women took company-sponsored retraining and succeeded.

The best retraining is done while the man is still on a payroll, not after he has experienced traumatic idleness. And the best relocations have been achieved when the worker at the closed plant has a trial period of a few weeks at the new place, after which he can change his mind and return to his former town without having lost whatever benefits he has there. Most stay at the new location, but many more make the move if it does not mean burning the bridge behind them. Retraining, for most men, has meant worse jobs at lower wages than before—better than idleness but at best a fragile solution. It needs as few impediments as possible.

Another problem, growing more severe, is the unemployed worker who faces a prejudice against his age. New pension and insurance plans are needed to remove the burden on employers who might hire him. There could be, for example, a national system of "portable pensions" that would follow the older worker to new jobs and protect him against forfeiting built-up benefits.

But the worst problem is with the young, those who never get hired because there are not enough new jobs at the bottom, or who are unemployable because of their education, habits and attitude, or who face prejudice against their color or religion. The social barriers are dropping, with the civil-rights law and the dissolving of ancient myths about race and nationality. But the attitudes instilled by the reality of past prejudice do not change with the law. There is a generation of Negro youth that grew up realistically assuming that there was no place for them in the outside world, and so no point in being schooled for the outside world. Perhaps the new changes will make it easier for babies born this year, but it will not be so easy for those already born.

For the young kept idle because machines don't need them, there are some minor solutions that many employers and unions have agreed on, at least in principle. The idea of sharing existing work has long been debated. If each worker had an extra week's vacation, the undone work would eliminate all unemployment, theoretically. The trouble is that with the work week reduced only a few hours and with just time-and-a-half for overtime, it still pays the boss to let the original worker get overtime, rather than hire a new man and

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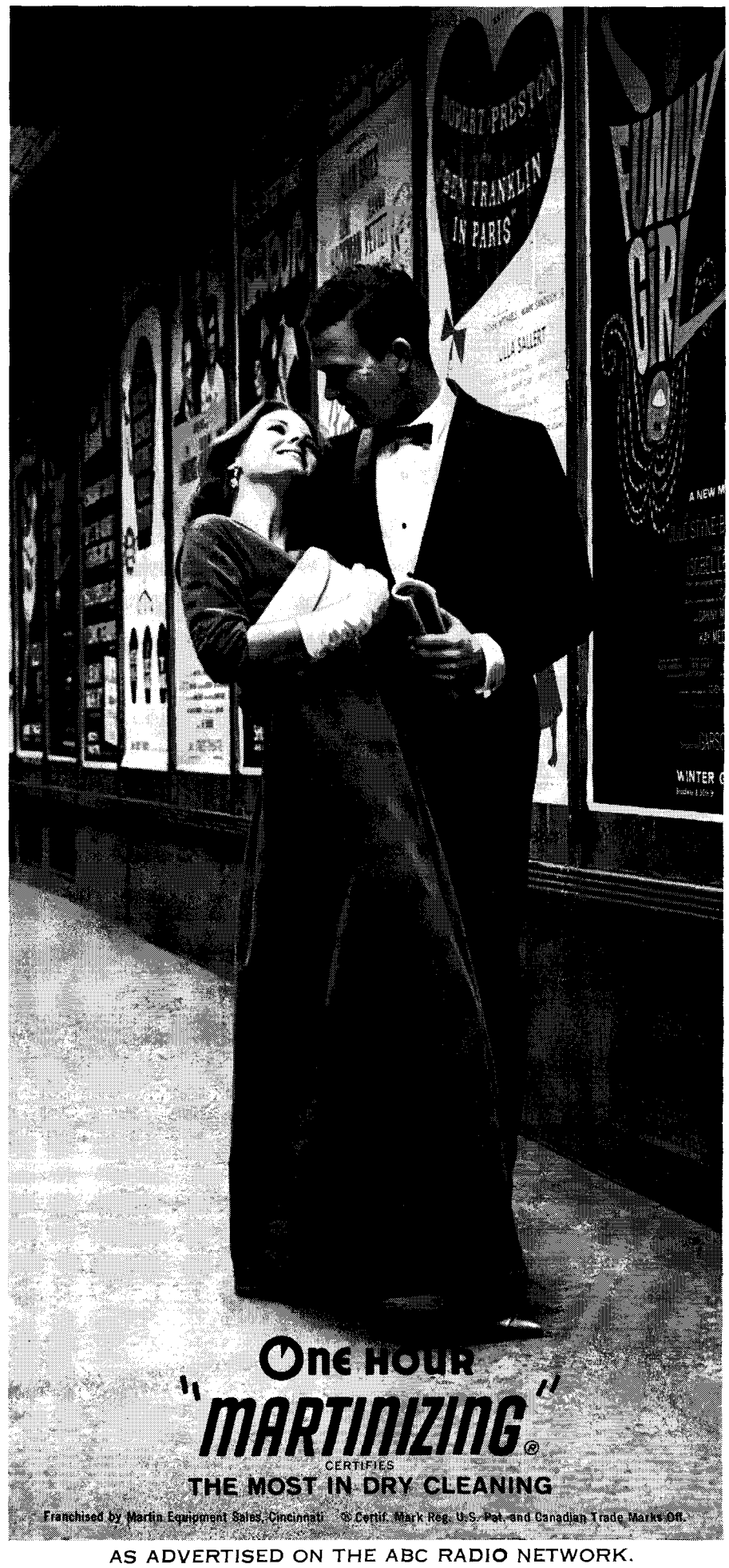

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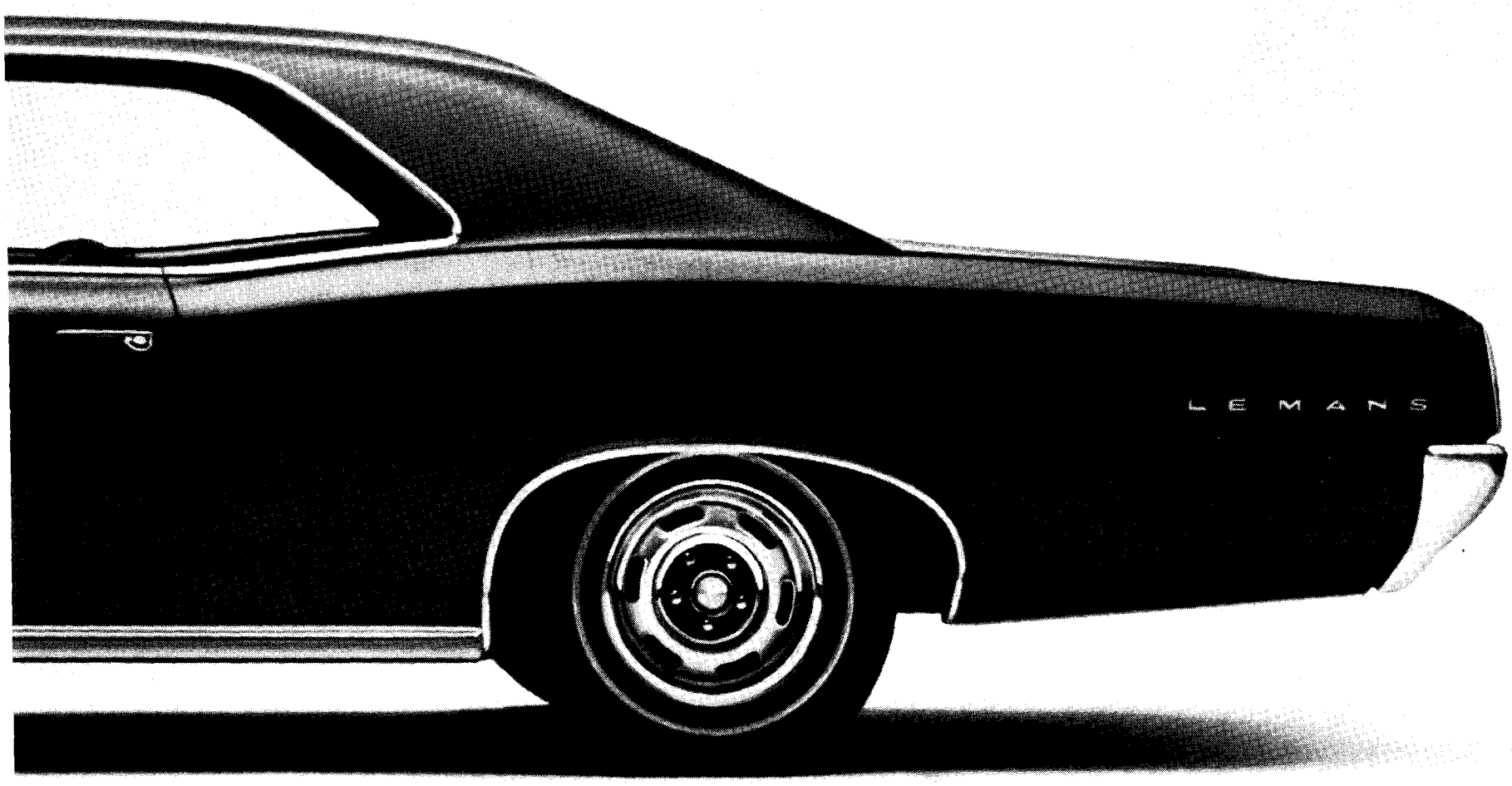

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pay him a whole set of fringe benefits. At double time, however, this advantage for the employer disappears.

Even better seems the "industrial sabbatical," the granting of longer and longer vacations with pay as workers get older. The United Steelworkers, for example, has proposed that the experienced worker get 13 weeks of paid vacation every five years, a long stretch that would force the employer to hire more men. Instead of taking annual increases in hourly wages, men would take more time off, their vacations getting longer as they approached 65, softening the blow of retirement while making room for younger men.

But sharing existing work isn't enough. The population grows. And thanks to technology, each man each year produces more and thus reduces the need for human labor. The speed at which machines are taking over human work seems to be increasing. In the generation before World War II, the average annual increase in each man's production per working hour was 2 percent. In the 13 years after World War II it was 3 percent, or a 50 percent jump. In the last few years it has been 3.5 percent.

The arguments over how important this is and what to do about it have been ferocious. But at least most men now agree that high unemployment is bad. It was not always so. Not so long ago some men publicly proclaimed unemployment good because it kept wages down and the workingman on his toes. After a century that saw about 25 depressions and severe recessions, plus some revolutions, it was decided that unemployment is not a good thing. Then men debated whether one attacked unemployment by "planning," or whether there was some natural law that made everything come out all right if men would just be patient.

We are about to enter 1966, and that debate is almost over. Things neither came out all right, nor were men patient. The United States, including most of its commercial community, accepts the idea that the rational mind of man, including those of men in Government, may properly be applied to the task of finding useful work for the population.

Most recently the debate has been between two schools with long names and fierce emotions—the Structuralists against the Anti-Structuralists. The Structuralists believe that men are unemployed because there is something wrong with the structure of society or with the unemployed men themselves. Schools don't turn out the right kind of citizen, the Structuralists argue, workers don't get the right training, and national energy is applied to the wrong things. Most business groups and some radical reformers are Structuralists, though for different reasons. The United States Chamber of Commerce is Structuralist, but so is the unorthodox Ad Hoc Committee on the Triple Revolution.

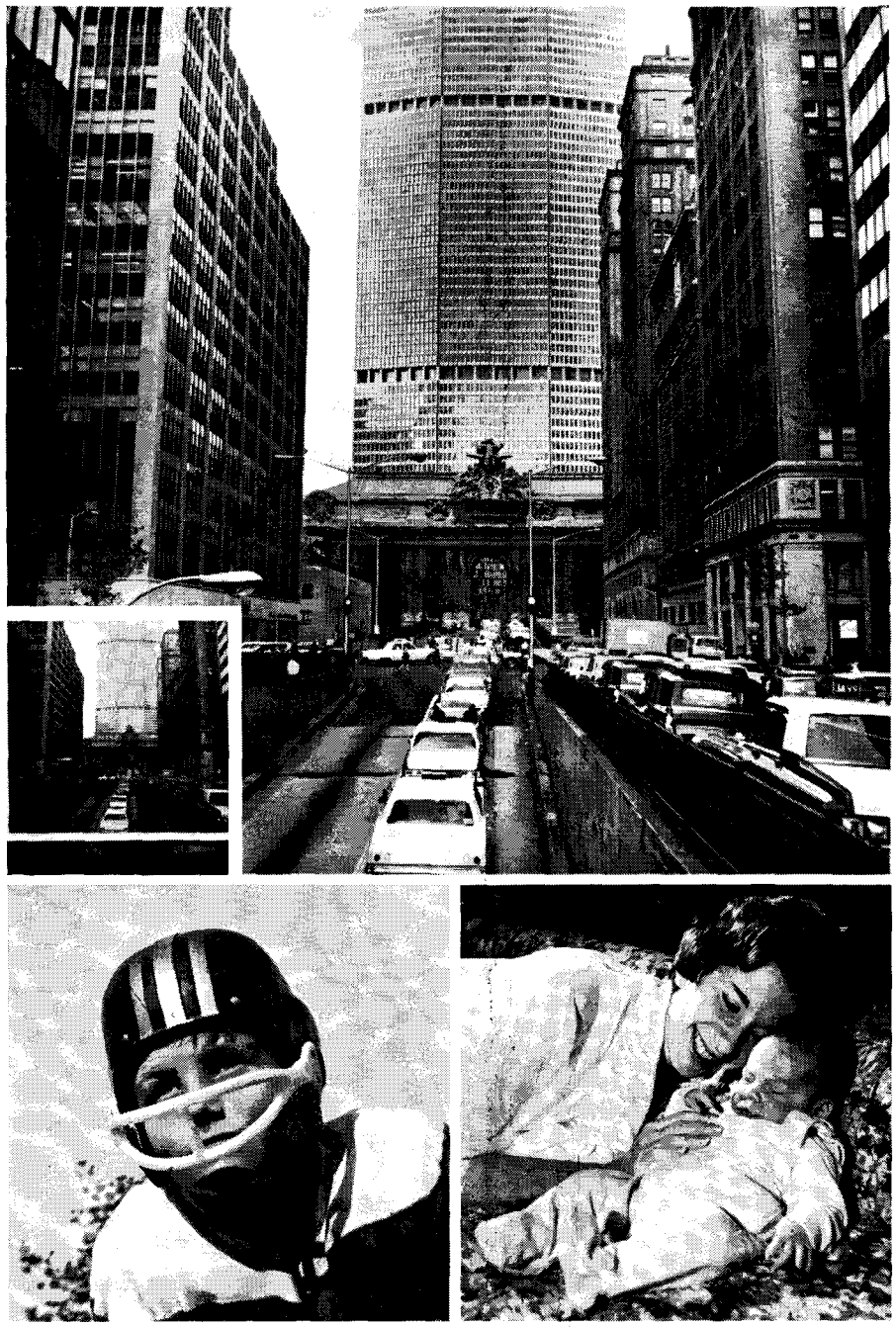
The Anti-Structuralists believe that the economic machine is well designed but simply isn't running fast enough. Their answer is to arrange Government spending, taxes and private investment to increase use of industrial capacity, improve the public's purchasing power, and let the resulting activity soak up the unemployed. Most of the leading academic and Government economists are Anti-Structuralists. The main unions, like the A.F.L.-C.I.O., say, "A blessing on both your houses," calling for both Structuralist and Anti-Structuralist programs.

Today it is safe to put Structuralists and Anti-Structuralists in the same room and even on the same platform. In a peculiarly American way practical programs have blurred theory.

The Anti-Structuralists can point to how the big tax cuts reduced unemployment from 6.7 percent in 1961 to 4.5 percent today. But while the Administration's top economists officially are Anti-Structuralist, they are less insistent than they used to be, and the Administration program is heavily Structuralist. The anti-poverty program, special manpower retraining, accelerated public works, area redevelopment, Appalachia and other rehabilitation programs are Structuralist because they are designed to change the nature of the work force and rechannel national energy. The Government estimates that the 1964 average jobless rate was 5.2 percent and the rate for 1965 will be about 4.5 percent; but if it had not been for poverty and related programs (which took men and women out of the labor force and counted some of them as employed) and increased draft calls, there would have been no substantial change in unemployment.

Part of the Structuralist argument had been that because the economic machine is out of joint, there would be shortages of labor in some sectors while there was still unemployment at the bottom. So the Anti-Structuralist solution of turning the machine faster to pick up the unemployed at the bottom would, say the Structuralists, only aggravate the problems, causing wages and salaries to rise in labor-short areas creating inflation, leaving millions still idle at the bottom. The first signs of this have appeared. Today there are shortages in some occupations, such as executive secretaries, computer technicians, certain kinds of engineers, teachers and doctors. In 1950 there were 109 physicians in private practice for every 100,000 Americans; today, despite large immigrations of foreign doctors to relieve the shortages, there are fewer than 97 doctors per 100,000. The ratio of dentists to population has dropped 10 percent in the same period. And while there is high prosperity, the country is deficient in such basic things as schools and housing. Over 1,500,000 pupils are badly overcrowded. There is a teacher shortage of more than 100,000. Some 22 million Americans are functionally illiterate. Twenty percent of all private dwellings are substandard.

So it becomes clearer that the economy must grow. But it also becomes clearer that a significant number of people and a significant number of national needs have been untouched by the growing prosperity of the last five years. As more are left behind—as more John Gomeses do their daily scouting in vain, and more Al MacGinns turn to cleaning toilets as a reward for high skill diligently pursued—then the sight of their desperation will unsettle those who today are happily at work, confident in the optimism of a booming economy. Even now many workingmen sense that the grim process that this year took jobs from millions of their fellow citizens—too little education, obsolescence of a trade, a jump in technology—next year can bring catastrophe to them too. □



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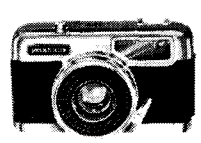

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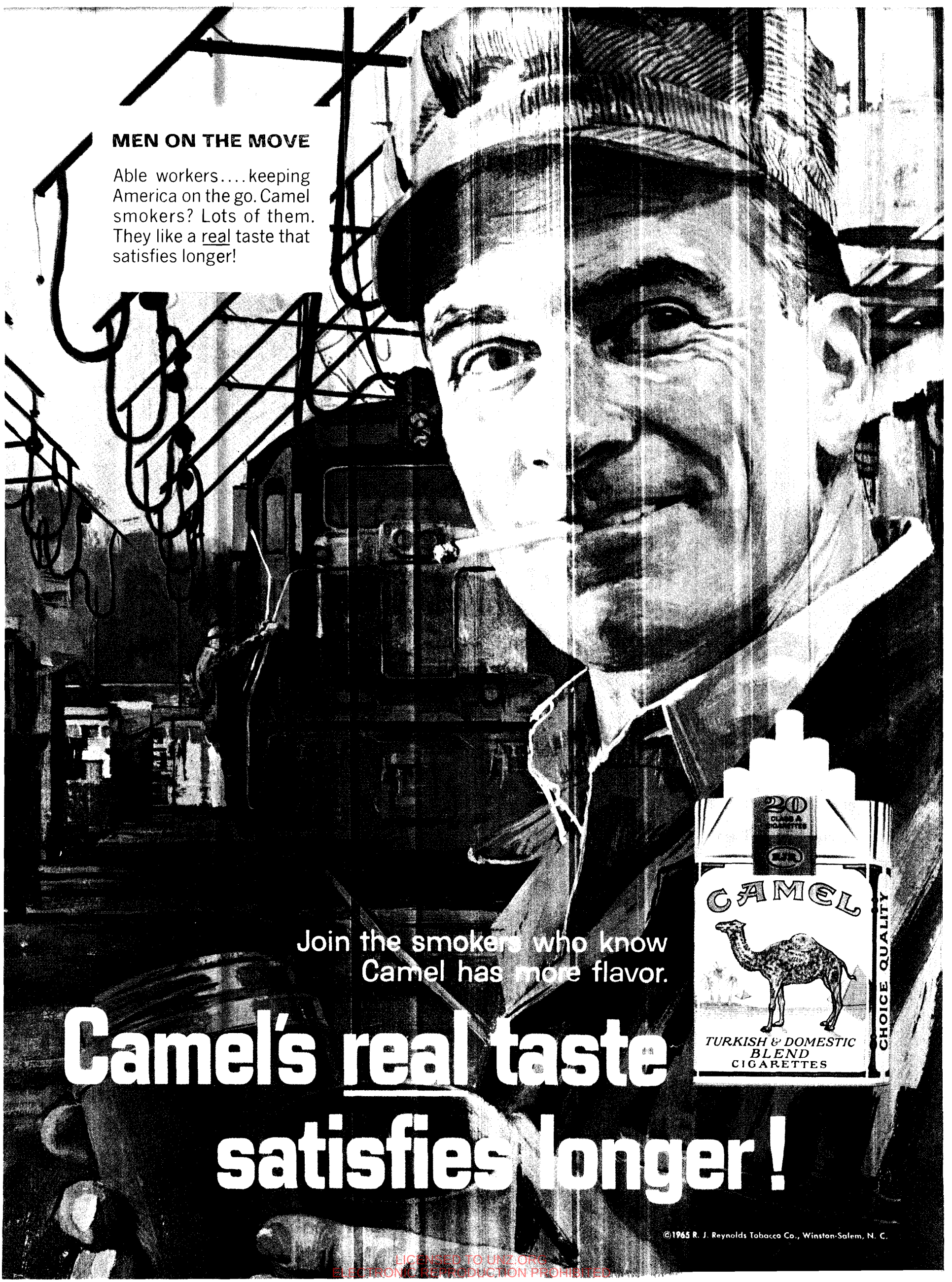
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One last fling at crime, in th

Mr. Francis O'Reilly, known to a wide circle of enemies as Foxer, lay on his narrow prison bed, thinking of old age and death. Tomorrow he would be seventy-eight! It had crept up on him unawares. Like a policeman in the night. He had grown old and never realized it. He had known, naturally enough, that he was growing older. But not that he was already old. Very old. Too old. He stroked his beard, soft as white silk, wavy, sumptuous, so convincingly old and virtuous that he had never thought of it as a sign of true old age, but rather as a tool of his trade. His victims believed that a man with a beard like that could not conceivably be telling them a string of expensive lies.

He had had it for twenty years, tended it, loved it, seen it grow from mere pale gray to pure, angelic white, defended it with a terrible fury from a series of prison doctors and barbers, stolen the most delicate shampoos for it, kept it in defiance of reason, when its mere appearance in any police district was enough to get him arrested. In fact, many a poor old bearded clergyman, going about his heavenly business in London or Manchester or Dublin, had suddenly become aware of some large man in plainclothes taking an unnatural interest in his innocent old face, and had felt vaguely guilty, until the detective had realized that it wasn't Foxer and had turned away.

For Foxer specialized in clergymen. Catholic priests, Church of England parsons, Congregational ministers, Unitarians—he was entirely ecumenical. But at home in Ireland he was always a priest. From the foreign missions. It might be Africa. Or South America. Or Formosa. He liked variety, and prided himself on giving spiritual value. Many a gull who had already parted with his five-pound donation to the building fund of the mission church in M'Wanga, or the convent in San Felipe in Venezuela, or the seminary in Pei Pei, somewhere to the north of Ping Ping, had been entertained for an hour afterward with fearsome stories of pagan darkness in Pei Pei, of the awful threat of Communistic atheism in San Felipe, or of the dreadful fate of female orphans among the Abongo. Many a hard-headed commercial traveler had wiped away a tear as he put down his contribution to the M'Wanga mission on his expense sheet, suitably disguised as "entertainment."

And it was not all lies on Foxer's part. He had truly been in San Felipe. He had spent a fortnight in jail there until he bribed his way out. And once he had actually adopted a female Abongo orphan. At least she was female, and probably an orphan. And if she wasn't an Abongo she was certainly black, and strikingly handsome in a dark and lissome way. He had found her in Liverpool, and spent three months of absolute felicity with her in Manchester, until an interfering policeman raked up an old unpleasantness and saw him off to Strangeways Jail for two and a half years. But that was life. His at any rate, and he had few regrets.

Of the past fifty years he might have—indeed, he had—spent thirty-seven in various prisons, from Wandsworth to Sing Sing, but when he considered the way he had spent the remaining thirteen he had no regrets at all. "Oh, boy," he might have said, "the times I've had." And now he had grown old, and all the times were behind him, and only death in front. It was time to make an end of folly and face the facts.

"You've got to face up to it," the warden had said. "You're too old for it." And, taking him by his elbow, the warden had steered

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Illustrated by Des Asmussen

FOXER

pirit of Christmas, before respectability—or prison—claimed him forever.

BY BRIAN CLEEVE

him to the barred window of the warden's office and pointed to the neat row of wooden crosses in the cemetery plot. "Unless you want to join them out there, you'll have to go straight from here on, old friend. You really will." And he had looked quite sad.

Although the warden was a comparatively young man, barely sixty, he and Foxer had known each other for a very long time, since the days when Foxer still worked the race trains and the warden was a junior turnkey.

"You don't want to die in here, do you, Foxer?" the warden had said, because he didn't want to die in there himself, and sometimes he was afraid he would. And, indeed,

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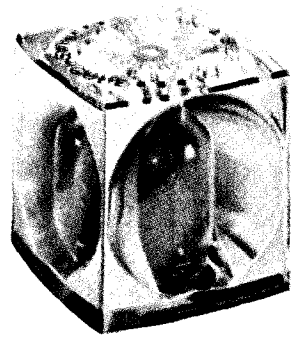

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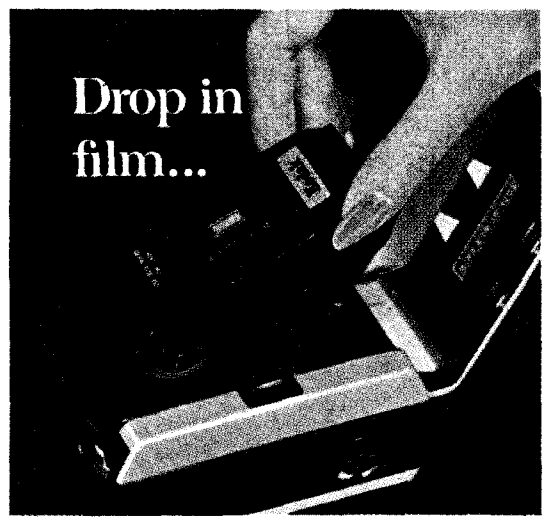

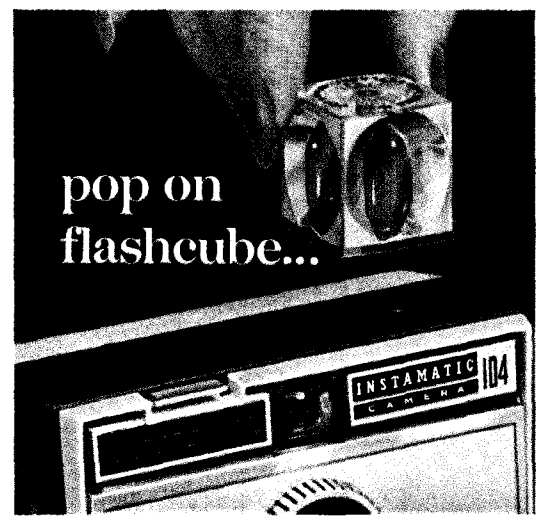

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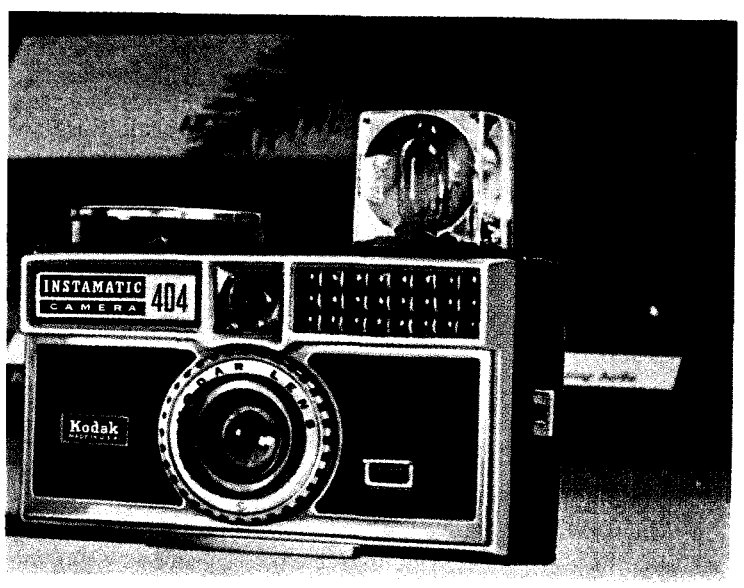

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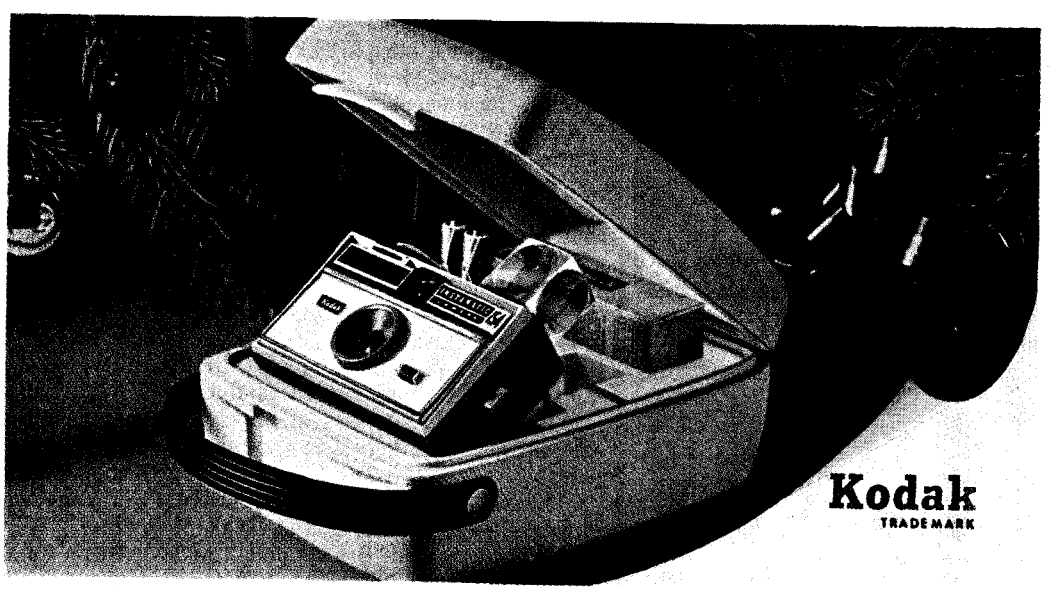

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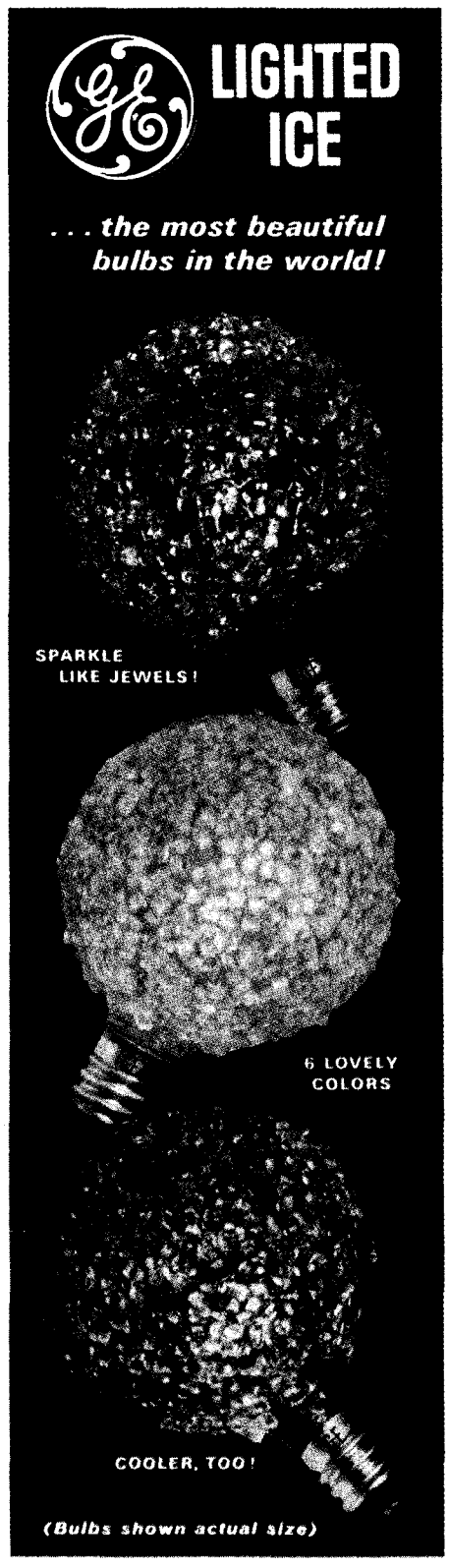

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"Good Lord! I burned my gas credit card by mistake."

neither did Foxer want to die in prison, although for reasons rather different from the warden's. Foxer had been so long connected with the clergy that he had very little faith in a heavenly life beyond the grave. The grave itself was all a man could be sure of, and he had no wish to spend eternity beside some petty thief or defaulting debtor. For years he had had his mind's eye fixed on a charming little plot in Glasevin near the poets' corner, where his neighbors were certain to be people of intellect and conversation. All that he needed was the price of it, and his last little escapade had been connected with that very thing.

He had been spending the summer working the tourist resorts of southwest Ireland, modestly but profitably. He hadn't touched the Southwest for twenty-five years, and he hadn't had a beard back then. Between the natural generosity of vacationers, and the profound respect of Irish hotelkeepers for the holy cloth—perhaps they hope that it will be counted to them in heaven against their various little occupational offenses, like serving the worst coffee west of Kamchatka—he had done quite well. But collecting donations for nonexistent missions, while a very safe way of conning gulls is also a very slow way, and it is almost impossible, given the cost of living, to accumulate much capital. By the end of the summer Foxer had enough to get him through the winter, or a fair part of it, but not a penny more. And it was then, in Tralee, in late September, that the thought of the little plot in Glasevin came back to him. A mere hundred pounds would secure it. But it might as well have been a thousand. Nearly all the tourists had gone home.

Which meant the Bishop's Party racket. Just once more. For the plot in Glasevin. And then, as God was his witness, never again. It had already cost him two years in Sing Sing, three and a half in Wandsworth, and two stretches in Mountjoy. But, after all, he had never worked it in the Southwest.

The next day, therefore, he went into the local branch of the Bank of Ireland, deposited five pounds, and acquired a checkbook. He then went to the largest hotel, booked a room with a private bath, had the finest dinner that the hotel could provide, ordered a bottle of twelve-year-old whiskey, and invited the manager to join him for a nightcap. He had already armed himself with a good deal of local clerical knowledge.

The manager came, and for half an hour was treated to a virtuoso display of conning, the fruit and essence of more than fifty years of experience. Female orphans of the Abongo, heartrendingly grateful babies in Pei Pei, pathetically devout Indians in San Felipe held out their black and yellow and brown hands to the manager until the tears sprang to his eyes and his hand sprang to his pocketbook. But Foxer merely shook his head reproachfully. "My dear fellow," he said, "do you think I invited you up here to get a subscription for my orphans? Another time perhaps, but tonight allow me to lay aside my shepherd's cares and play host for once. Even a missionary grows tired of begging, you know, even for holy charity." And he tipped the last of the whiskey into the manager's glass with a sly wink of hospitality.

"And talking of playing host, I find that I am an old"—he stroked his beard—"a *very* old friend of your bishop, the good Doctor McGurk." For that was, in fact, the bishop's name. "We were in Maynooth together—oh, half a century ago. Alas for vanished youth, vanished ambitions. *Tempus fugit*, as our old professor of philosophy would say. Little we knew, ah, little indeed, young skipping lambs of the Good Shepherd's, how it would *fugit*. And now the good Aloysius McGurk wears the purple—may God deal gently with him always—and I, I am what you see, my dear fellow: a humble missionary priest, begging bread for his orphans in the four corners of this generous land. But just for once, for old times' sake, I would dearly love to play host to my old friend, and his cathedral clergy. And indeed"—he winked broadly—"I am not entirely disinterested in this, for the good Doctor can, if he wishes, favor my mission field in many ways, such as directing the thoughts of young seminarians toward the spiritual needs of my pagan orphans. Alas, we doves must be wiser than serpents if we are to survive in this world."

Which, in a way, was very true. And so Foxer planned with the manager a most elaborate feast that would melt any bishop's charitable old heart, beginning with oysters and carrying on through a dozen courses to peaches *flambées* in kirsch *à la maréchale*, God forgive Foxer, accompanied by enough wines of France and the Rhineland, not to speak of twelve-year-old whiskey and ancient brandy, to reduce the clergy of the entire diocese to a benevolent stupor.

"There will be," said Foxer, "about a dozen of us. Say fourteen. I would," he added roguishly, "say thirteen, if that did not verge on blasphemy. But there is one thing more. I wish to make this little party a memorable one for my old friend—and *his* old friends—for God knows if we shall meet again this side of paradise. And while he is certain of his entry, I, alas . . ." And he struck his breast.

"No, no," cried the manager, entirely overcome. "May God spare you both to us for many years yet. May you give many more such little parties." As well the manager might wish, for his profit on this one looked like being in the neighborhood of fifty pounds. He and Foxer were both on the edge of weeping, and Foxer had barely voice enough left to call for another bottle. It came, was opened, sampled, approved.

"You were saying?" prompted the manager. "You wanted to make this occasion truly memorable for our beloved bishop?"

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"Ah, yes," cried Foxer, striking his forehead. "I'm glad you reminded me. I wish to buy a few little gifts for my guests. Trifles, of course; a missionary's wallet is seldom filled with anything but crumbs." A sad smile. "But trifles of taste. Pray tell me, what is the best establishment for such gifts in this estimable town?"

The manager looked extremely thoughtful, fondled his chin and suggested a local jeweler of excellent stock and standing. The bottle was finished. And both manager and missionary—after his share of two bottles of twelve-year-old Irish whisky Foxer *was* a missionary, heart, soul and body—toddled off to bed and slept the sleep of the truly satisfied.

Next morning, Foxer strolled down to the recommended jeweler's, told the necessary part of his story, bought a handsome pectoral cross for the bishop, a snuff box of gold and enamel for the canon, a gold cigarette lighter for Monsignor O'Flaherty, and so on through the list of his clerical guests, to the amount of about three hundred pounds. When all was parceled and added up, he produced his checkbook; gave the Bank of Ireland and the hotel manager as his references—not to speak of the bishop, or his own appearance—paid, if that is the word, for his purchases, and walked blithely out of the shop with loot that, properly fenced in the right quarters in Dublin, would net him a hundred pounds in cold cash. He thought he might even keep the pectoral cross for himself. Ten yards down the street, he was arrested.

When he gave evidence against Foxer at the trial, the hotel manager almost wept again, with unkind laughter. Thirty years before, he said, choking back his vengeful mirth, Foxer had caught him and the local jeweler in exactly the same way. He had been assistant manager, then, of a large hotel in Roscommon. And to make it worse, the jeweler had been his cousin. That time Foxer had got clean away with one hundred and fifty pounds' worth of jewelry, a four-day hotel bill, five bottles of whisky, and a set of hotel towels. This time Foxer got two years in Mountjoy, the two years he was just finishing in time for his seventy-eighth birthday.

That was one of the things that had made Foxer realize that he was indeed far too old for the profession, and should retire. A con man who can no longer recognize a client he has already gulled—even thirty years earlier—has no right to stay in the business. And not much chance to, either.

The other element in Foxer's decision to retire, aside from the fear of being buried in the prison cemetery, was family feeling. It was a comparatively new growth, but with roots in an incident of almost forty years before. He had met, in London, an Irish widow, handsome, well set up in flesh and bank account, and, in a weak moment, had married her. The marriage, like her bank account, had lasted about a month. A sporty car, a honeymoon at Antibes, moonlight on the Riviera, Monte Carlo—ah, the delights of marriage. But an angry man in Monte had recognized him, and he had fled with the sporty car and the remains of the bank account, and had never seen his wife again.

And, to tell the truth, hardly ever thought of her until about a year ago when a middle-aged woman with vaguely familiar features had come to visit him in Mountjoy, and introduced herself as his daughter. On a later visit, she brought her husband, who was a doctor of psychology and an amateur criminologist. The doctor fell in love with Foxer at once, seeing in him the material for several papers to learned societies, and even a book on the latent schizophrenia of confidence tricksters. It was the doctor, indeed, who had persuaded his wife to visit her disgraceful old father, once the newspaper publicity resulting from his most recent arrest had reminded them of the relationship. The wife herself, Foxer's daughter, was a dull woman, with none of Foxer's dash and imagination. But she was goodhearted, and when her husband suggested that they should make a home for Foxer, she reluctantly agreed.

"What shall we tell the two boys?" was all she said, meaning her sons, Patrick and Martin, twelve and ten. "They must never know the truth." As for little Grace, five and a half, the very thought of her baby ever hearing such words as "prison" and "crime" made her blood run cold.

"We will tell them he is your great-uncle from South America," the doctor said. His mouth twitched. "He is probably well enough used to supporting such stories with a wealth of circumstantial detail."

And so Foxer went to live with his daughter, his son-in-law and his three grandchildren, taking to retirement

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with something approaching content. It was pleasant to stroll aimlessly in the sun, to greet the neighbors with no ulterior motives, to look young policemen fearlessly and even forbiddingly in the eye, to be no longer the lone wolf, but a belonging sheep. It was a great and oddly pleasant change. He found himself sinking into number 10 Acacia Avenue like a tired athlete sinking into a warm bath.

And there, but for little Grace, he might well have stayed forever. Or, at least, until the cemetery plot in Glasevin received him. He was clean and quiet about the house. He gave immensely good value to the doctor, helped his daughter with the washing up, and entertained the children at their bedtime with elaborate stories about South America. Not missionary stories, naturally; he found it a relief after so long in "holy orders" to be a layman. He described lost Inca civilizations that he happened to have found, drawing on years of serious travel reading (mainly for professional purposes) in a dozen well-stocked prison libraries. He told of fantastic alligator hunts in the upper waters of the Amazon, where the piranhas ate the alligators as fast as he shot them, which was why he had failed to bring home an alligator handbag for their mother, or a stuffed baby alligator for little Grace.

But the stories the children liked best were connected with The Treasure. "You might say," he told them, "that I have spent my life searching for that treasure." And he stroked his beard and described to them the fabled treasure lake of the Incas, high up in the Andes, still as glass, cold as ice, deep as the pit of hell itself, and guarded by monstrous swimming serpents with saber teeth and horned, scaly heads.

"Now, now, uncle," his daughter said, coming briskly in with Grace's cocoa, "you'll give her bad dreams." And Foxer was gently but firmly ushered off to the kitchen, where there was a great deal of washing up.

These interruptions began to happen more and more often. Foxer's daughter seemed to dread the effects of fantasy on her precious chicks. Fantasy for boys meant insecurity, losing jobs, going to prison. For girls, it meant bad marriages, the stage, journalism, God knew what. Obedient to her husband, she was still a mother and determined not to see her children ruined. She began to drop little hints to them that their South American great-uncle, while a dear, sweet old man, was sometimes a trifle—well—imaginative.

"You mean he tells lies?" Martin asked scornfully. "Of course he does." And for obscure reasons this easy acceptance by the boys worried her still more. Only Grace was both shocked and incredulous.

"Oh, no!" she cried. "He's true, always. And when his money comes from South America, he says he'll buy me a beautiful gold ring, just like the treasure rings. He promised me."

Indeed, Foxer had promised exactly that, in a weak moment. And he overheard this particular conversation. It worried him very much. Like two small pebbles in an otherwise very comfortable pair of shoes. Both his daughter's coolness and his granddaughter's expectancy were worrying to an old man whose every comfort depended increasingly on these two females. On his daughter to cook and provide for him, make his bed, mend his shirts, and perform those thousand little functions for which God designed the female creature, and without the proper and willing performance of which a home is not very much better than a prison cell, and much less peaceful. And on Grace for two or three small luxuries which he could get in no honorable way.

He could not ask the boys to steal their father's cigars, because they would have thought it wrong, while Grace thought it great fun. And because they would have eaten all the proceeds themselves, he could not ask the boys to get him chocolate cookies and charge them to their mother's account at the grocer's. Grace got them for him on a fifty-fifty basis, and he paid her in more and more lavish promises. A gold necklace. A doll that said "Hello" and "Goo-Goo Mamma," a doll's house. Once, when the boys almost caught the pair of them with a half pound of chocolate wafers, he turned the threatened investigations aside with talk of an electric train.

"When?" asked Patrick.

And with the biscuits melting stickily under his chair cushion, Foxer said, "Christmas," without realizing that Christmas was less than a month away. From then on life became increasingly difficult. Patrick reported the promise to his mother. His mother warned him to disregard it. Martin repeated the warning to Foxer with a certain unkind mockery that cut the old man to the quick and sent Grace into hysterics. When Martin was gone, Foxer quieted Grace with more promises, and lay down that night with the realization that if, by Christmas, he reneged on his promises, he could never face the children again. While the loss of Martin's and Patrick's never-very-real respect would merely hurt his pride, the loss of Grace's belief in him would be something else again.

Martin and Patrick were entirely their parents' children. But in Grace he could see, dimly, childishly, but yet distinctly, a great deal of himself. He saw it in the casual efficiency with which she robbed her father's cigar cabinet, abstracting the key from his desk almost under his nose, and returning it with one hand while stroking his work-tired brow with the other. He saw it in her mature discretion about the cookies—never too many, never a kind her mother didn't buy for herself, in case the grocer should be suspicious. He had begun to think quite seriously of passing on his immense store of experience to this grandchild of his heart and blood. Even her eyes were like his, round and blue and innocent as cornflowers. And he too had once had golden hair. He stroked his beautiful beard. A woman confidence-trickster. Starting at twenty with the benefit of sixty years' experience behind her. She would be unique.

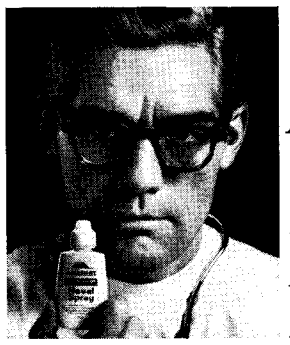
"Little Grace," he whispered to her one December evening, over chocolate cookies and warm milk, "would you like me to teach you how to be a student of human nature?"

She nodded carelessly, dropping chocolate crumbs on her tartan frock. But in spite of her apparent carelessness, a swiftly accurate finger wet its pink tip on her tongue and picked up every last telltale crumb.

"Born to it," the old man breathed. "In the blood." She'd be able to play a missionary sister or a mother superior to perfection. "We'll begin after Christmas," he whispered. But for lessons to be of value, the pupil must have faith in the teacher. And it was almost Christmas.

Obviously, he had to keep his promises. And equally obviously, with the three-and-sixpence-a-week pocket money that his daughter allowed him, there was only one way to do it. One last fling, before respectability claimed and tamed him forever. He found, suddenly, that he was feeling ten years younger. Ten? He hadn't felt like this since he was sixty. He went to bed for the whole weekend in order to think, undisturbed by washing up.

Another bishop's party was out of the question. His daughter had burned his clerical gear the night he arrived,



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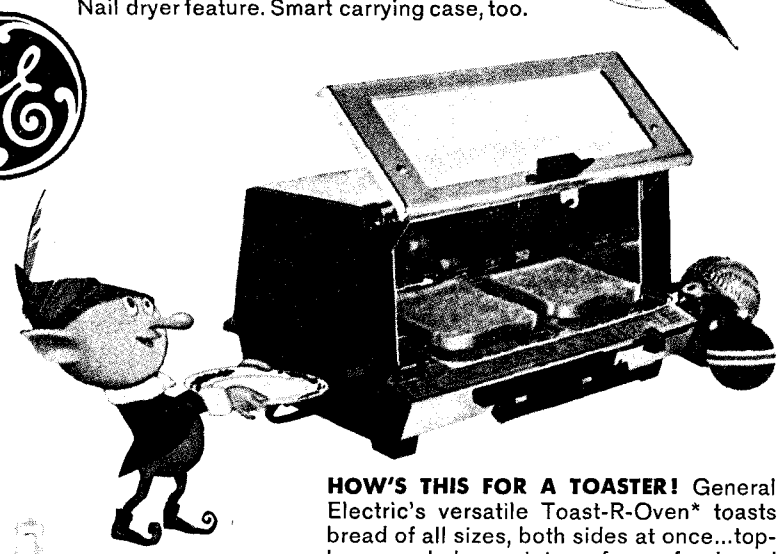

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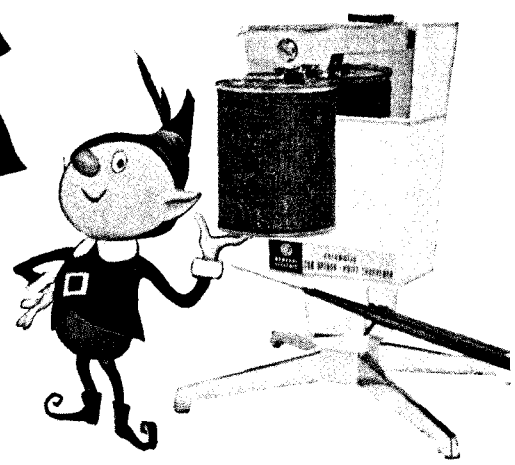

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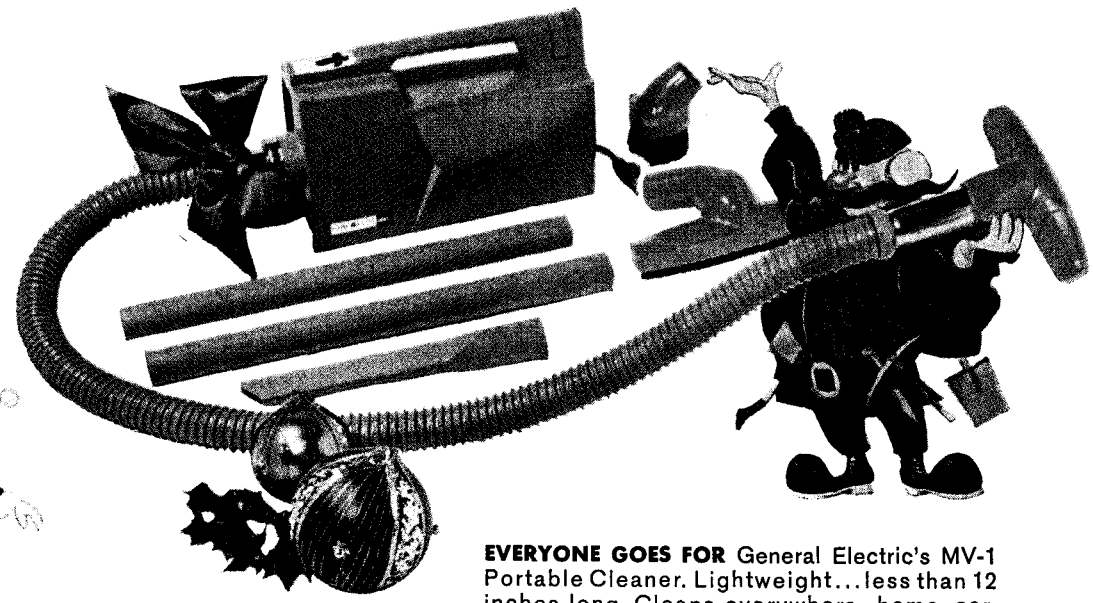

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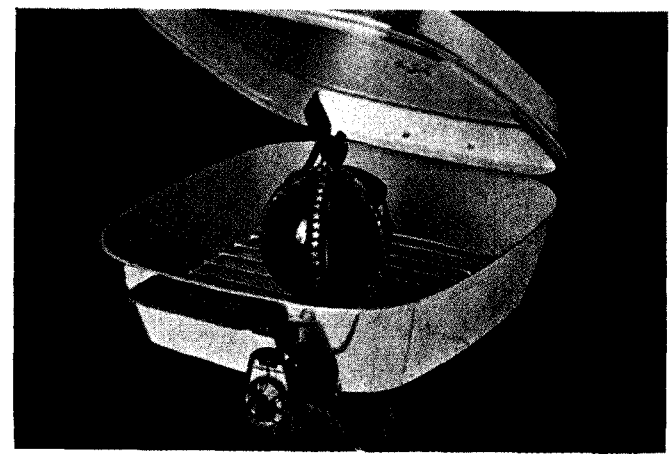

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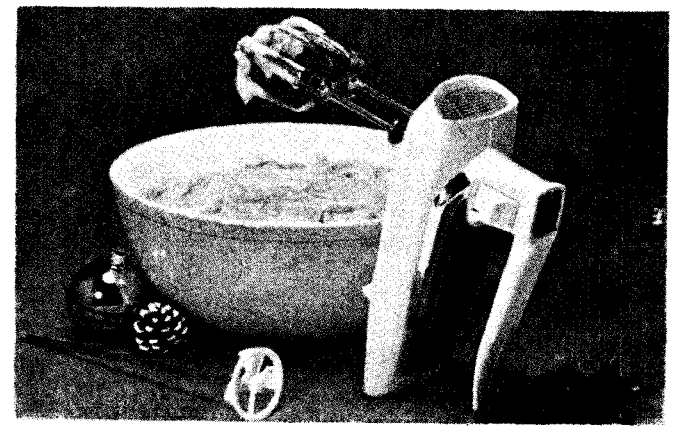

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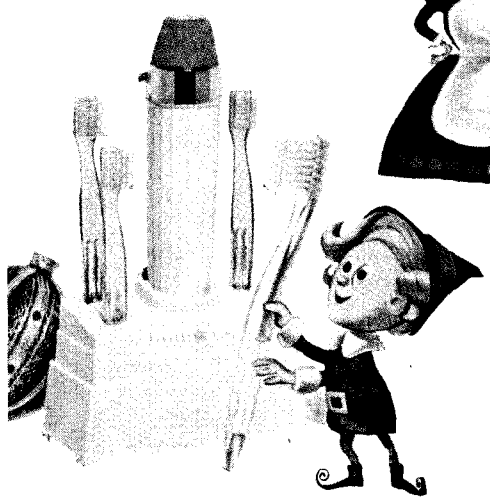

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and he had no money to get any more. Then what? Again, Grace was the finger pointing the way, tiptoeing into his room with a book of raffle tickets from her school. Three tickets for sixpence, seven for a shilling, with a seventeen-pound turkey as first prize.

"You just give me sixpence and put your full name on that bit of the ticket there"—pointing at the stub. "Your full name." Light dawned, and Foxer fell asleep with his plan already perfected. On Monday morning, two days before Christmas, he began to operate.

Ever since he came to the district, he had gathered local gossip of a particular kind, not with any real motive, but simply out of the habit of a lifetime. Know the countryside. And among the snippets he had collected was the information that a certain shopkeeper in the next suburb kept his main supply of working cash not in his shop, which had once been successfully burgled, but at home in a heavy safe to which his wife held the keys during the day. His cash was never left unattended. By day, his wife cared for it; by night, he slept beside it.

His business was antique furniture and expensive bric-a-brac which he occasionally bought from callers to the shop. If he needed cash during the day—more, that is, than the smallish amount he carried to the shop each morning and home each night—he sent a messenger to fetch it from his wife. It was not the wisest system, perhaps, but what system is?

His name was Henry Molloy. His wife's was Margaret. And, at ten-thirty on the Monday morning before Christmas, Foxer took Grace out on the pretext of buying her a Christmas present with his weekly three-and-sixpence, and from across the road loosed her, with her raffle tickets, at Mr. Molloy's antique shop. "Whatever you do," he emphasized, "sell one to Mr. Molloy himself. Just think if one of his assistants won a turkey and he didn't!"

Five minutes later he had Mr. Henry Molloy's full signature and handwritten address on a raffle ticket stub and was rewarding Grace with a banana split. It crossed his mind briefly that here was a whole new line to exploit, but he realized sadly in the next minute that there is a limit to the number of raffle tickets which even the most angelic little girl can sell in one day. Even at a shilling a time, the turnover would be minute.

In fact, considering the price of banana splits, one would very likely operate at a considerable loss. As it was, he barely had the bus fare home, because Grace refused to give him Mr. Molloy's shilling. But at least he had the ticket. And all that night he practiced the signature and the address. The handwriting was quite a simple, straightforward one.

Next morning, he presented himself to Mr. Molloy as an elderly American on a visit with relations. Alas, his visit was about to end, and his age told him that he would not pass this way again—how true! He desired, indeed he aimed, to take back a few little souvenirs of his delightful stay to dear old Joliet—er, Illinois. Like, for example, that silver teapot.

When he began, Foxer intended to be modest. Say twenty pounds. But why be modest on a last fling? A man would have to be pretty mean-spirited to restrain his last fling to twenty pounds. "And that li'l old silver tray. Is that the real McCoy?"

By the time he was done, the total of his purchases came to one hundred and ninety-seven pounds. He added a little fireside screen, "for my delightful hostess in this beautiful old city of yours, sir," to make it a round two hundred guineas.

Stroking his luxuriant beard, he said to Mr. Molloy, "Waal, sir, two hundred guineas is a fair sum of money, such as an old man like me would be afraid to carry through the streets."

"How wise of you, sir," said Mr. Molloy.

"Equally, I guess, I cannot expect a stranger in a strange town, who happens to be leaving for the United States this very afternoon, to be allowed to pay such an account by check"—Mr. M. clucked—"but if you

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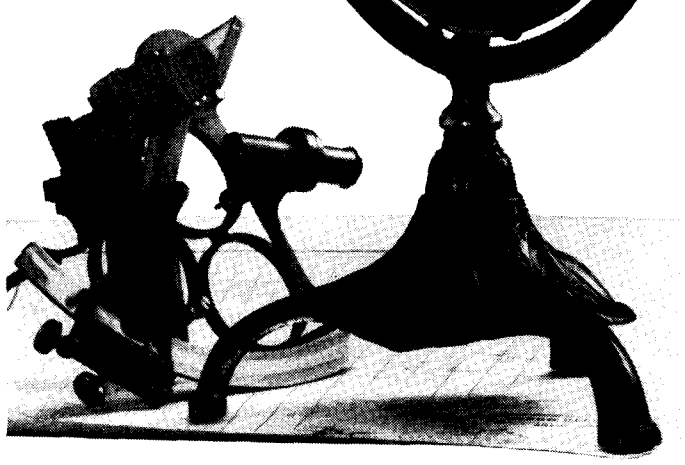

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would provide me with a piece of that stationery I see lying there, I would scribble a note to my niece and hostess, who is minding my little supply of cash. And then, if by chance you have a messenger who could save my old shanks a journey . . ."

"Why, yes!" cried Mr. M. His never very dormant suspicions had been sharply aroused by the beginning of this long spiel, but they had been happily laid to rest by the promise of cash. "Pray take this sheet of paper, if you will forgive it being headed by my shop address. In fact, I myself can type the note for you, unless it is of too personal a nature?"

"How kind!" cried Foxer. "Just say, 'Dear Margaret,' which is my dear niece's given name ——"

"What a coincidence," said Mr. M. "It's also my wife's name!"

"Then she must be a thoroughly good and delightful woman," cried Foxer. "I just know it. But I am keeping you too long," he whispered, seeing the blue shape of a policeman stroll past the door. "Just write that I've found a couple of small bargains and need two hundred guineas. Use your own words, sir. I'm no hand at composing letters, being a self-educated mill —— I mean man."

"A millionaire!" breathed Mr. M., strictly to himself. "How could I have suspected this sweet old gentleman?" And hastily, using the formula that he used when writing to his own Margaret, typed: "Dear Margaret, I have just been offered some rather interesting items. Please let me have two hundred guineas by bearer.

Your loving,"

and gave it to Foxer, who swiftly signed it, "Henry," casually shading the flowing signature with his cupped hand. "And the address?" asked Mr. M., producing an envelope.

"Why, this one in my pocket will do," said Foxer. "Waste not, want not." Producing a bundle of old letters, he selected an envelope from among them. Swiftly taking the note to Margaret, he tucked it into the envelope on which he had already written Mrs. Molloy's name and address, in Henry Molloy's handwriting. Mr. M. called forward a spotty and stupid messenger boy, too stupid to be dishonest or even lazy, which was why Mr. M. employed him.

Foxer, who had strolled away to consider an antique Windsor chair, beckoned the boy to him. "Take this letter to this address," he said, giving the boy the note, together with a half-crown filched from Grace's piggy bank, "and if you are back here in ten minutes, why, boy, I'll give you another."

The boy sped off, not at all surprised to be sent to his master's private house. an errand he ran at least once or twice a week. Foxer stayed, admiring this and that for a minute or two more, then pleaded another errand in the neighborhood and, promising to be back in two shakes of a donkey's tail, toddled out of the shop.

"A millionaire!" breathed Mr. M. again. "And so unaffected!"

Ten minutes later, Foxer waylaid the returning messenger, fifty yards up the street, and took the thick envelope addressed to Henry Molloy by his loving safe-keeper Margaret. Foxer gave the boy Grace's remaining half-crown and disappeared, at a surprising speed for a man of seventy-eight.

He spent the afternoon shopping, after a long and sumptuous champagne lunch in an excellent restaurant. He bought gold rings and a necklace, electric trains, a doll's house with ten rooms and running water, a doll that danced, and one that said, "Peekaboo" as well as, "Mamma"; he bought tea sets, copper saucepans, delicious and exotic foods for his daughter; and two dozen cigars and a pure-silk dressing gown for his son-in-law. He bought himself a gold cigarette lighter, and an ivory brush-and-comb set for his beard. When he got home that night, he had four and elevenpence left. He slipped it unobtrusively into Grace's piggy bank and went to bed.

The next day was Christmas Eve. And from midday on, a succession of respectful messengers delivered a series of richly wrapped parcels to the astonished family in number 10 Acacia Avenue.

"Open them!" cried Foxer. And by six that evening the house was filled with colored wrappings, squeaking children, speechless parents, and a beaming, benevolent Father Christmas of a Foxer. Water gushed out of the doll's house. One doll cried, "Peekaboo"; the other danced on the table. Electric trains circled the floor at ever-increasing speeds. The air was rich with cigar smoke and the subtle and exotic scents of unusual cooking.

"My life savings," Foxer said to his daughter, "but why save them?"

"A little legacy," he murmured to his son-in-law. "Totally unexpected."

"Football pools," he confided to Patrick and Martin. "Quite a stroke of luck."

And to Grace, "My money from South America."

At half past six, a large man in plainclothes knocked heavily at the door. Foxer answered it. "How did you know?" he asked sadly.

"The beard, Foxer," the detective said, with almost equal sadness. "You're getting senile, that's what it is. As soon as old Molloy described the beard . . ."

"Be discreet," pleaded Foxer. He went inside, packed his spare false teeth, his gold cigarette lighter, his ivory brush-and-comb set, his socks, and was ready. To tell the truth, he wasn't entirely broken-hearted. He was thoroughly sick of washing up. And rather tired of respectability.

"Just slipping out with a friend for a moment," he murmured to the adults. "A visitor from South America," he whispered to Grace. "About the treasure."

"I have tried my hardest," the judge said, "to find extenuating circumstances in your case: your age, the pleas of your daughter"—not very passionate ones, it must be admitted—"the partially generous motives of your crime. But when I consider your truly appalling record . . ."

Everyone thought Foxer was extremely lucky to get off with eighteen months. Mr. Molloy wrote an indignant letter to his parliamentary representative about it.

By the end of January, Foxer was lying in his old cell, stroking his beard. A slip of a young turnkey put his head round the door. "Barber, Foxer?" he asked jokingly.

"Why, yes," Foxer said. "I think I will. I find this beard is inclined to irritate my chin at times."

And as he sat in the barber's chair, submitting to the razor, his mind was already eighteen months ahead. ❑

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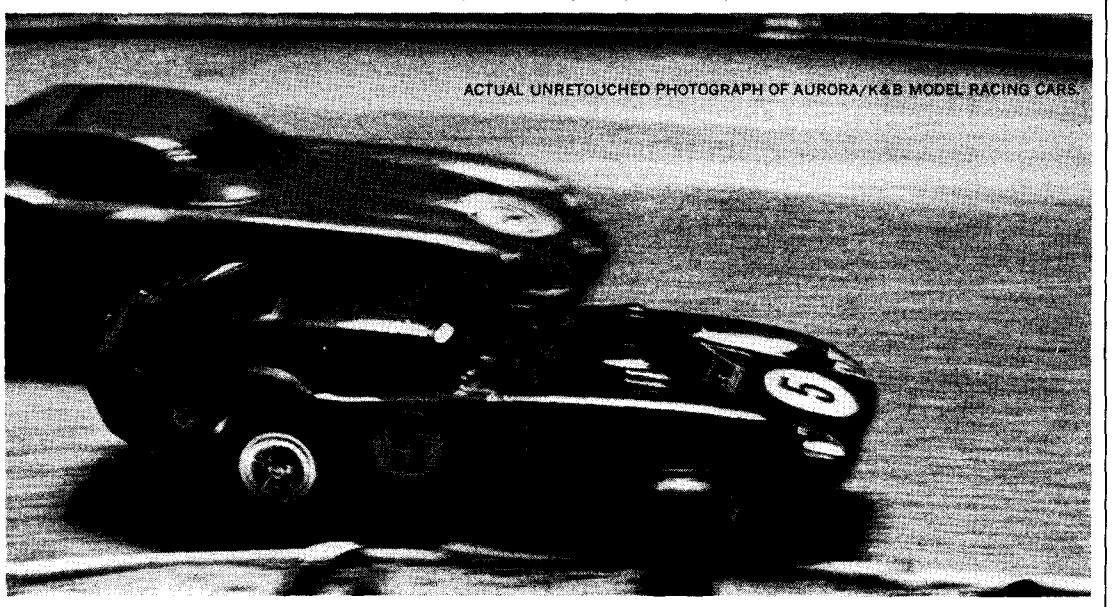

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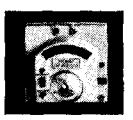

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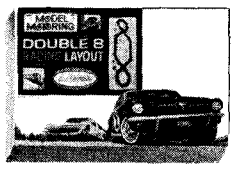

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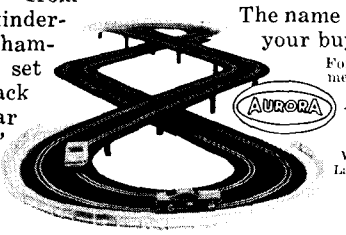

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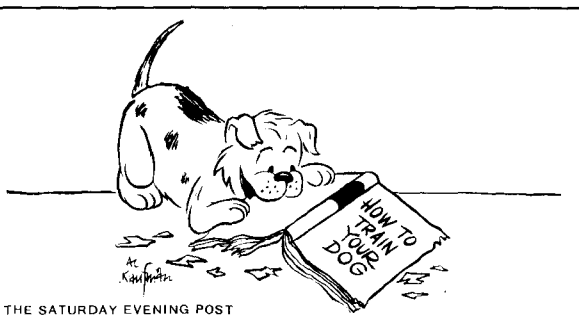

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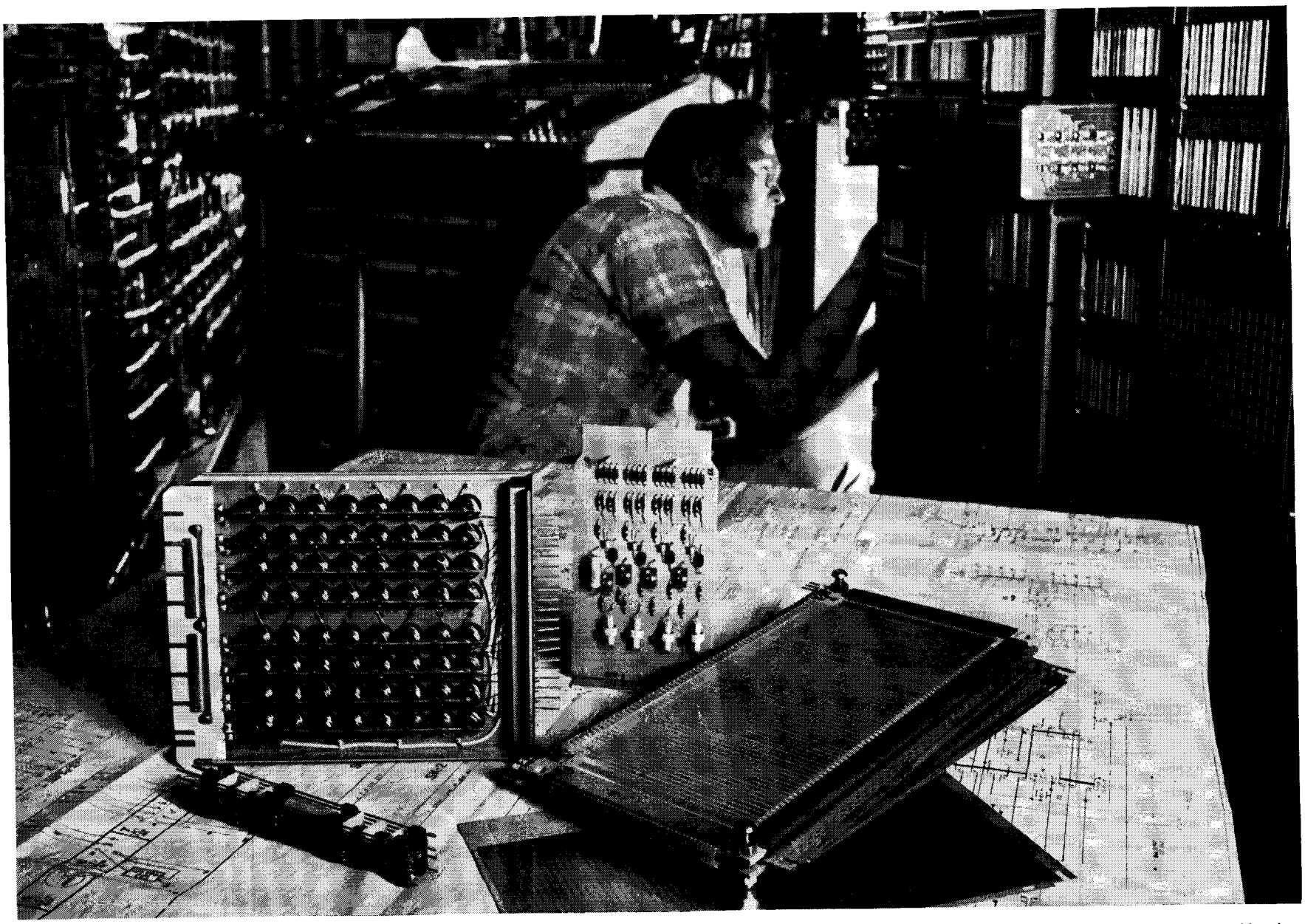
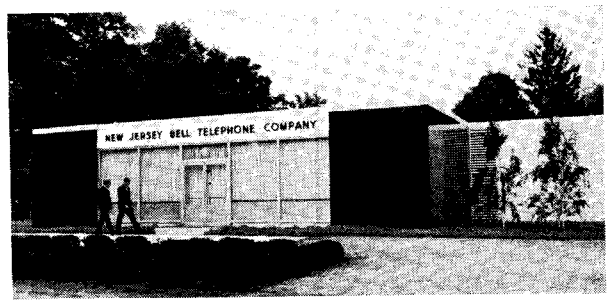


CENTRAL CONTROL SECTION that handles logic and command functions for ESS is shown in background. Foreground shows basic components.

LARGEST SINGLE PROJECT IN BELL SYSTEM HISTORY...

the Bell System's new Electronic Switching System

Succasunna, N.J., has first commercial installation of new switching system that processes telephone calls with modern electronics.



The modest building where electronics history is being made. Telephone experts from around the world journey to Succasunna to see ESS.

The Electronic Switching System is a new development of Bell Telephone Laboratories and the outcome of a deliberate effort to bring the latest electronic technology to the service of Bell System customers.

More than 2000 man-years were required for its research, development and manufacturing design. Eventually it will be the Bell System's standard telephone central office.

ESS is designed to switch calls with traditional Bell System dependability—better, faster and, in time, cheaper than ever before.

Its most important feature is a central "stored program" control that directs not only general switching operations but also specific arrangements for each number served. Special optional services can include the ability to reach frequently called numbers by dialing only three or four digits . . . dial a third party into a telephone conversation in progress . . . switch incoming calls to a friend's home for the evening.

In Succasunna, these optional services are on trial with 200 selected customers. Other ESS's are now being planned and installed in other cities by Western Electric Co., manufacturing and supply arm of the Bell System.

The capacity of ESS to remember and do special things will make your telephone service still more valuable and personal.

Bell System
American Telephone and Telegraph and Associated Companies

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THE POSSIBILITY OF EVIL

BY SHIRLEY JACKSON

There were so many wicked people in the world, and only one Miss Strangeworth to punish them.

Miss Adela Strangeworth came daintily along Main Street on her way to the grocery. The sun was shining, the air was fresh and clear after the night's heavy rain and everything in Miss Strangeworth's little town looked washed and bright. Miss Strangeworth took deep breaths and thought that there was nothing in the world like a fragrant summer day.

She knew everyone in town, of course; she was fond of telling strangers—tourists who sometimes passed through the town and stopped to admire Miss Strangeworth's roses—that she had never spent more than a day outside this town in all her long life. She was seventy-one, Miss Strangeworth told the tourists, with a pretty little dimple showing by her lip, and she sometimes found herself thinking that the town belonged to her. "My grandfather built the first house on Pleasant Street," she would say, opening her blue eyes wide with the wonder of it. "This house, right here. My family has lived here for better than a hundred years. My grandmother planted these roses, and my mother tended them, just as I do. I've watched my town grow; I can remember when Mr. Lewis, Senior, opened the grocery store, and the year the river flooded out the shanties on the low road, and the excitement when some young

Her hand did not shake as she opened the envelope and unfolded the sheet of paper inside.

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folks wanted to move the park over to the space in front of where the new post office is today. They wanted to put up a statue of Ethan Allen"—Miss Strangeworth would frown a little and sound stern—"but it should have been a statue of my grandfather. There wouldn't have been a town here at all if it hadn't been for my grandfather and the lumber mill."

Miss Strangeworth never gave away any of her roses, although the tourists often asked her. The roses belonged on Pleasant Street, and it bothered Miss Strangeworth to think of people wanting to carry them away, to take them into strange towns and down strange streets. When the new minister came, and the ladies were gathering flowers to decorate the church, Miss Strangeworth sent over a great basket of gladioli; when she picked the roses at all, she set them in bowls and vases around the inside of the house her grandfather had built.

Walking down Main Street on a summer morning, Miss Strangeworth had to stop every minute or so to say good morning to someone or to ask after someone's health. When she came into the grocery, half a dozen people turned away from the shelves and the counters to wave at her or call out good morning.

"And good morning to you, too, Mr. Lewis," Miss Strangeworth said at last. The Lewis family had been in the town almost as long as the Strangeworths; but the day young Lewis left high school and went to work in the grocery, Miss Strangeworth had stopped calling him Tommy and started calling him Mr. Lewis, and he had stopped calling her Addie and started calling her Miss Strangeworth. They had been in high school together, and had gone to picnics together, and to high-school dances and basketball games; but now Mr. Lewis was behind the counter in the grocery, and Miss Strangeworth was living alone in the Strangeworth house on Pleasant Street.

"Good morning," Mr. Lewis said, and added politely, "Lovely day."

"It is a very nice day," Miss Strangeworth said, as though she had only just decided that it would do after all. "I would like a chop, please, Mr. Lewis, a small, lean veal chop. Are those strawberries from Arthur Parker's garden? They're early this year."

"He brought them in this morning," Mr. Lewis said.

"I shall have a box," Miss Strangeworth said. Mr. Lewis looked worried, she thought, and for a minute she hesitated, but then she decided that he surely could not be worried over the strawberries. He looked very tired indeed. He was usually so chipper, Miss Strangeworth thought, and almost commented, but it was far too personal a subject to be introduced to Mr. Lewis, the grocer, so she only said, "And a can of cat food and, I think, a tomato."

Silently, Mr. Lewis assembled her order on the counter and waited. Miss Strangeworth looked at him curiously and then said, "It's Tuesday, Mr. Lewis. You forgot to remind me."

"Did I? Sorry."

"Imagine your forgetting that I always buy my tea on Tuesday," Miss Strangeworth said gently. "A quarter pound of tea, please, Mr. Lewis."

"Is that all, Miss Strangeworth?"

"Yes, thank you, Mr. Lewis. Such a lovely day, isn't it?"

"Lovely," Mr. Lewis said.

Miss Strangeworth moved slightly to make room for Mrs. Harper at the counter. "Morning, Adela," Mrs. Harper said, and Miss Strangeworth said, "Good morning, Martha."

"Lovely day," Mrs. Harper said, and Miss Strangeworth said, "Yes, lovely," and Mr. Lewis, under Mrs. Harper's glance, nodded.

"Ran out of sugar for my cake frosting," Mrs. Harper explained. Her hand shook slightly as she opened her pocketbook. Miss Strangeworth wondered, glancing at her quickly, if she had been taking proper care of herself. Martha Harper was not as young as she used to be, Miss Strangeworth thought. She probably could use a good strong tonic.

"Martha," she said, "you don't look well."

"I'm perfectly all right," Mrs. Harper said shortly. She handed her money to Mr. Lewis, took her change and her sugar, and went out without speaking again. Looking after her, Miss Strangeworth shook her head slightly. Martha definitely did *not* look well.

Carrying her little bag of groceries, Miss Strangeworth came out of the store into the bright sunlight and stopped to smile down on the Crane baby. Don and Helen Crane were really the two most infatuated young parents she had ever known, she thought indulgently, looking at the delicately embroidered baby cap and the lace-edged carriage cover.

"That little girl is going to grow up expecting luxury all her life," she said to Helen Crane.

Helen laughed. "That's the way we want her to feel," she said. "Like a princess."

"A princess can see a lot of trouble sometimes," Miss Strangeworth said dryly. "How old is Her Highness now?"

"Six months next Tuesday," Helen Crane said, looking down with rapt wonder at her child. "I've been worrying, though, about her. Don't you think she ought to move around more? Try to sit up, for instance?"

"For plain and fancy worrying," Miss Strangeworth said, amused, "give me a new mother every time."

"She just seems—slow," Helen Crane said.

"Nonsense. All babies are different. Some of them develop much more quickly than others."

"That's what my mother says." Helen Crane laughed, looking a little bit ashamed.

"I suppose you've got young Don all upset about the fact that his daughter is already six months old and hasn't yet begun to learn to dance?"

"I haven't mentioned it to him. I suppose she's just so precious that I worry about her all the time."

"Well, apologize to her right now," Miss Strangeworth said. "*She* is probably worrying about why you keep jumping around all the time." Smiling to herself and shaking her old head, she went on down the sunny street, stopping once to ask little Billy Moore why he wasn't out riding in his daddy's shiny new car, and talking for a few minutes outside the library with Miss Chandler, the librarian, about the new novels to be ordered and paid for by the annual library appropriation. Miss

Illustrated by Robert J. Lee

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Chandler seemed absentminded and very much as though she were thinking about something else. Miss Strangeworth noticed that Miss Chandler had not taken much trouble with her hair that morning, and sighed. Miss Strangeworth hated sloppiness.

Many people seemed disturbed recently, Miss Strangeworth thought. Only yesterday the Stewarts' fifteen-year-old Linda had run crying down her own front walk and all the way to school, not caring who saw her. People around town thought she might have had a fight with the Harris boy, but they showed up together at the soda shop after school as usual, both of them looking grim and bleak. Trouble at home, people concluded, and sighed over the problems of trying to raise kids right these days.

From halfway down the block Miss Strangeworth could catch the heavy scent of her roses, and she moved a little more quickly. The perfume of roses meant home, and home meant the Strangeworth House on Pleasant Street. Miss Strangeworth stopped at her own front gate, as she always did, and looked with deep pleasure at her house, with the red and pink and white roses massed along the narrow lawn, and the rambler going up along the porch; and the neat, the unbelievably trim lines of the house itself, with its slimness and its washed white look. Every window sparkled, every curtain hung stiff and straight, and even the stones of the front walk were swept and clear. People around town wondered how old Miss Strangeworth managed to keep the house looking the way it did, and there was a legend about a tourist once mistaking it for the local museum and going all through the place without finding out about his mistake. But the town was proud of Miss Strangeworth and her roses and her house. They had all grown together.

Miss Strangeworth went up her front steps, unlocked her front door with her key and went into the kitchen to put away her groceries. She debated about having a cup of tea and then decided that it was too close to midday dinner time; she would not have the appetite for her little chop if she had tea now. Instead she went into the light, lovely sitting room, which still glowed from the hands of her mother and her grandmother, who had covered the chairs with bright chintz and hung the curtains. All the furniture was spare and shining, and the round hooked rugs on the floor had been the work of Miss Strangeworth's grandmother and her mother. Miss Strangeworth had put a bowl of her red roses on the low table before the window, and the room was full of their scent.

Miss Strangeworth went to the narrow desk in (*Continued on page 64*)

SHIRLEY JACKSON

1919–1965

By Stanley Edgar Hyman

In her short and busy life—she died peacefully of heart failure during a nap in her forty-sixth year—Shirley Jackson managed to publish quite a few short stories and twelve books: six novels, a volume of stories, two fictionalized memoirs, and three juveniles, one of them a play. At the time of her death, she was at work on a new novel, savagely comic in tone, and a fantasy book for children.

People often expressed surprise at the difference between Shirley Jackson's appearance and manner, and the violent and terrifying nature of her fiction. Thus, many of the obituaries played up the contrast between a "motherly-looking" woman, gentle and humorous, and that "chillingly horrifying short story THE LOTTERY' and similar works. When Shirley Jackson, who was my wife, published two lighthearted volumes about the spirited doings of our children, LIFE AMONG THE SAVAGES and RAISING DEMONS, it seemed to surprise people that she should be a wife and mother at all, let alone a gay and apparently happy one. This seems to me to be the most elementary misunderstanding of what a writer is and how a writer works, on the order of expecting Herman Melville to be a white whale.

Shirley Jackson wrote in a variety of forms and styles because she was, like everyone else, a complex human being, confronting the world in many different roles and moods. She tried to express as much of herself as possible in her work, and to express each aspect as fully and purely as possible. While she wanted the fullest self-expression, consistent with the limits of literary form, at the same time she wanted the widest possible audience for that self-expression; in short, she wanted a public, sales, success. For her entire adult life she regarded herself as a professional writer, one who made a living by the craft of writing, and as she did not see that vocation as incompatible with being a wife and mother, so she did not see her dedication to art as incompatible with producing art in salable forms. In this, as in other respects, she was curiously old-fashioned.

Despite a fair degree of popularity—reviews of her books were generally enthusiastic, reprints and foreign publications were numerous, and her last two novels, THE HAUNTING OF HILL HOUSE and WE HAVE ALWAYS LIVED IN THE CASTLE, became modest best sellers—her work has been very little understood. Her fierce visions of dissociation and madness, of alienation and withdrawal, of cruelty and terror, have been taken to be personal, even neurotic, fantasies. Quite the reverse: They are a sensitive and faithful anatomy of our times, fitting symbols for our distressing world of the concentration camp and The Bomb. She was always proud that the Union of South Africa banned THE LOTTERY, and she felt that they, *at least, understood the story. Obituary references to her in such terms as the "Virginia Werewolf of séance-fiction writers" show a considerable obliviousness to her meanings and purposes.*

After the first years, she consistently refused to be interviewed, to explain or promote her work in any fashion, or to take public stands and be a pundit of the Sunday supplements. She believed that her books would speak for her clearly enough over the years, and I share her belief. The only exception she made to this vow of silence was a willingness, even an eagerness, to lecture about the craft of fiction at colleges and writers' conferences, where she could assume an audience with some serious interest in such matters. She was reluctant to publish those lectures, for a variety of reasons, but they include some of the few sensible and useful words I know on that impossible subject—what fiction is and how it's made.

For all her popularity, she won surprisingly little recognition. She received no awards or prizes, grants or fellowships. She saw those honors go to inferior writers—or to writers who were no writers—without bitterness, but with the wry amusement which was her habitual attitude toward her own life and career. Those few contemporary writers whose work she valued, almost without exception, knew her work and valued it, and she was content with the approbation of her fellow craftsmen. In this, as in so many other respects, she was the purest of professionals.

I think that the future will find her powerful visions of suffering and inhumanity increasingly significant and meaningful, and that Shirley Jackson's work is among that small body of literature produced in our time that seems apt to survive. That thought, too, she would have found wryly amusing.

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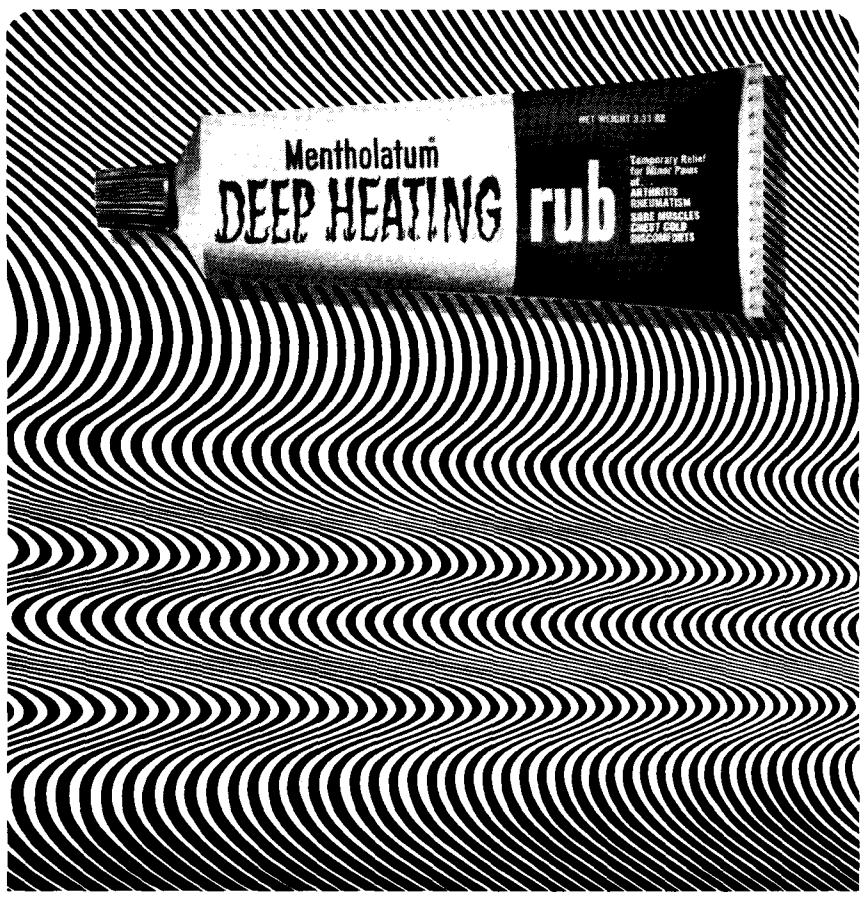

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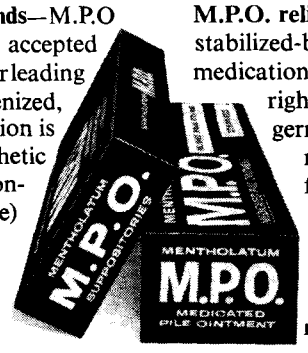

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the corner and unlocked it with her key. She never knew when she might feel like writing letters, so she kept her notepaper inside and the desk locked. Miss Strangeworth's usual stationery was heavy and cream-colored, with "Strangeworth House" engraved across the top, but, when she felt like writing her other letters, Miss Strangeworth used a pad of various-colored paper bought from the local newspaper shop. It was almost a town joke, that colored paper, layered in pink and green and blue and yellow; everyone in town bought it and used it for odd, informal notes and shopping lists. It was usual to remark, upon receiving a note written on a blue page, that so-and-so would be needing a new pad soon—here she was, down to the blue already. Everyone used the matching envelopes for tucking away recipes, or keeping odd little things in, or even to hold cookies in the school lunch boxes. Mr. Lewis sometimes gave them to the children for carrying home penny candy.

Although Miss Strangeworth's desk held a trimmed quill pen which had belonged to her grandfather, and a gold-frosted fountain pen which had belonged to her father, Miss Strangeworth always used a dull stub of pencil when she wrote her letters, and she printed them in a childish block print. After thinking for a minute, although she had been phrasing the letter in the back of her mind all the way home, she wrote on a pink sheet: DIDN'T YOU EVER SEE AN IDIOT CHILD BEFORE? SOME PEOPLE JUST SHOULDN'T HAVE CHILDREN, SHOULD THEY?

She was pleased with the letter. She was fond of doing things exactly right. When she made a mistake, as she sometimes did, or when the letters were not spaced nicely on the page, she had to take the discarded page to the kitchen stove and burn it at once. Miss Strangeworth never delayed when things had to be done.

After thinking for a minute, she decided that she would like to write another letter, perhaps to go to Mrs. Harper, to follow up the ones she had already mailed. She selected a green sheet this time and wrote quickly: HAVE YOU FOUND OUT YET WHAT THEY WERE ALL LAUGHING ABOUT AFTER *YOU LEFT THE BRIDGE CLUB* ON THURSDAY? OR IS THE WIFE REALLY ALWAYS THE LAST ONE TO KNOW?

Miss Strangeworth never concerned herself with facts; her letters all dealt with the more negotiable stuff of suspicion. Mr. Lewis would never have imagined for a minute that his grandson might be lifting petty cash from the store register if he had not had one of Miss Strangeworth's letters. Miss Chandler, the librarian, and Linda Stewart's parents would have gone unsuspectingly ahead with their lives, never aware of possible evil lurking nearby, if Miss Strangeworth had not sent letters opening their eyes. Miss Strangeworth would have been genuinely shocked if there *had* been anything between Linda Stewart and the Harris boy, but, as long as evil existed unchecked in the world, it was Miss Strangeworth's duty to keep her town alert to it. It was far more sensible for Miss Chandler to wonder what Mr. Shelley's first wife had really died of than to take a chance on not knowing. There were so many wicked people in the world and only one Strangeworth left in the town. Besides, Miss Strangeworth liked writing her letters.

She addressed an envelope to Don Crane after a moment's thought, wondering curiously if he would show the letter to his wife, and using a pink envelope to match the pink paper. Then she addressed a second envelope, green, to Mrs. Harper. Then an idea came to her and she selected a blue sheet and wrote: YOU NEVER KNOW ABOUT DOCTORS. REMEMBER THEY'RE ONLY HUMAN AND NEED MONEY LIKE THE REST OF US. SUPPOSE THE KNIFE SLIPPED ACCIDENTALLY. WOULD DOCTOR BURNS GET HIS FEE AND A LITTLE EXTRA FROM THAT NEPHEW OF YOURS?

She addressed the blue envelope to old Mrs. Foster, who was having an operation next month. She had thought of writing one more letter, to the head of the school board, asking how a chemistry teacher like Billy Moore's father could afford a new convertible, but, all

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"While visions of what danced in their heads?"

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at once, she was tired of writing letters. The three she had done would do for one day. She could write more tomorrow; it was not as though they all had to be done at once.

She had been writing her letters—sometimes two or three every day for a week, sometimes no more than one in a month—for the past year. She never got any answers, of course, because she never signed her name. If she had been asked, she would have said that her name, Adela Strangeworth, a name honored in the town for so many years, did not belong on such trash. The town where she lived had to be kept clean and sweet, but people everywhere were lustful and evil and degraded, and needed to be watched; the world was so large, and there was only one Strangeworth left in it. Miss Strangeworth sighed, locked her desk and put the letters into her big black leather pocketbook, to be mailed when she took her evening walk.

She broiled her little chop nicely, and had a sliced tomato and a good cup of tea ready when she sat down to her midday dinner at the table in her dining room, which could be opened to seat twenty-two, with a second table, if necessary, in the hall. Sitting in the warm sunlight that came through the tall windows of the dining room, seeing her roses massed outside, handling the heavy, old silverware and the fine, translucent china, Miss Strangeworth was pleased; she would not have cared to be doing anything else. People must live graciously, after all, she thought, and sipped her tea. Afterward, when her plate and cup and saucer were washed and dried and put back onto the shelves where they belonged, and her silverware was back in the mahogany silver chest, Miss Strangeworth went up the graceful staircase and into her bedroom, which was the front room overlooking the roses, and had been her mother's and her grandmother's. Their Crown Derby dresser set and furs had been kept here, their fans and silverbacked brushes and their own bowls of roses; Miss Strangeworth kept a bowl of white roses on the bed table.

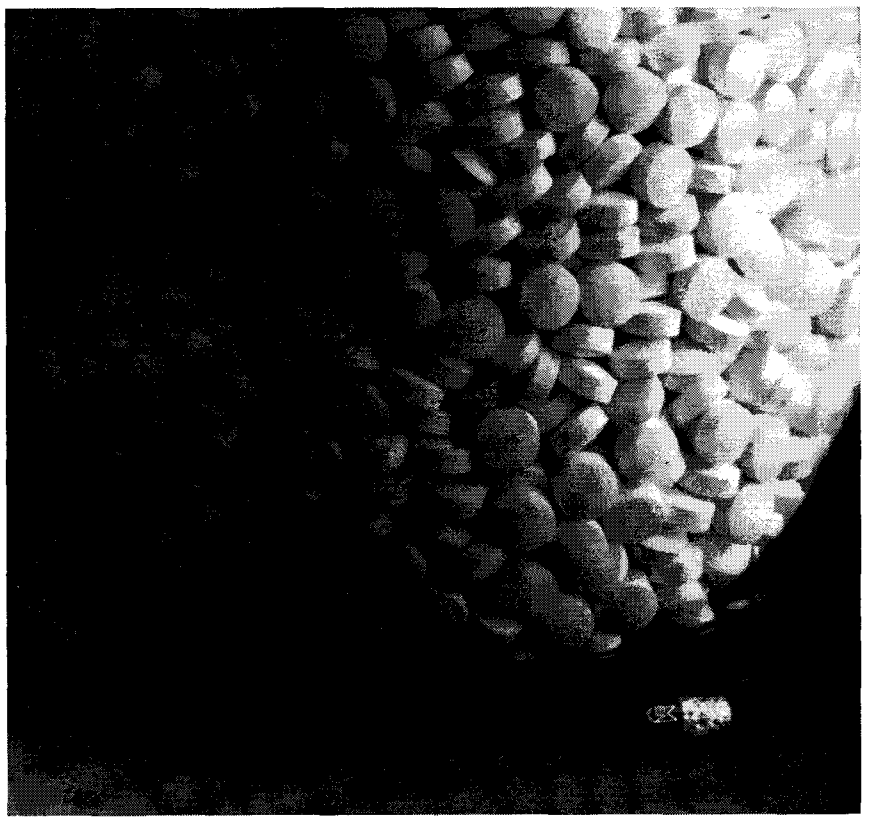
She drew the shades, took the rose-satin spread from the bed, slipped out of her dress and her shoes, and lay down tiredly. She knew that no doorbell or phone would ring; no one in town would dare to disturb Miss Strangeworth during her afternoon nap. She slept, deep in the rich smell of roses.

After her nap she worked in her garden for a little while, sparing herself because of the heat; then she came in to her supper. She ate asparagus from her own garden, with sweet-butter sauce and a soft-boiled egg, and, while she had her supper, she listened to a late-evening news broadcast and then to a program of classical music on her small radio. After her dishes were done and her kitchen set in order, she took up her hat—Miss Strangeworth's hats were proverbial in the town; people believed that she had inherited them from her mother and her grandmother—and, locking the front door of her house behind her, set off on her evening walk, pocketbook under her arm. She nodded to Linda Stewart's father, who was washing his car in the pleasantly cool evening. She thought that he looked troubled.

There was only one place in town where she could mail her letters, and that was the new post office, shiny with red brick and silver letters. Although Miss Strangeworth had never given the matter any particular thought, she had always made a point of mailing her letters very secretly; it would, of course, not have been wise to let anyone see her mail them. Consequently, she timed her walk so she could reach the post office just as darkness was starting to dim the outlines of the trees and the shapes of people's faces, although no one could ever mistake Miss Strangeworth, with her dainty walk and her rustling skirts.

There was always a group of young people around the post office, the very youngest roller-skating upon its driveway, which went all the way around the building and was the only smooth road in town; and the slightly older ones already knowing how to gather in small groups and chatter and laugh and make great, excited plans for going across the street to the soda shop in a minute or two. Miss Strangeworth had never had any self-consciousness before the children. She did not feel that any of them were staring at her unduly or longing to laugh at her; it would have been most reprehensible for their parents to permit their children to mock Miss Strangeworth of Pleasant Street. Most of the children stood back respectfully as Miss Strangeworth passed, silenced briefly in her presence, and some of the older children greeted her, saying soberly, "Hello, Miss Strangeworth."

Miss Strangeworth smiled at them and quickly went on. It had been a long time



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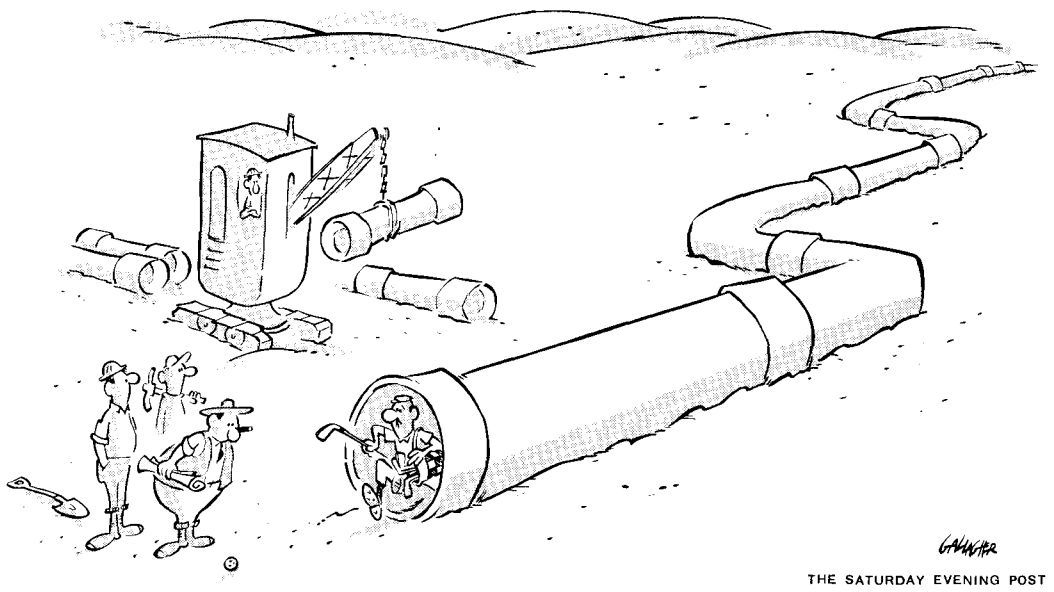

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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since she had known the name of every child in town. The mail slot was in the door of the post office. The children stood away as Miss Strangeworth approached it, seemingly surprised that anyone should want to use the post office after it had been officially closed up for the night and turned over to the children. Miss Strangeworth stood by the door, opening her black pocketbook to take out the letters, and heard a voice which she knew at once to be Linda Stewart's. Poor little Linda was crying again, and Miss Strangeworth listened carefully. This was, after all, her town, and these were her people; if one of them was in trouble she ought to know about it.

"I can't tell you, Dave," Linda was saying—so she *was* talking to the Harris boy, as Miss Strangeworth had supposed—"I just *can't.* It's just *nasty.*"

"But why won't your father let me come around any more? What on earth did I do?"

"I can't tell you. I just wouldn't tell you for *any*thing. You've got to have a dirty, dirty mind for things like that."

"But something's happened. You've been crying and crying, and your father is all upset. Why can't *I* know about it, too? Aren't I like one of the family?"

"Not any more, Dave, not any more. You're not to come near our house again; my father said so. He said he'd horsewhip you. That's all I can tell you: You're not to come near our house any more."

"But I didn't *do* anything."

"Just the same, my father said . . ."

Miss Strangeworth sighed and turned away. There was so much evil in people. Even in a charming little town like this one, there was still so much evil in people.

She slipped her letters into the slot, and two of them fell inside. The third caught on the edge and fell outside, onto the ground at Miss Strangeworth's feet. She did not notice it because she was wondering whether a letter to the Harris boy's father might not be of some service in wiping out this potential badness. Wearily Miss Strangeworth turned to go home to her quiet bed in her lovely house, and never heard the Harris boy calling to her to say that she had dropped something.

"Old lady Strangeworth's getting deaf," he said, looking after her and holding in his hand the letter he had picked up.

"Well, who cares?" Linda said. "Who cares any more, anyway?"

"It's for Don Crane," the Harris boy said, "this letter. She dropped a letter addressed to Don Crane. Might as well take it on over. We pass his house anyway." He laughed. "Maybe it's got a check or something in it and he'd be just as glad to get it tonight instead of tomorrow."

"Catch old lady Strangeworth sending anybody a check," Linda said. "Throw it in the post office. Why do anyone a favor?" She sniffled. "Doesn't seem to me anybody around here cares about us," she said. "Why should we care about them?"

"I'll take it over anyway," the Harris boy said. "Maybe it's good news for them. Maybe they need something happy tonight, too. Like us."

Sadly, holding hands, they wandered off down the dark street, the Harris boy carrying Miss Strangeworth's pink envelope in his hand.

Miss Strangeworth awakened the next morning with a feeling of intense happiness and, for a minute, wondered why, and then remembered that this morning three people would open her letters. Harsh, perhaps, at first, but wickedness was never easily banished, and a clean heart was a scoured heart. She washed her soft, old face and brushed her teeth, still sound in spite of her seventy-one years, and dressed herself carefully in her sweet, soft clothes and buttoned shoes. Then, coming downstairs and reflecting that perhaps a little waffle would be agreeable for breakfast in the sunny dining room, she found the mail on the hall floor and bent to pick it up. A bill, the morning paper, a letter in a green envelope that looked oddly familiar. Miss Strangeworth stood perfectly still for a minute, looking down at the green envelope with the penciled printing, and thought: It looks like one of my letters. Was one of my letters sent back? No, because no one would know where to send it. How did this get here?

Miss Strangeworth was a Strangeworth of Pleasant Street. Her hand did not shake as she opened the envelope and unfolded the sheet of green paper inside. She began to cry silently for the wickedness of the world when she read the words: LOOK OUT AT WHAT USED TO BE YOUR ROSES. □

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WIN A FEW, LOSE A FEW

Sorehead

By ROBERT LACY

The unchallenged high point of every school year at Mansfield Junior High was the assembly period on the day the football lettermen were announced and called forward to receive their green-and-gold sweaters. A boy got three chances, beginning with the seventh grade, to earn one. If he hadn't done so by the ninth, he was guaranteed oblivion.

For a boy like Charles Padgett—one who, though he'd never missed a day of practice, had only about six minutes of actual game time to his credit, at the tail ends of one rout and two lost causes—the prospect of that assembly was terrible. Charles, fourteen and rather thin for athletic notions anyway, all but knew he wouldn't get a sweater. And he simply had to get one.

He had to because he had a girl, Sharon, whom he loved desperately, who was counting on him. That was the deal: The boys won the sweaters, the girls wore them.

Charles picked his way through milling clusters of students—seventh-graders rolling mindlessly on the packed dirt, giggling girls top-heavy under their first lipstick—and made for the big oak reserved, by tradition, for the team. All the first-stringers were there. He could see Pinky Bradley and Mule Danforth trading licks. As usual, he began his smile too soon, so that when he finally reached their perimeter his lips were dry, his jaws stiff. His arrival was acknowledged by two brief nods and a "Hello, Padgett."

Before he could reply, a fist came whistling out of the crowd, aimed straight for his nose. It stopped, quivering, a fraction of an inch short.

"You flinched, Padgett."

"No I didn't. I just got here, Mule. I was just stopping walking."

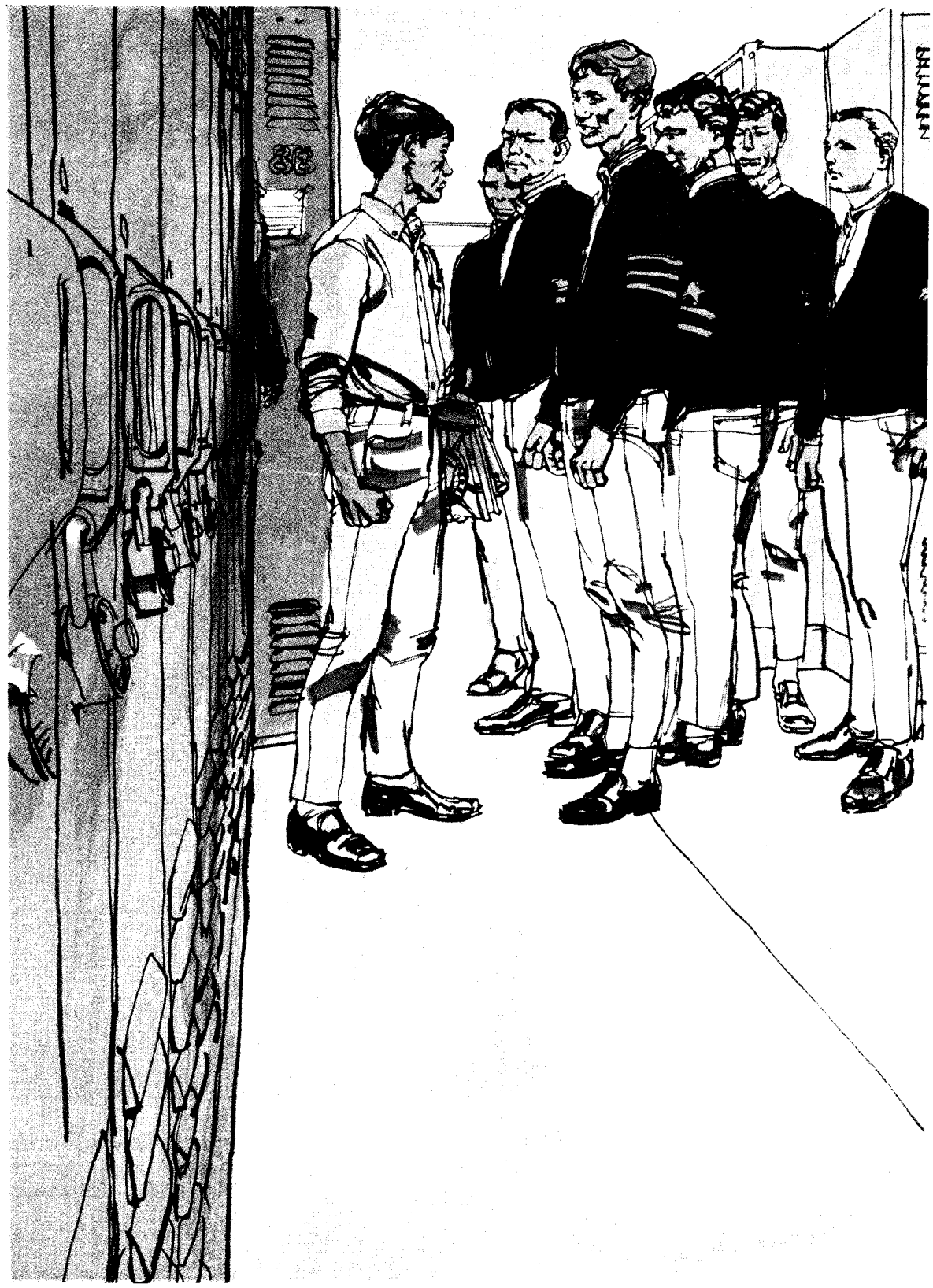
"Did he flinch, Pinky?" the Mule said.

"Sure he flinched," said Pinky. Pinky Bradley had been captain of the team; his voice was very authoritative. "You flinched, Padgett."

"I was just walking up," Charles Padgett insisted, "and maybe I stumbled or something—but I didn't flinch."

"You flinched, Padgett!" It was a chorus.

And that settled that. He turned his right shoulder to the Mule, braced his up-folded



Aiming for the gold stripes on Mule's sleeve, he swung with everything he had.

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Didn't he have a right to be furious?

arm against his ribs, and prepared to pay the price for flinching.

The blow came hard and straight. It caught him on the point of the shoulder and sent him stumbling off like a drunk.

"Boy!" said Pinky Bradley, who admired a thing done right.

"Yeah, nice going, Mule," Charles said. "You prob'ly broke my damn arm." He offered the arm, limp, to Mule Danforth, who took it in his left hand, licked two fingers of his right, and slapped a moist X high on the nylon sleeve of Charles's windbreaker. It was part of the game. If you didn't X it off, you could be hit in return.

That out of the way, the oak-tree crowd turned to more important matters, and Charles Padgett was left to circulate in the cautious, shallow-breathed manner of one who knows his credentials are suspect. "You'll have two stripes and a captain's star on yours, huh, Pinky?" someone was saying. "Yeah, but I'll have three stripes on mine," said Mule Danforth, the team's only three-year letterman. There was no boasting in his tone. It was flat—a feudal landlord telling a new overseer, "Everything south of the river is mine."

At eight-twenty the first bell rang, and Charles and the rest of the oak-tree crowd joined the general movement toward the three-story, brick school building. Walking its friendly corridors, the jangle of lockers in his ears, he realized how much he liked the building, its sounds and its smells. Here, in these classrooms, he more than held his own.

"Charles. Oh, Charles!" It was Miss Klepke, the principal, leaning over the half-door to her office anteroom. Old and ugly, she always seemed to be resisting an impulse to look behind her, as if one day she knew she would find the school board there in a slavering, red-eyed pack. And one day she probably would.

"Yes'm?" he said.

"May I see you for just a moment after the assembly, Charles? We need to discuss your song for the Christmas program."

Charles Padgett was the school's performer. He made all the speeches, welcomed all the dignitaries, and, lately, since Miss Klepke had heard his tenor in the Summit Street Methodist choir, sang all the songs.

Illustrated by Tom Quinn

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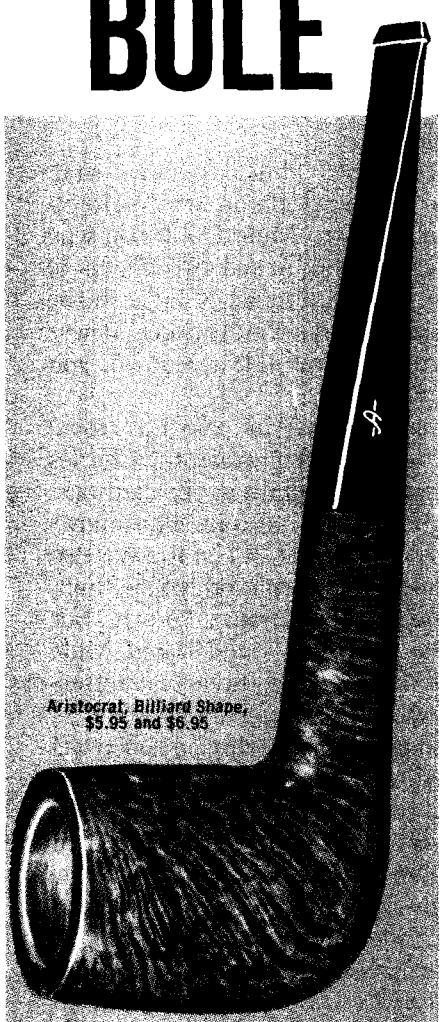

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WIN A FEW

"Yes'm," he said. "I'll come by right after it's over."

He got the smile she reserved for him and her other few pets. It was her I-knew-I-could-count-on-you smile. He wished she wouldn't smile like that. He turned and walked away rapidly.

Sharon was waiting at his locker. He had sort of hoped to get away without seeing her this one morning. She was leaning against the tile wall, her books canted prettily at her chest. A copy of the *Junior Jabber*, hot off the mimeograph machine, peeked from her loose-leaf binder. LETTERMEN'S ASSEMBLY TODAY! the headline read.

"Oh, Charles," Sharon said. "I'm just so ex-ci-ted, Charles. I don't know if I can make it till assembly. Daddy said, 'Simmer down, Sharon,' but I said, 'Daddy, I just can't simmer down; I'm so ex-ci-ted!'" She paused. "Aren't you excited, Charles?"

"Yeah, I'm pretty excited." He tried to put some excitement behind it. Sharon was an awfully pretty girl but still only an eighth-grader. And that was the thing; Charles occasionally let himself admit that the main reason she went with him was that he moved within the aura of the august ninth. Everyone said she'd be a cheerleader next year. She'd get her own sweater then, but, until then, she was counting on him.

"Daddy says this is one of the most important days in a boy's life, the day he wins his first letter." She searched his face for agreement. "He says it was in *his* life, anyway."

Sharon's father was six-four and kept barbells in his garage. In the months Charles had been seeing Sharon, he had got at most a dozen words out of her father, and six of those had been, "Why are you so skinny, son?", uttered in the frank, uninflected manner of someone who really wanted to know.

"Yeah, well, look, Shar," Charles Padgett said. "I might not get one, you know. Something could happen."

"Oh, Charles! Don't say that!"

He was startled, and a little frightened, by the genuineness of her shock. "Well . . ."

"You'll get one," she declared. "Why shouldn't you? Last year, every boy on the team got one." But she was studying him with doubtful eyes now, reappraising eyes.

She was right about last year, though; everyone did get a letter. It was that knowledge that had sustained Charles the past few weeks. If he hadn't come down with appendicitis in August, he would probably have been on that team and he'd have got a letter. But—and this was the part he tried not to think about—last year they had won the district championship. This year they hadn't come close. It was the school board that decided how many sweaters to award, and championships made for generous school boards. But try to explain that to a thirteen-year-old girl who doesn't want to hear it in the first place.

"You just have to have confidence, Charles," she was saying a bit petulantly. "Daddy says he would never get anywhere in his line of work without confidence." She was being evangelical. "He says losing is the easiest thing in the world, but it takes pluck and confidence to be a winner."

"Does your mother ever say anything?" he asked, and immediately regretted it. He mustn't pick on Sharon; he loved her. "Listen, Shar," he said quickly, "I've got to go to algebra now. I'll meet you here right after assembly. Then I've got to go see Miss Klepke about next week's assembly program."

"You going to sing again, Charles?" Her voice flatted on the word sing. They were still trying to forget the assembly last month when Charles, dressed in knee pants, his thin legs exposed to all, had sung *A Little Birdie Told Me* while holding a birdcage with a toy canary inside. Miss Klepke thought it was darling, but the rest of the school's reaction had gone off in another direction. He was still referred to as "Birdie" on occasion, and, although it was the closest thing to a nickname he had ever had, he could do without it.

"If she asks me to, I guess so," he said.

"No short pants, Charles," Sharon pleaded. "Tell her no short pants."

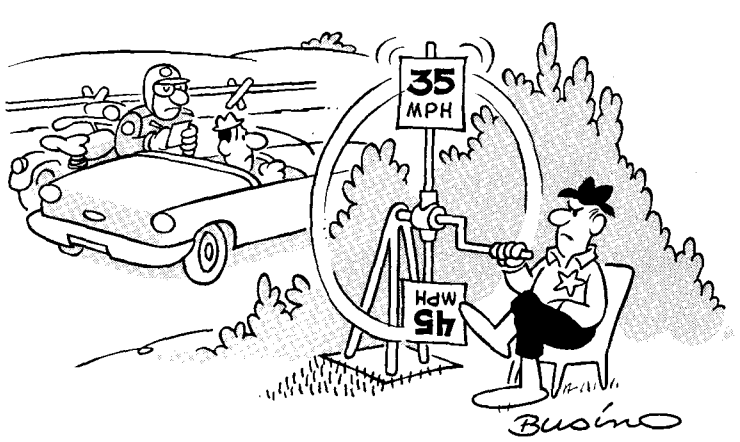
"No birdcages, either, by God."

"Charles, don't use naughty language." But he could see she was pleased, and he made a mental note.

"OK," he said, "see you later."

"'Bye, Charles. And remember: Confidence!"

In algebra class he sat on the outside row and stared out the window. A breeze had risen and was whipping leaves and scraps of paper about the campus in little eddies. His eyes went to the big oak tree, the hallowed oak whose black, almost barren branches had spread themselves fondly over a generation of Mansfield athletes. The wind was picking at its few remaining leaves. Idly, he selected a leaf, a crisp,



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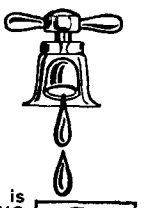

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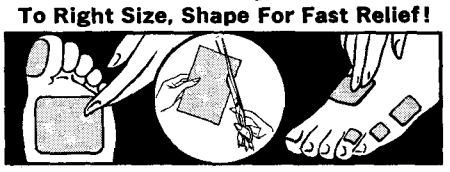

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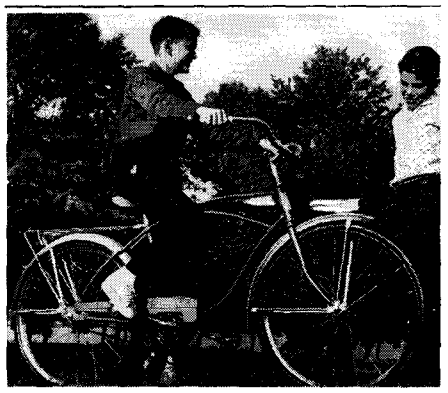

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brown one far out on the nearest limb, and abruptly decided that if it was still on the tree when class ended, he would get a sweater. Almost immediately, the leaf was whisked away. He selected another one.

The angry rapping of a pointer brought him back inside. "Emil Danforth," the teacher was saying, "you and Mister Bradley will either stop your whispering or leave this room. Do I make myself clear?"

"Yes, ma'am," the Mule said, and dealt from strength. "We're just real excited, Pinky and me. Big day and all."

"Would it excite you to fail algebra?" the teacher asked. But she was on the defensive now and bluffing; everyone could see that.

"Oh, no, ma'am," the Mule and Pinky Bradley said in unison, their big, confident grins drawing admiring titters.

"We-ll," the teacher said—she was smiling now; she knew how to lose, anyway—"straighten up and fly right, then." She returned with obvious relief to her binomial equations, and Charles peered at the wristwatch of the boy across the aisle. Only ten more minutes. It seemed as if he had just sat down.

Then it was that split instant before the bell, and the class was snapping books shut and swinging feet out into the aisles. The teacher quit in midsentence, placed the pointer in the blackboard trough, and collapsed at her desk. The bell rang.

Charles was caught up and carried in a tidal surge that took him down the stairs, through the main corridor, and into the cavernous auditorium. He slipped into his assigned seat and watched the other students spill in through doors on three sides of the huge hall. Onstage the school band sat in instrument-jiggling readiness. A trumpet blatted experimentally, a tuba whooped. Herschel Mergendahler squeezed in beside Charles. Fat, asthmatic Herschel, who always sat beside Charles in assembly, had also been on the team, but with a difference. Herschel didn't give a damn; he played football only because his father insisted. The prospect of not getting a letter held no terror for Herschel. Charles decided to make him the index of his chances. If Herschel got a letter, so would he. Herschel's name would be called first.

They were on their feet, pledging allegiance to the flag. Then the band was playing a ragged, tromboney version of the *Notre Dame Victory March*, the student body supplying local lyrics ("Cheer, cheer for old Junior High, rattle the rafters with the reply . . .").

Miss Klepke, apparently unwilling to turn so much as her side to her students, slipped crablike onstage. She smiled blindly and smoothed down her dress, waiting for the spattering of applause to subside. Then she glanced off stage, said she supposed that this was what they had all been waiting for, introduced Coach Hardy Flowers, and fled.

Coach Flowers bounded out of the wings, his weight carried forward on the balls of his crepe-soled shoes, ready to pivot in any direction. He rubbed one big knuckle in his ear, acknowledging—and thus prolonging—the ovation. He stood helpless before the student body's adulation for a full minute, then he asked for a little quiet, please.

Very quickly he summarized the past season: not a championship year, maybe, but nothing to be ashamed of. Then he moved into the body of his address, using as a sort of topic outline the same maxims that, framed, lined the walls of his office in the basement of the boys' gymnasium. He said a team that wouldn't be beat, couldn't be beat. He said it wasn't the size of the dog in the fight that mattered, it was the size of the fight in the dog. He said when the going got tough, the tough got going. He said his boys didn't know the meaning of the word "quit."

"Whether it be the game of football or the game of life," he said, "the fella who keeps plugging—the fella with the most intestinal fortitude—is the fella who's gonna come out on top. Intestinal fortitude: You spell that g-u-t-s, students. . . ." Here, he looked at Miss Klepke, as he usually did when his rhetoric skated onto the thin ice of anatomy. She gave him her good-sport smile.

"There are many parallels between those two games, football and life," he continued. "Irregardless of what field of endeavor you students eventually find yourself entered into—I'm speaking primarily to you boys, now—the training you get on the gridiron will see you through.

"When the Duke of Wellington said the Battle of Waterloo was won on the playing fields at Eton, students, he didn't mean that was where they fought it. No, sir. He meant his soldiers whipped

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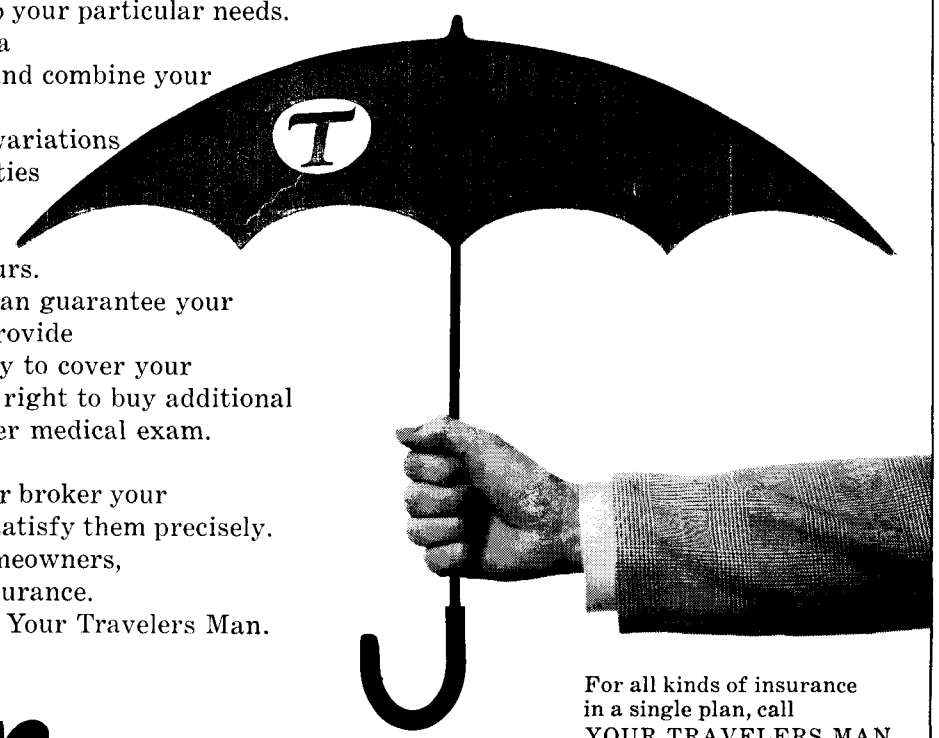

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Napoleon's because they played football, and other games, in school. I'll tell you this, students: The Second World War wasn't won by the kind of fella who spent his life sitting around on the seat of his pants.

"So, in conclusion," Coach Flowers said, "just let me say that I'd like to be able to give a sweater to every boy who gave up his afternoons this fall to come out there"—he motioned vaguely in the direction of the lot used for practice—"and helped make the Green Hornets the fightin'est team in the whole darn state. Like I say, I'd like to be able to give each and every one of you a sweater. But that's impossible, of course."

Charles Padgett felt as if he had been stabbed in the chest with an icicle.

"And so, to all you boys who aren't going to receive sweaters today, just let me say: Thanks, men. It was appreciated." Coach Flowers turned to the wings. "OK, bring out the boxes."

A pair of self-conscious seventh-graders pushed and scooted two large cardboard boxes onstage to loud applause. Coach Flowers opened the first box and brought out a sweater. He displayed it before him like a matador. It was made of a shiny synthetic fabric and dyed a deep, black-based green. It had bright yellow, not gold, piping around the neck and down the front on either side of the buttonholes. Where the right waist-pocket might have been was a large gold block M. It was a beautiful M.

Coach Flowers looked at the name tag inside the left pocket and called out the first name: Willis McClure. A small boy, on the far side of the auditorium, rose, pushed up his glasses, and moved toward the stage on a wave of applause. Willis McClure was the student manager; his M would be qualified by a stitched-on "mgr."

Next, the sweaters for the cheerleaders were lifted out, and three girls and three boys went forward to be rewarded. Their M's would bear tiny megaphones.

An expectant, rustling hush settled on the auditorium. It was time for the real sweaters to be awarded. Charles looked over his shoulder to the rear of the auditorium, where the eighth-graders sat, and found Sharon. She was sitting forward, her small hands gripping the back of the empty seat in front of her. She was watching those boxes.

"Asaff," Coach Flowers announced. "Roger Asaff." A large, swarthy boy stood up and moved forward to a rattle of applause.

Pinky Bradley was next. He received a thunderous ovation, augmented by cheers and whistling, as he moved to the stage. The coach shook his hand and gave his shoulder a fatherly squeeze. "My captain, students," he said. "Best little team leader I ever had. Doesn't know what it is to lose."

Then: "Emil—Mule—Danforth." His applause at least equaled Pinky Bradley's. The coach greeted him almost shyly, in the self-effacing manner of one confronting a rare equal. "The big Mule, students," he said. "One of the few three-year lettermen in the history of this school. Let's show Mule what we think of him." And they did, and they did.

After that the list moved rapidly: "Eubanks . . . Ford . . . Hargis . . . Johnson . . . Jordan . . . Koenig . . . Matlock . . . Mauldin . . ." Then it skipped to Nesbitt—no Mergendahler—and Charles felt it in his chest again. He peeked at Herschel, and Herschel looked sleepy. When the names jumped from Ortega to Radcliffe, Charles felt nothing at all.

They were on their feet again. The band was playing *The World Is Waiting for the Sunrise*, and six hundred young voices, proud and solemn, were singing:

"O Junior High, now hear your sons
and daughters
Pledge anew their loyalty to you.
Down through the years, our love
will know no waning;
Junior High, we sing to you. . . ."

Onstage, a beaming, toe-scuffing semicircle of green-and-gold-sweatered lettermen graciously accepted the school's love and admiration.

"Win a few, lose a few, Padgett," Herschel Mergendahler said on the way out.

Sharon was waiting at Charles's locker. Head down, Charles tried to ignore her. He opened his locker, put away his algebra book, and got down the one for civics. It seemed awfully heavy.

"Charles?" she said to his back. "Charles, I just want you to know I think it's pretty unfair."

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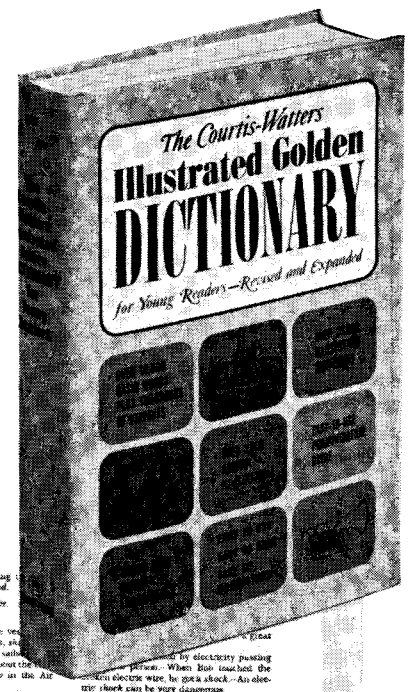

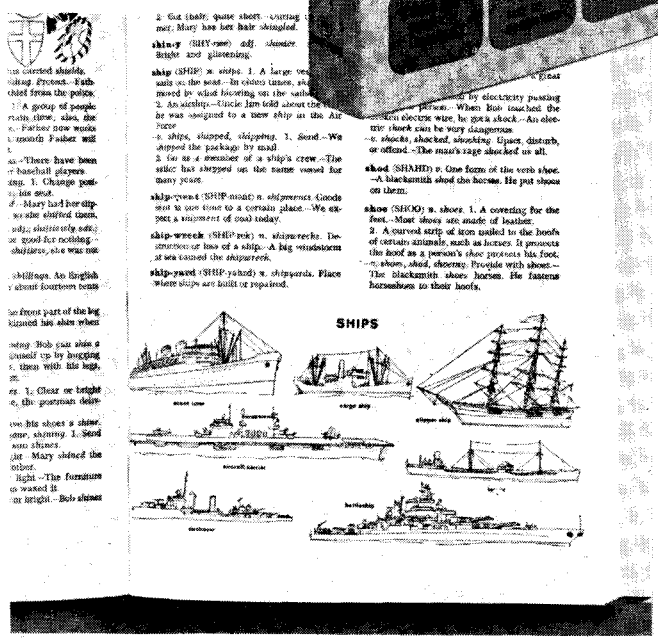

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the remark that cut into him and left him no starting place for framing whatever it was he had planned to tell her. Addressing his feet, he said, "Oh, well, win a few, lose a few, huh?"

"Oh, *Charles*."

"Yeah, well, listen," he said, "I gotta go. Gotta see Miss Klepke."

"All right, Charles, you just run along." There was resignation, born of too much suffering, in her voice. It made him think of a dozen Natalie Wood movies.

"Just tell me this first, before you go," she said. "What do I tell Daddy when he says, 'How'd it go, Sharon?' "

They were both spared his answer by the approach of Pinky Bradley, Mule Danforth, and several other lettermen. They came swinging down the corridor, arms linked—a shouting, shoving phalanx of green and gold. Pinky Bradley pulled the line to a shuddering halt. "Hi, Sharon," he said brightly, then, "Hello, Padgett. How's it going?"

Sharon flashed the smile that made her a cinch for cheerleader next year. "Hello," she said. "That's a mighty pretty sweater, Mister Bradley."

"Thanks," Pinky said. "I'll have to let you wear it sometime."

Swell, Charles thought.

It was then that Mule Danforth, bursting with animal spirit and aching to have his presence acknowledged, stepped forward. Grinning wildly, he brought up a quick right jab that quivered an inch from Charles's belt buckle. "Flinched again, Padgett."

Charles hesitated only briefly before choosing to welcome martyrdom. It seemed the best way to rescue the situation. With baleful dignity, he turned a shoulder to Mule Danforth. He more than half hoped the Mule would knock him through the wall.

But then the Mule crossed him up. With a gesture that Charles could only identify as pity, the big letterman placed a gentle, token tap on his tensed arm, then turned to walk away with the others.

Charles stood motionless for a full second, his arm still braced against his side. Then he decided that the gentle tap wouldn't do at all. Pity was wholly unacceptable to his new mood. "Hey, Danforth!" he shouted. The retreating green backs stopped as a unit. "You forgot to wipe it off, Danforth."

The lettermen shuffled back in a group, with Mule leading the way. Expressionless and without a word, he offered Charles his thick shoulder.

Charles shifted his civics book to his left hand and took a step back to give himself room. He balled his thin fingers into a knobby fist and, aiming for the three gold stripes on the sleeve, swung with everything he had. The smack was satisfyingly loud.

Mule Danforth's expression wavered between pain and outrage. "Jeez, Padgett," he said, "what's the matter with you?"

"You being a sorehead, Padgett?" Pinky Bradley asked. A sorehead was not a good thing to be; in the lexicon of Coach Flowers, the world was divided chiefly between team players and soreheads.

"Nothing's the matter with me," Charles said. "He forgot to wipe it off, so I hit him, that's all. It's part of the game, Team Leader."

"You're a sorehead, Padgett," Pinky Bradley declared.

"OK, I'm a sorehead."

"You ain't got the guts to do it again," the Mule said menacingly.

"Maybe I have."

"Maybe you ain't."

"Ahhh, come on, Mule," Pinky Bradley said. "Leave the sorehead alone." And he began to shepherd the rest of the lettermen away. They shuffled off slowly, their ranks broken now, and all because of one sorehead. "You better take it easy, *Birdie*," the Mule fired back over his shoulder.

"Yeah, you too, Mule," Charles Padgett said, not overly loud. "All you guys take it easy now, hear?"

Charles was just pleased enough with his own parting shot to replay it in his mind. He looked at Sharon, who stood with her books clutched up tight, stunned. It seemed like days since he had seen her.

"I gotta run now, Sharon," he said; then, remembering, he added gently, "I don't know what you should tell your daddy, Shar. Just tell him anything you like, I guess."

There was a bit of a bounce in his step—not enough, though, to catch a disinterested eye—as he walked away from her, down the cold, oblivious corridor. He looked at the big clock on the wall and saw that he'd have to hurry if he wanted to see Miss Klepke about that song, because after that he was going to have to trot down to the school nurse's office. The knuckles on his right hand were swelling, and he had an idea the damn thing was broken. He hoped it was. □

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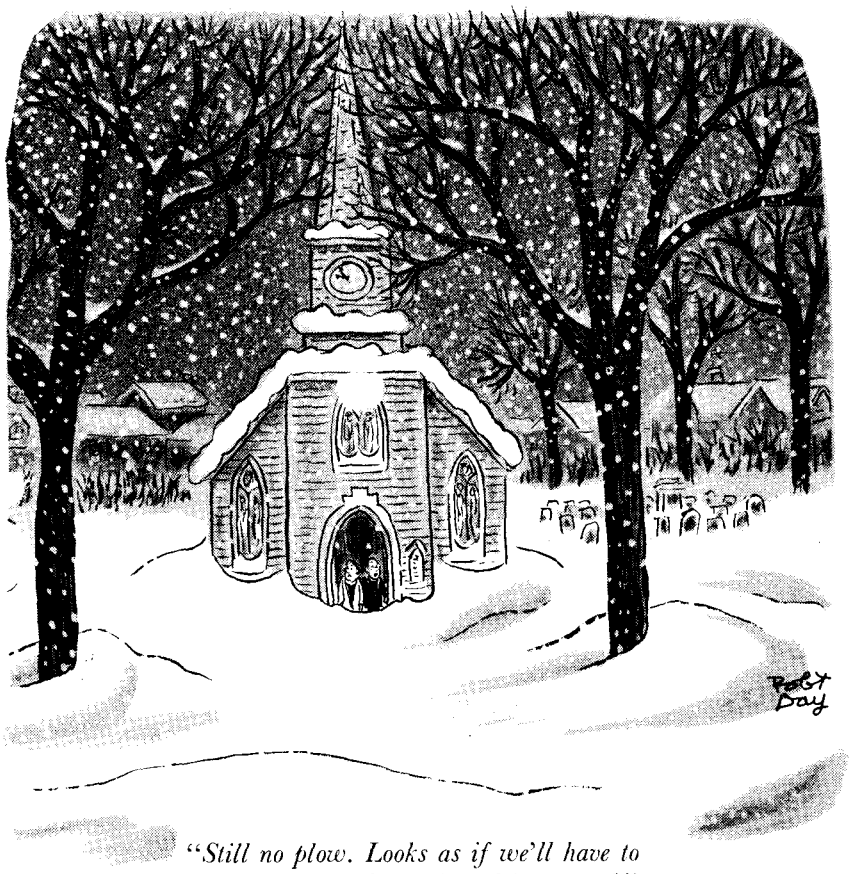
Post scripts

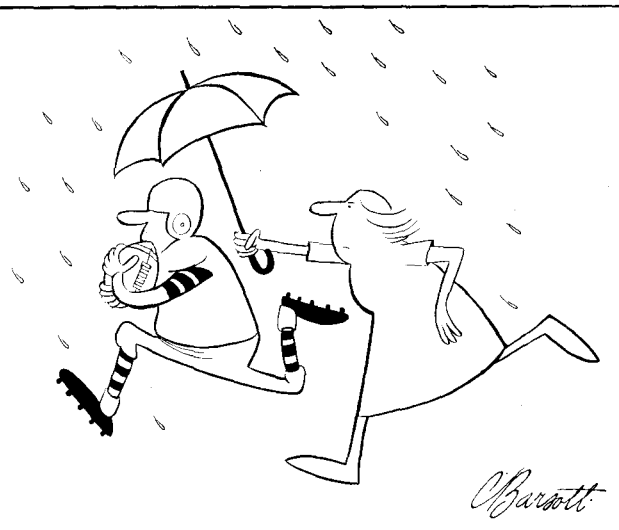
"Fine, sir—now if you'll just fill out these adoption papers. . . ."

"I wonder how much they gave?"



"Still no plow. Looks as if we'll have to settle for the four-wheel-drive crowd."

"It's not that the men don't appreciate all the trouble you went to, chaplain—but couldn't you wear something that'll draw less fire?"



'Tis the Season

I go for recorded hymn and carol,
I go for holiday apparel,
I go for tinseled decoration,
I go for gay illumination,
I go for Christmas card and seal,
I go for charity appeal,
I go for Christmas feast and toddy,
I go for gifts for everybody.

In other words, like other folk,
Comes Christmas, and I go for broke.

SELMA RASKIN

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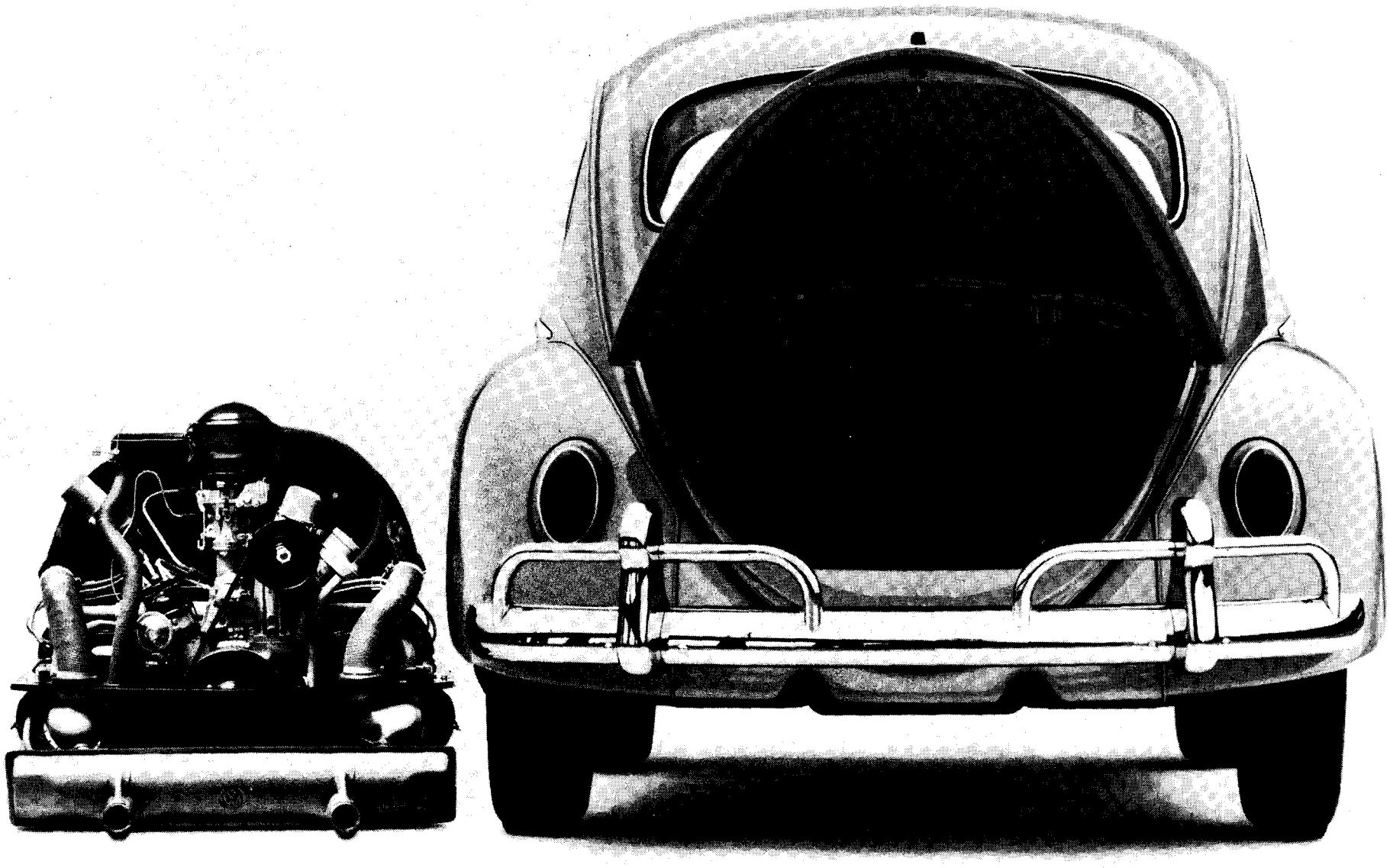

Which came first?

The Volkswagen engine came first.

Then the car was designed to go in front.

(Our engineers claim that the reason for the car is to carry the engine around.)

While that's a slight exaggeration, we did know all about the engine before we knew anything about the car.

We knew it would go in the back because you get better traction that way.

We knew it would be air-cooled so it wouldn't ever need water or anti-freeze.

We knew it would use pitifully little gas and need precious few repairs.

As you know, we're still at it; we try to make the whole VW better every year.

But the engine is still our pride and joy.

We machine parts to ridiculous tolerances. We assemble every engine by hand. And we run each one twice (and adjust it twice) before we let it go.

(This year, there's an extra bonus: about 25% more power. But the size is the same and so is the economy.)

All too often, car engines are stuffed in wherever there's room up front.

But we put first things last.

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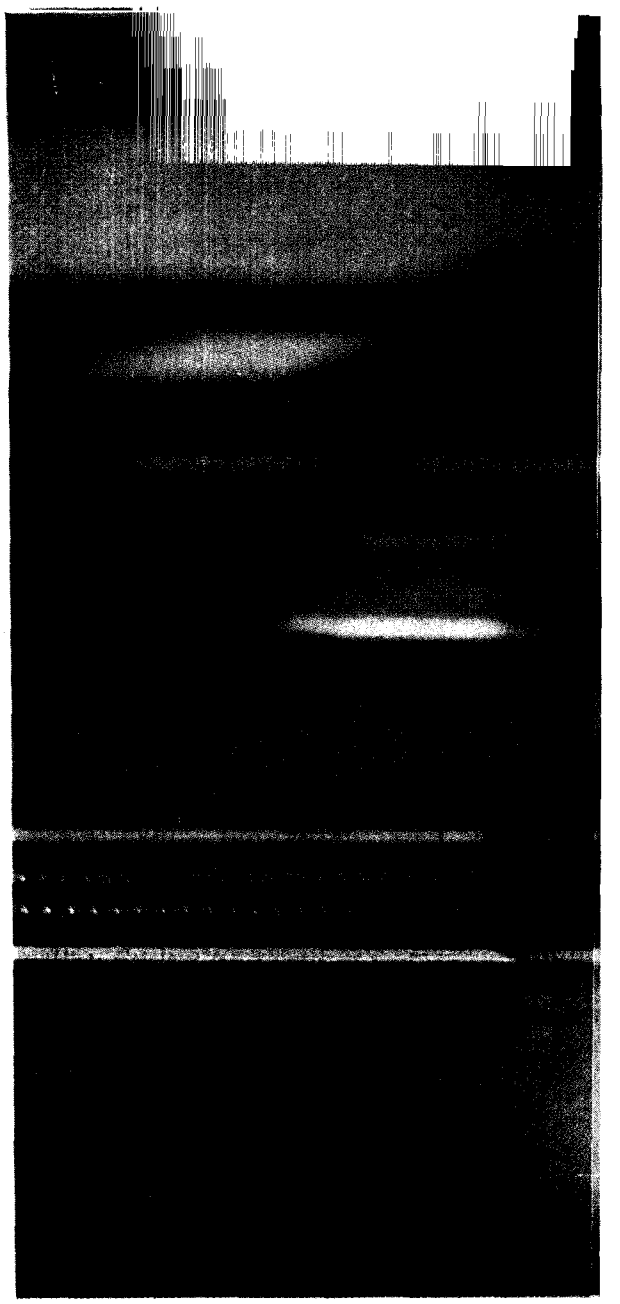
Big deal on tiny wheels

The thrill-packed, safe & snug world of model-car racing, as seen by one of the three million grown-up Americans hooked on the fad.

By Thomas Meehan



I came screeching over the Dunlop bridge, braked down for the Terte Rouge corner, and then, gunning my Ferrari 250 GTO up to 425, roared down the Mulsanne straightaway and seconds later, after expertly taking the Arnage corner and the Esses, flashed across the finish line. Once again, Fireball Meehan, the world's most daring and fearless slot-car driver, had raced to victory in a grueling 100-lap test of endurance, beating Wally Ferderber—who had spun out on the 87th lap in his DB-5—by three full laps.

"Nice race, Wally, old buddy," I said graciously, unbuckling my crash helmet, but then the mood of the moment was broken by the voice of my wife, Karen, calling from the top of the cellar stairs.

"Aren't you two men *ever* coming up from down there?" she asked wearily. "I mean, you've been in the cellar for three hours playing with those *toys*."

"They are not toys," I said emphatically, as Wally and I, our crash helmets pushed rakishly back on our heads, trooped up to our wives. "They are slot cars—and slot-car racing is America's biggest new fad, in case you haven't heard."

"Well, *I* haven't heard," put in Wally's wife, Wanda, briskly. "In fact, to the best of my knowledge, you two are the only nitwits in the entire world racing those idiotic teeny-tiny cars."

"*Ha*—a lot you know," said Wally hotly. "More Americans race slot cars than go skiing. And skiing is supposed to be a booming, big-deal sport."

"Some *sport*, slot-car racing—indoors and sitting down," said Karen. "And why do you have to wear those ridiculous-looking crash helmets?"

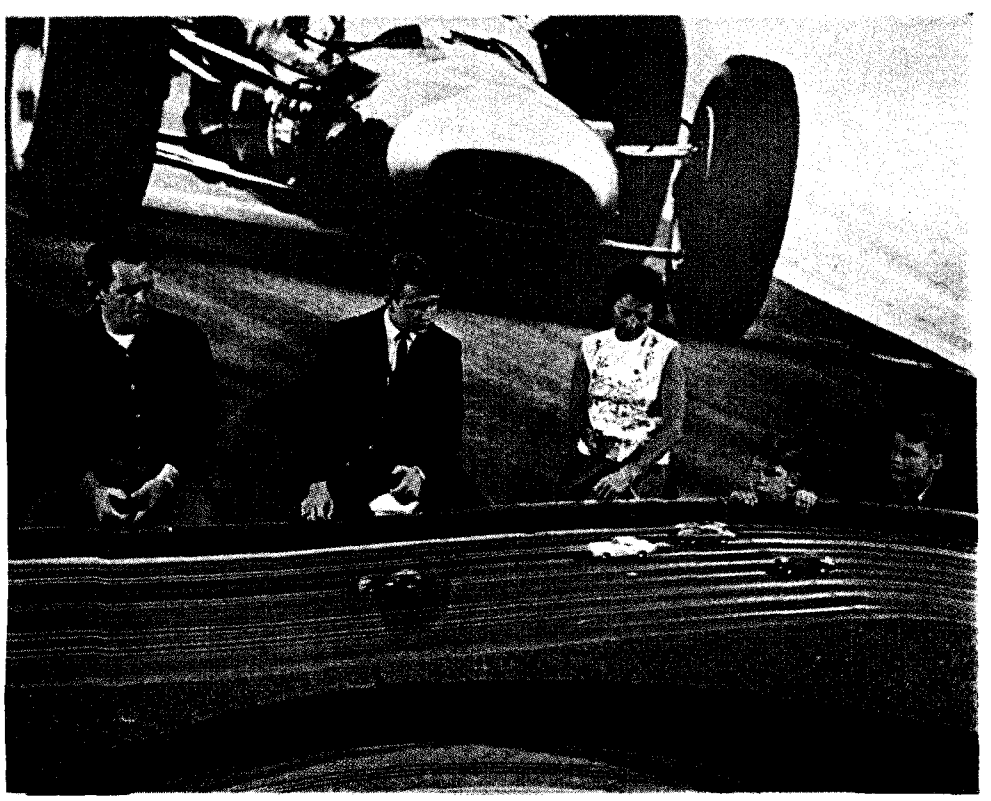
"It's just that we might bump our heads on the rafters down there," I answered weakly. "I mean, that cellar has a real low ceiling."

"I don't even know how slot cars work," said Wanda, "but I think that two *grown men* who . . ."

But let us now end this scene, for I note that, like Wanda Ferderber, three or four of my readers are also slightly vague on the matter of slot cars. First, a slot car is a plastic scale model of a real car—usually 1/87th, 1/32nd, or 1/24th the size of, say, a Mercedes 300 SL "Gullwing"—that scoots around a plastic track in which there are four to eight parallel lanes, called slots. Each car is equipped with a tiny but powerful electric engine which picks up its power from electric current running through the slot. And the amount of this current is controlled by a handheld rheostat, with which the driver of the Lilliputian slot car can make his racer go faster or slower. The skill in slot-car racing lies in the delicate manipulation of the rheostat, for if a driver takes a curve too fast, his car will spin out and crash, like a real car, although the driver will not therefore be killed or crippled like a real driver, which is one of the major advantages of slot-car racing over real-car racing.

While there are those who consider slot racing a form of madness, Wally Ferderber and I are scarcely alone in our fascination for the sport. In the past year some six million Americans (about 45% of whom are adults) spent more than $150 million on slot cars, or considerably more money than was spent in the United States this year on golfing equipment. Indeed, overshadowing surfing, skiing, and even professional football, slot-car racing, from a financial point of view, is the fastest-growing sport in America. Industry experts confidently predict that sales next year will break $200 million, and that slot-car racing will soon replace bowling as the nation's favorite indoor sport.

"The beauty of the slot-car business is that it exactly parallels the automobile industry," a beaming slot-car manufacturer noted recently. "That is, we've got built-in obsolescence working for us—a slot car, like a real car, ultimately wears out and has to be replaced. Plus, there's the business of status. Who wants to be driving a 1964 scale-model Sting Ray when he can drive a new 1966 scale-model Sting Ray? Like Detroit, we put out dozens of models, costing from one dollar and forty-nine cents for some such car as the 1965 Mustang, to seven dollars and ninety-five cents, for a model of, say, the Maserati 5000. Slot cars are no passing fad. As far as sales and interest are concerned, there's nowhere to go but up."



At the 72-lane Aurora Hobby Raceway on Long Island, three slot-car daredevils take vicarious chances on the banked curves and S-turns of the "Grand Concourse."

No one seems to know exactly who invented slot cars, but it is generally agreed that they first turned up in England some 50 years ago. The 1915 slot car, however, was slow, heavy and expensive, and it wasn't until the late 1940's—when the technical problems of plastic molds, miniaturization, and high r.p.m.'s had at last been solved—that the modern-day slot car made its appearance. At that time, slot-car racing became something of a minor craze in England, but cars still cost about $50 each. The sport had few followers in this country until 1959, when the Aurora Plastics Corporation, of West Hempstead, N.Y., a manufacturer of hobby kits, put the first mass-produced American slot cars on the market.

Aurora initially concentrated on small sets using inch-long 1/87th-scale cars. Then, in 1961, slot-car racing parlors, where one could race larger cars on tracks as long as 220 feet, began to pop up, mainly in California. Aurora and a number of other companies that had hurriedly jumped into the slot-car game quickly tooled up to turn out cars six to eight inches long. Today there are more than 3,000 slot-racing parlors in the United States, with new parlors opening up at the frantic rate of 20 a day. California is still the hot center of the sport, but it is rapidly spreading to the Middle West and the East, where slot-car entrepreneurs are getting ready for a boom this winter.

There are now some 50 companies manufacturing slot cars and associated equipment, including Strombecker, L.M. Cox, Monogram, Revell, and Lionel, which got into the business when slot cars

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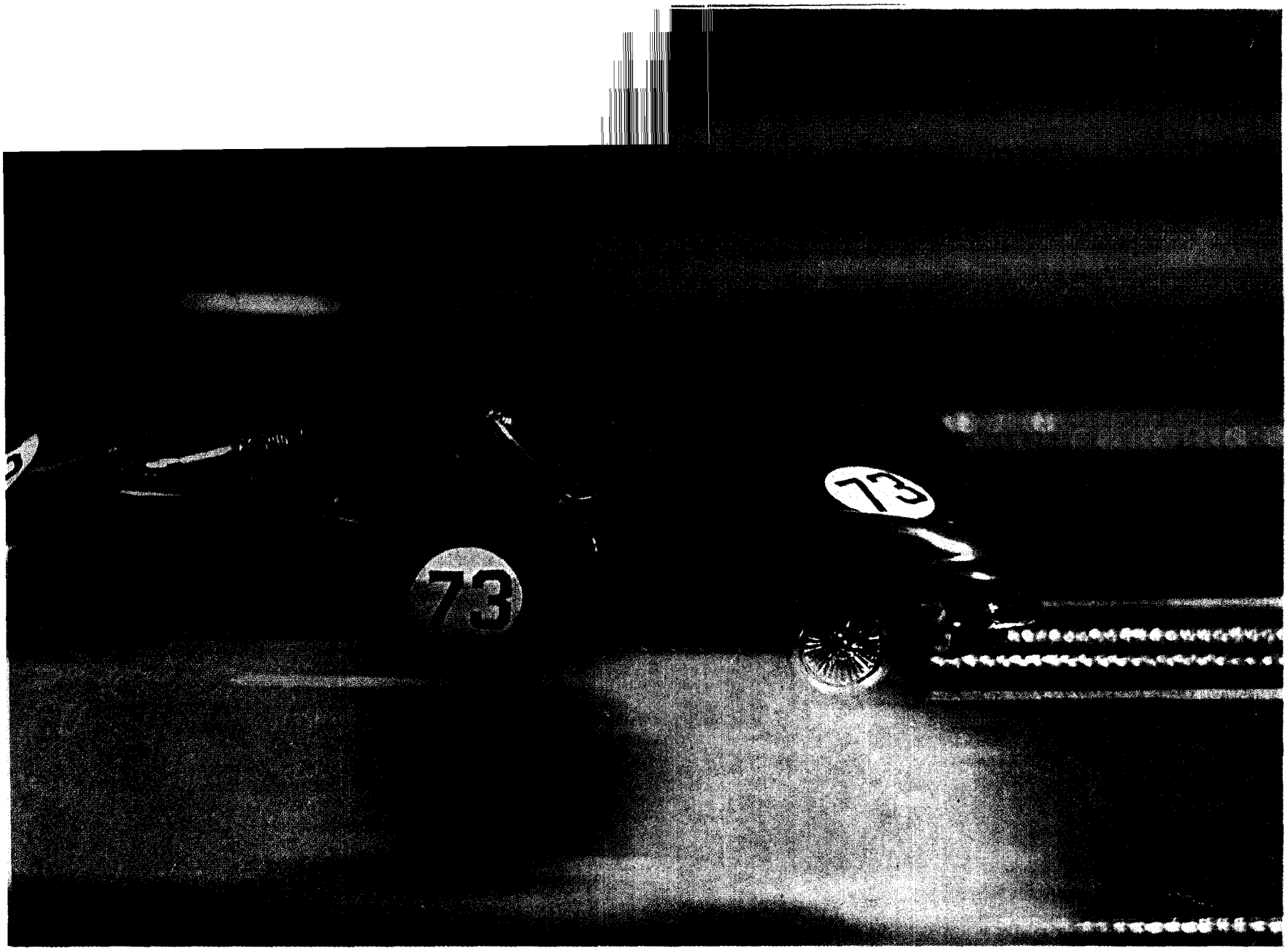

began to cut sharply into model-train sales. "You can race slot cars, while model trains merely chug boringly around in circles," a slot-car manufacturer remarked not long ago. "In the past five years, as slot-car sales have rocketed upward, model-train sales have plummeted from $100 million a year to about $30 million a year."

As further evidence that the slot-car craze is now in high gear, there are today more than 5,000 slot-car racing clubs and societies in America; there are six monthly magazines that concern themselves almost exclusively with slot cars (*Model Car & Track, Model Car Science*, etc., featuring articles like "How to Buy a Used Slot Car," "Miniature Racing Rambles," and "Road Testing Monogram's Cooper Ford").

Essentially, there are two kinds of slot-car fanatics, those who do their racing in parlors, and those who race on home layouts, and I suspect that I myself am somewhat typical of the at-home racer. As a long-time admirer of real-car drivers like Graham Hill and Richie Ginther, I had for years considered buying myself a Ford and getting into international Grand Prix competition, but one circumstance had held me back—I happen to suffer from a morbid fear of instant death. Thus, last August, when a friend first told me about slot-car racing, I immediately hustled over to the nearest hobby shop, where I made a quick survey of the home layouts on the market. For as little as $20, I found, one could get a small 1/87th-scale system, while one could spend as much as $500 on a 1/24th-scale setup. Ultimately, I compromised for a 1/32nd-scale layout, plunking down $139.45 for a pair of Ferraris, a 100-foot-scale replica of the Le Mans track, a transformer, and two Mark 4-15 Ohm Controllers—that is, the rheostats. Eagerly lugging home these purchases, I retired to my cellar, where I stayed up until three A.M., setting up my track on the floor, happily test-driving my Ferraris and becoming irrevocably hooked on slot-car racing. The rest, of course, is racing history. For the past four months I have spent three hours per evening in my cellar, slowly transforming myself into a daredevil expert. By day, I am meek, mild-mannered Thomas Meehan, a plumpish blue-collar worker on the downhill skids to middle age, but by night I am Fireball Meehan, the handsome terror of Le Mans, leading a rich, full fantasy life in the shadow of my furnace. To help my fantasies along, I have—like many home slot-car drivers—placed teeny-tiny plastic drivers at the wheels of my Ferraris and "scenic-ed" my track—that is, added miniature trees, shrubs and houses to lend my little world even more verisimilitude, and I have also put up teeny-tiny bleachers filled with even teenier and tinier people to cheer me on as I roar recklessly to victory.

Nowadays, however, because of the considerable expense of 1/32nd and 1/24th scale home layouts, the majority of slot-car drivers prefer to do their racing at parlors. The typical parlor has two or three eight-lane layouts, each perhaps 220 feet long and each costing from $1,400 to $8,000. The driver pays $1.60 an hour to race, plus 50 cents to rent a car if he doesn't own one. Most often, racers show up in small groups to compete either individually or in club, factory or school teams. There are slot-car racing squads at U.C.L.A., Princeton, Yale and Penn State. Many husbands and wives also race against each other, presumably to get hostilities out of their systems. "Slot-car racing, like bowling, is a *very* family-togetherness sport," says a Los Angeles slot-car parlor proprietor.

It is also rapidly becoming a highly competitive professional sport, with Grand Prix races, 24-hour endurance races (known to insiders as "enduros"), and televised national championships. In the past year, in fact, American Model Car Raceways, Inc., a manufacturer of slot-car tracks, gave out $100,000 in prize money to the winners of championship slot-car races. According to industry experts, within a couple of years there will be more prize money to be earned from slot-car racing in the United States than there will be from real-car racing. The more serious racers build their cars from scratch, sometimes spending as much as $50 on teeny-tiny parts. There are now on the market nearly 5,000 different slot-car parts, from almost microscopic door hinges to little lug wrenches.

Slot-car manufacturers work from blueprints of real cars supplied by real-car manufacturers. Ford, General Motors, Chrysler, *et al*, decided a few years ago, after some soul searching, that the slot-car craze is a good thing for the automobile industry, since, as they figure it, anyone who races a miniature Sting Ray may later be inclined to buy himself a real Sting Ray. Moreover, the automobile companies give the slot-car manufacturers advance blueprints of new cars, and when Ford unveiled the Mustang, in April, 1964, Aurora was able to put a scale-model Mustang on the market at the same time. The scale-model Mustang was the best-selling slot car of all time; Aurora sold a million Mustangs last year, or more than twice as many as Ford sold.

Slot-car racing has lately become a major sport in England, France, Germany, Australia, and Japan, as well as in the United States, and all sorts of people are now going in for it, including the Chicago Bears football team; Don Adams, the star of television's *Get Smart;* Gov. William Scranton of Pennsylvania; Dan Blocker of *Bonanza;* Mel Torme; Bill Stern; Walter Cronkite; and such real-car drivers as Dan Gurney. The fact that real-car drivers are taking up slot-car racing delights slot-car manufacturers. "I envision the time, in about twenty years," one slot-car maker said dreamily the other day, "when, on Memorial Day in Indianapolis, the outdoor track will be deserted and one hundred thousand screaming fans will be jammed into an indoor arena watching 1/24th-scale slot cars race. Ah, brave new world!" □

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN LAUNOIS

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WHY MR. JARVIS DESERVES TORTURE

Each year at his bidding, 1,500 volunteers embark on a nightmarish trek through darkest Illinois, unscrambling riddles and scrambling for treasure.

By Lewis H. Lapham

Photographs by Art Shay

Sitting at this shabby desk in a motel room somewhere on the outskirts of Chicago, I have wasted the last half hour with idle thoughts of ancient Chinese systems of torture. At present I incline toward the slow procedure of dropping beads of water on the subject's forehead, and in the fantasy that then occurs to me I see the water drop on the head of Kenneth W. Jarvis.

If for a moment I am moved to pity, I need only look again at the objects littering the desk on either side of the typewriter. These include a toy plastic bomb, a rubber ball, a bottle of aspirin, two compasses, a child's game of pickup sticks and a map of Chicago's North Shore suburbs. The plastic bomb and the rubber ball have been torn into small pieces; at least 30 of the 100 aspirin tablets have been divided into precise halves; the map is marked with wandering red lines.

If I myself had not reduced these objects to their present condition (last night, while driving over country roads that I hope never to see again), I might accept them as evidence of a bizarre madness. I cannot now remember tearing the rubber ball apart, but the other people in the car say that I did, with a loud and terrible glee.

It was Jarvis, of course, who led us all into it. Rumors of his annual treasure hunt had reached New York earlier in the week. The hunt involved 1,500 people searching across an area of 600 square miles. About Jarvis I knew nothing except that he was an inventor and electronics engineer supposedly possessed of a malevolent genius for conceiving riddles.

"A subtle and sometimes fiendish mind," I had been told. "You know, like Professor Moriarty."

My first encounter with him was misleading. Walking away from the gate at the airport in Chicago, we talked of innocent things. He seemed a kindly person, 64 years old, amiable enough, a man with gray eyes, 17 grandchildren, and a harmless interest in puzzles and games.

In the parking lot outside the terminal he discovered that he had misplaced his car, which struck me as being hardly the sort of thing expected from a man of his reputation. "A blue one," he said. "I'm sure it's here somewhere."

We found it after 20 minutes, and Jarvis apologized for the inconvenience. The incident lulled me into an attitude of false confidence, and I failed to appreciate the full significance of his opening remark on the drive into town.

"First we'll stop off and get the lion," he said.

He said no more about it, and I assumed he meant some kind of stuffed animal. He drove absentmindedly, ignoring the other traffic, often expressing himself with vague gestures of his right hand. "We're not out for blood, mind you," he said. "The prizes aren't worth anything—it's the feeling of elation and triumph when you finally get the answer."

He explained that 20 clues had been set out in a wide circle that passed through the communities of Winnetka, Wilmette, Lake Forest, Highland Park, Northbrook and Buffalo Grove. Each of the 20 clues consisted of either an object, a written message or an observable sight, or sound. When correctly interpreted, they told the location of the next clue in the sequence. The hunt thus possessed

In a northwest Chicago suburb, Mrs. Dorothy Flannery, a cheerful gamester, looks for a clue concealed in a storm sewer decorated for the evening with festive streamers of colored paper.

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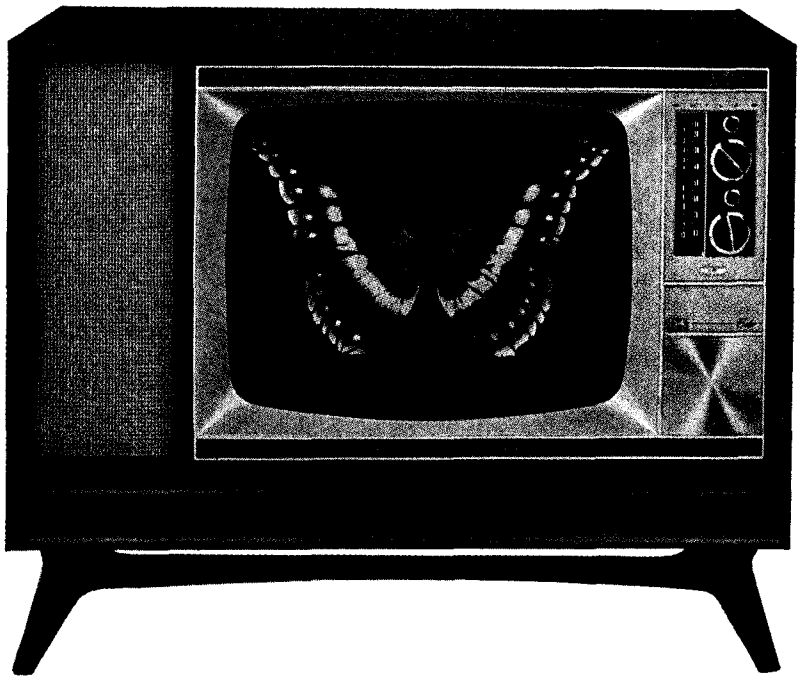
So you told your next-door neighbor you're not getting color tv until somebody gets the bugs out of it?

Better get a new story.

Or a new Philco.



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two elements—the solution of an apparent riddle and the actual finding of the next one. The clues could be in a tree, in a pond, under a rock, anywhere at all.

"A matter of the right degree of mystification," Jarvis said. "Communicating a message and then putting some noise around it. Keep 'em off balance, that's the thing."

For two weeks prior to the hunt he had consulted every evening with his committee of 30, a group of friends and neighbors who helped with the placing of the clues. He calculated that together they had worked for 4,000 hours on the necessary arrangements. The total cost of the game amounted to about $6,000, of which $4,500 had been subscribed by the participants, all of whom would attend a dinner at the end of the night's hunt. So many people had asked to play this year that Jarvis had been obliged to run the game on two successive weekends. I had arrived on the Friday evening of the second round.

Although Jarvis had thought up only half the clues, he reserved, as chairman of the committee, the right of executive veto. "I'm completely arbitrary about it," he said. "I make the decisions. There's no vote or anything."

This dictatorial strain in his character became unmistakably clear at the pet shop where, to my dismay, Jarvis asked the manager to show him some lions. I had not considered the possibility of a shop that dealt, as this one did, with circuses.

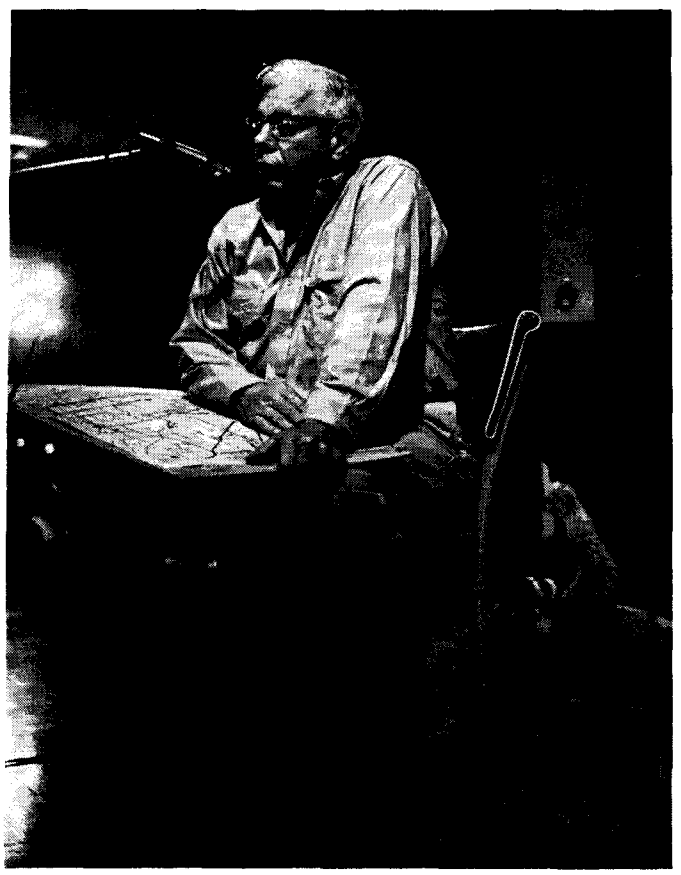
The manager dragged two lion cubs up the basement stairs. They emerged struggling against their leashes, clawing at everything in sight. Despite the manager's earnest advice to the contrary, Jarvis chose the larger of the two.

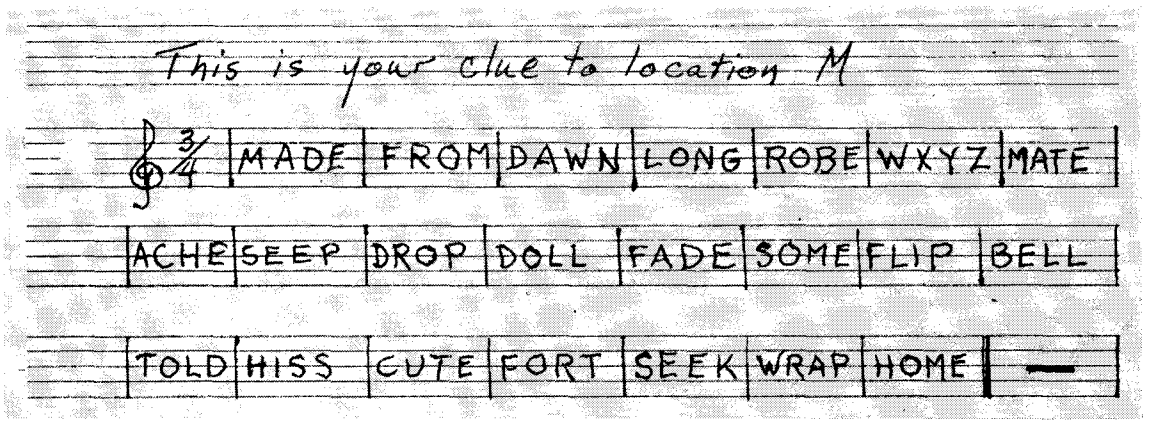
"More theatrical," he said.

He wrestled briefly with the animal and pushed it into an orange crate. Loading the crate onto a shopping cart, he rolled it out to his car and tied it into the trunk with some rope.

On the way back to his house in Winnetka the lion screeched and growled, shaking its crate in a rage whenever the car stopped for a red light. Jarvis, absorbed in the details of his hunt, ignored it. "Forget the lion," he said. "That's my problem."

At post-game dinner, Master of the Hunt Kenneth Jarvis, backed by a friendly lion, explains puzzles of the game.




This is your clue to location M
3/4
MADE FROM DAWN LONG ROBE WXYZ MATE
ACHE SEEP DROP DOLL FADE SOME FLIP BELL
TOLD HISS CUTE FORT SEEK WRAP HOME

The first clue. Should it have been read backward? Up and down? Maybe by taking every consonant? Or simply sung?

Listening to him talk in a mild, enraptured voice, like a professor lecturing on butterflies, I suddenly suspected a larger reality behind his gentle appearance. For one or two nights a year, always at about the time of the autumnal equinox, Kenneth Jarvis could conceive of his game as an image of the world and, of himself, its creator, as a minor suburban deity.

"The fundamental rule," he said, "is that the players must do exactly as they are told, no matter how foolish or childish it might seem. If they come to some other conclusion, then they aren't where they belong."

It was at that point, somewhere on the Edens Expressway, heading north toward Winnetka with a lion roaring in the trunk, that I knew the game would not be easy.

Jarvis dismissed the subject of his other occupations in a few impatient sentences. He had patented a number of electronic devices, and every now and then he hired himself out to companies in need of consultation. The thought of steady employment in a large organization bored him, and he regarded his occasional assignments as pleasant pastimes. "It embarrasses me to take their money," he said. "That kind of work is fun; that's living; that's play."

He presented the first of his treasure hunts in the fall of 1942, laying out a course over an area of 40 square miles for 75 friends. Since then he has conducted his hunts every year, over a gradually larger area for an increasing number of people.

At Jarvis's house, on a pleasant suburban street shaded with elms, two members of his committee unloaded the lion and left it, brooding in suspicious silence, on the front lawn. Through the windows of the house I could see volunteer women stuffing things in shopping bags, but Jarvis, fearing that I might gain an unfair advantage, asked that I not go in.

The game would begin between seven and eight P.M. at the high school in Glenview, and Jarvis sent me off with a sheaf of papers and a heavy wooden box containing a ruler, Band-Aids, a T square, scissors, thumbtacks, safety pins, razor blades, crayons, calipers and a ball of string. "Perhaps you forgot to bring some of these things from New York," he said. "And don't eat too much at dinner; it dulls the mind."

Applying the fundamental rule of the game (do exactly as you are told), I found a nearby motel and ordered a lean steak, sliced tomatoes and a glass of milk. While at dinner I toyed with the devices in the box and read through the papers Jarvis had given me. These elaborated on the rules already explained and listed the telephone numbers of the local towing, police and ambulance services.

Nobody had ever been seriously hurt on one of Jarvis's hunts, but, if anything went wrong, he wanted everybody to know where to get help. The rules forbade the drinking of hard liquor and the use of walkie-talkies.

By 7:30 P.M. an enthusiastic crowd of about 700 people had assembled in the high-school parking lot. The last light had faded from the sky; a cold wind was streaked with rain. The players were dressed as if for duck shooting, the men in hunting caps and checkered lumber jackets, the women in heavy slacks and scarves. They stood in line under an archway, waiting to receive their first clues from a lady at a wooden table.

Everybody went off to the cars in teams of five or six. I was assigned to a team with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Fetter and Mr. and Mrs. David Bair, experienced players who had gone out on the hunts for several years.

Confused as I was by the demands of the game and the shadowy light on the roads, I never got a close look at any one of them. They were friendly people, between 40 and 50 years old, but now I remember them only as voices in the dark.

While Fetter waited in line for the starting clue, the rest of us sat in Bair's car, examining the contents of the shopping bag that had been given to each team. The bag contained two maps of the 600 square miles over which we were to search, another sheaf of mimeographed forms, two straight pins, two compasses and a package of "emergency clues." Together with these additional items, the contents of my own heavy box and a collection of similar instruments brought by the Bairs and the Fetters, the front seat of the car soon resembled the chartroom on the bridge of a ship.

The map, drawn to scale, showed about 100 circled numbers. From each circle an arrow pointed to a spot that, with the help of the calipers and a ruler, could be measured to within 50 feet of an actual location. Of the circled numbers, only 20 referred to real clues; the rest amounted to nothing more than an element of Jarvis's so-called "noise."

If at any time a team agreed that it could not decipher a clue, then it could open the relevant "emergency clue," which described the location of the next clue in plain language. "They have the emergencies," Jarvis had said, "but they hate to use them. They're too stubborn; they spend an hour or more when they shouldn't."

Each team was allowed until 1:30 A.M. to complete the course, the winner to be the one that solved the most clues in the shortest elapsed time. At the end of the game, a team would be penalized 20 minutes for each opened emergency envelope, but this consideration ceased to concern our team before the game was two hours old.

We began, however, with high hopes. Our papers and gadgets had been arranged in a neat order when Fetter arrived on the dead run, with the first clue. This was an envelope which contained a nonsensical message printed on a music staff with a ¾ time signature.

An awkward silence ensued. The five of us passed the paper back and forth, and everybody advanced tentative interpretations. Possibly the first letters? Reading forward? Backward? Maybe if you took every consonant? Every vowel? Were we supposed to sing it?

Looking now at the same dog-eared paper in front of me, between the small plastic bomb and the ruined rubber ball, I cannot imagine how we could have been so stupid, so clumsy, so inept.

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Sentry's mighty pleased to insure 'small' businessmen like the Moloney Brothers...

Put yourself in the Moloney brothers' place. You have a small business. Smaller than A&P, that is. And it's successful.

But competition is tough! You have to grow to keep going.

You know how that is. So does Sentry. Even though we sell all kinds of insurance these days: life, fire, auto, homeowners, etc., we never forget how we began.

Our business was started by small businessmen who formed the company to insure *themselves*. So, naturally we know the grief (and the fun) there is in running your own show. And we feel this gives us a special insight into small business. An understanding nobody else has.

Take the Moloney brothers' situation. The war was over. The brothers had gotten out of the service. The meat market their grandfather had started in 1879 was being run by their father: Moloney's Market, Bayonne, N. J.

Lots to be done. The boys dug in. Problems. All kinds. Insurance was one of them.

But the Moloney Market grew. From 12 feet of counter to 42 feet. And a corner store. From Dad and the brothers to 5 salaried butchers—plus 2 extra butchers on weekends. From $1,500 to over $7,000 a week in sales.

Reason? Quality. And delivery. Moloney delivers!

But even though the Moloney brothers were growing, they still had a problem. Insurance.

In came the Sentry man.

He took a look with the eye of a man who knows what to look for in a small business.

For one thing, he found the workmen's compensation policy they held at the time didn't entitle them to any savings, no matter how good their safety record was. The Sentry man sat down and did some figuring. When he got done he had worked out a policy that could save the brothers up to 32% a year. Not bad for openers. What could they've saved if they had been with us all along?

What could *you* be saving?

Why, even A&P might be saving! But we can't consider A&P just now. Be a great client, mind you. But even though Sentry does $135,000,000 a year, we couldn't take on giants like A&P and still give the kind of service we want to give to people like the Moloney brothers. And you.

The Sentry man is in the Yellow Pages. Maybe you ought to call him. Join the 76,968 other small businessmen who are now getting the benefit of Sentry's *understanding of small business.*

SENTRY® INSURANCE

the "small" business that got big serving "small" business.

...it's a darn shame we can't do the same for A&P.

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The answer to the wretched thing was in the time signature. Each word had four letters; the third letter in each word, when read in sequence, spelled the title of the song, *Down by the Old Mill Stream.* Unfortunately, to our shame and despair, we were obliged to open the emergency clue to find it out.

The emergency clue indicated a point on the map where an Old Mill Road crossed a stream. During the 10-mile drive over bad roads to that place, we comforted ourselves with the hope that the other clues would be easier, that we hadn't yet hit our stride. Fetter, a professor of economics at Northwestern University, suspiciously examined and re-examined the map through a magnifying glass. Bair, an electrical engineer, drove the car.

At the start each car had been assigned a number (ours was 204), and at most places the clues were contained in an envelope marked with the corresponding number. These envelopes were always tied or strung together in a cluster, like bananas on a stalk. Each team took its own envelope, leaving the rest for the players yet to come. We found our second clue stuffed into a drainpipe under a bridge at the edge of the stream.

Once the mud had been scraped from the envelope, it yielded a small piece of yellow cardboard on which a crossword puzzle had been printed. We turned it over, passed it around, held it up to the light on the roof of the car, measured the distances between the squares. Nothing. Nothing at all.

"Some of them are pretty farfetched," Mr. Bair said from the back seat. "Nobody thinks like that Ken Jarvis—he thinks everything is easy."

"Anybody want a plum?" Mrs. Fetter said, offering a paper bag.

The plums didn't help. Neither did the attempt to work the puzzle. Sullenly, without any effort at good sportsmanship, we opened the second emergency clue. The solution involved three distinct procedures.

First, one was expected to fill in the crossword, not paying any attention to the meaning of the words but only to their length—blacking in the spaces. This resulted in a diagonal line of unused spaces that formed an arrow.

Then, if one had noticed a tiny pinhole in the puzzle at the base of the arrow (which we did not), and if one also noticed a similar pinhole in the map (at Old Mill Road), the conclusion became obvious. By inserting a pin into both holes one could revolve the cardboard until the arrow pointed on the map to circle 85.

I describe this in detail only to demonstrate the complexity of the game. I am not trying to justify the dark instinct toward revenge that overwhelmed me on that lonely road.

At circle 85 we came upon some dark and forbidding woods. The night had grown colder, but the sky had cleared, and the stars glimmered through the trees. Mrs. Fetter was reluctant to leave the car. "This is the grim part," she said.

The week before, during the hunt by the first round of 750 players, a junk dealer had set dogs on some treasure hunters crossing his property; another man had threatened a player with a shotgun. Earlier in the evening all of us had signed papers absolving Kenneth Jarvis from liability in the event of an accident.

Blundering through the underbrush, reassuring each other with signals from our flashlights, we at last found a bunch of envelopes in a grove of aspen trees. But the envelope contained an idiot rhyme:

For your pleasure we will be
Innocent of all deviltrie
Fun by car
Trial by truth
You will find suits you to a T.

That one we got. Mrs. Fetter observed that by reading down the first letters of each line and by reading up the last letters one discovered the number "fifty-three."

With renewed hope we proceeded to circle 53, and there found a roadside restaurant. On our entrance the manager, apparently expecting us, showed us to a table in a corner. None of us said anything, but a slyly smiling waitress nevertheless served us with coffee and a rectangular vanilla cake cut into six equal pieces.

Fortunately we examined the cake instead of eating it. The decorative blue ridges in the white icing had been arranged so that when the pieces were fitted together, the blue lines formed the number 69. The cake was very gooey and the re-arrangement demanded a delicate touch.

On leaving the restaurant I noticed another team confronting the same problem. "Thank God," a woman said, "at last we got something to eat."

Just as I went out the door I saw the man opposite her, presumably her husband, sitting slumped with his face in his hands. "Please Carol," I heard him say, "tell me you didn't really eat it."

We had our own troubles, however, and the misfortunes of others failed to move me. For the rest of the evening we drove on in deepening insecurity and gloom, opening emergency clues at regular intervals, all illusions of victory vanishing like plumes of smoke.

Our small talk dissolved into uneasy silence. We sat staring straight ahead at the wavering beam of our headlights on the bleak and empty roads.

At circle 69 the envelopes had been tied to the chimney of a cabin in a forest preserve. Later on, at another spot, there was a number concealed in the cotton of a bottle of aspirin; another number was painted on the side of a Good Humor truck that kept changing its position. There was a child's paddleball game hidden in a bag under a construction scaffolding, and for some reason the ball had to be cut open to find a nail on which there were four grooves.

One clue we found by mistake, by means of a tortured and devious logic that I have mercifully forgotten. At several places we encountered other players, their flashlights flickering in the woods or along the shore of a pond. Toward the end I could no longer bear to look into their smug faces as they hurried back to their cars, shouting to their friends that they had found a clue for which we had long searched in vain.

Occasionally, at those places where more than one car stopped, I caught a fleeting glimpse of Jarvis. He would appear abruptly from behind a tree or wall. Sometimes he would merely stand around and watch; sometimes he would introduce himself to people in the midst of their deliberations.

"Hello, I'm Ken Jarvis," he would say, interrupting some line of reasoning. "Do you honestly think we would make that big a mistake?"

By midnight I had lost all sense of direction. I stopped reading road signs; I no longer looked at the map. We crossed and recrossed the Edens Expressway so often that I began to think of it as a road I had once seen in a dream, a long, white road leading nowhere.

I dimly remember searching through a gravel pile for a game of pick-up sticks; also a ruined cottage in which some children in Halloween costumes made ghostly noises and clanked their chains. At another place in a forest four loudspeakers dangled from trees, each of them emitting a steady signal. These signals canceled each other out unless you stood at a certain spot and could hear that one of them was broadcasting the number 34.

Somehow the game ended at the intersection of two main roads where some people were crawling past the lion, which was in a cage. The cage had been placed at the entrance to a storm sewer through which the people passed, on a wooden catwalk, to find yet another clue at the far end. The interior, I'm told, was decorated with bits of colored paper, but I never saw it. Our team had not finished the course, but it was then past one A.M., and I knew we were going no farther.

The next thing that I remember is a large, warm restaurant, comforting with the noise of maybe 750 people, all of them eating and drinking, but in a subdued way, as if they were expecting some kind of news.

On a raised stage, ordinarily used by a dance band, Jarvis sat on a solitary chair, the map of his treasure hunt spread across his knees. He wore khaki pants and a khaki shirt open at the throat. The lion had been chained to the leg of a grand piano, and, while he explained the solutions to all the clues, Jarvis smoothed the animal's fur.

"They were very easy this year," he began, "real simple."

The remark was received with harsh laughter, but Jarvis, oblivious to the murmur of discontent, continued in his gentle and professorial voice. The lion, becoming restless, tugged angrily at the piano leg.

"Beautiful to see when you saw it," Jarvis said. "Hell if you didn't. I don't know why people don't do what we tell them—if they don't it's their hard luck, not ours."

Jarvis finally relinquished the stage to a committee member who read off the names of the teams finishing in the first seven places. As they came forward to receive their prizes, I noticed that nearly all of them walked in the dazed, intent manner of people in a trance. The first prize consisted of a toy treasure chest (bought in a drugstore for 89 cents) filled with shiny pennies and a few chips of plastic representing jewels.

Wondering why Jarvis had not distributed the prizes himself, I recalled something he had said earlier in the afternoon. "People say I'm sadistic, and so I always leave the prizes to somebody else—you know, in case there are any complaints."

Somehow I managed to stumble out of that restaurant and find my way back to my motel, in a town whose name I can no longer remember. With the wreckage of the evening's entertainment spread out before me, I sit here with gravel in my shoes, waiting for Kenneth Jarvis to come and put me on a plane to New York. He telephoned a few minutes ago to say that if I didn't mind, we would stop off, on the way to the airport, to take the lion back to Chicago. ⊏

"She'll flip."

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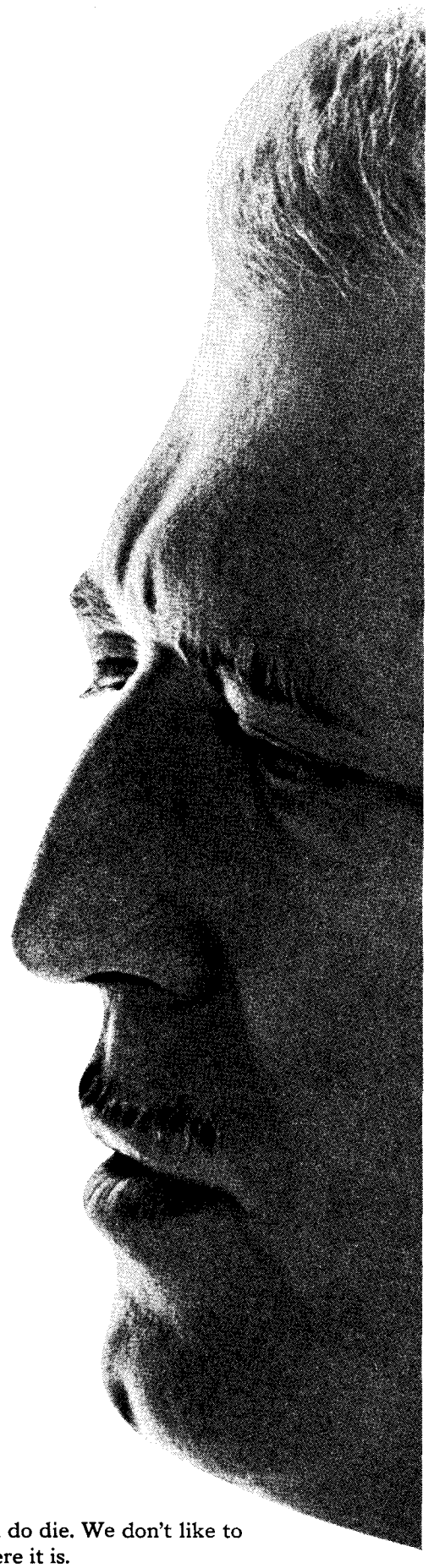

Think a moment what would happen to you and your family if your wife died first.

What would you do?

You'd be pretty helpless when it came to raising the kids.

Unless, of course, you had all the money it would take (and that's a lot) to hire the necessary people to care for them while you tended to business. Doesn't life insurance for *her,* too, equal to yours, make good sense? For two very sound reasons. 1. It costs almost no more than insuring a man separately. 2. Women do die. We don't like to think about it. But there it is.

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We can't make it easier. Or cheaper.

We *can* make it very clear just how important it is for *your* family. Ask about His 'n Hers. Just write: Dept. 42, Alexander Hamilton Life Insurance Company, 777 Grant Street, Denver, Colo. 80217. Let us fill you in on our life story.

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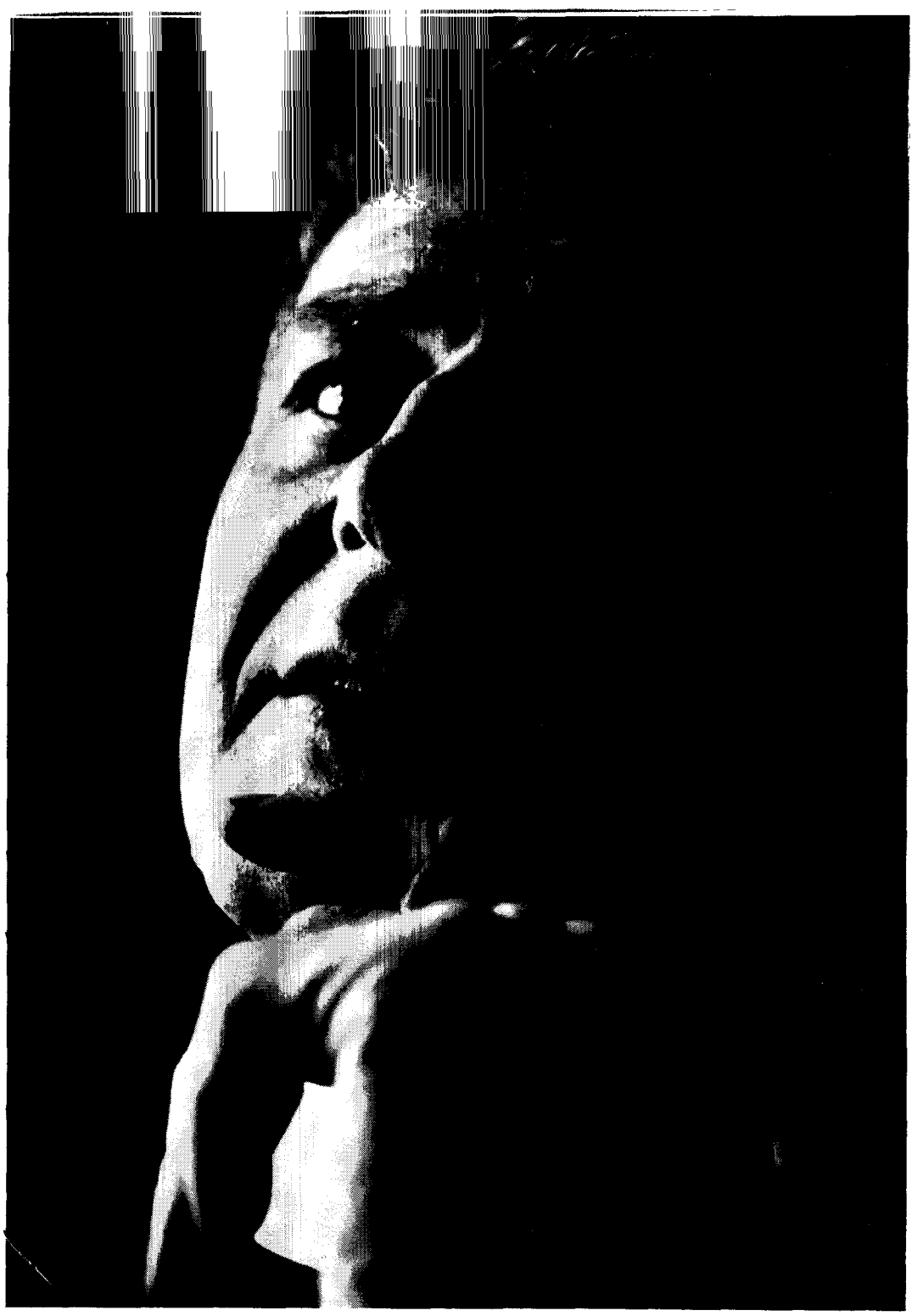
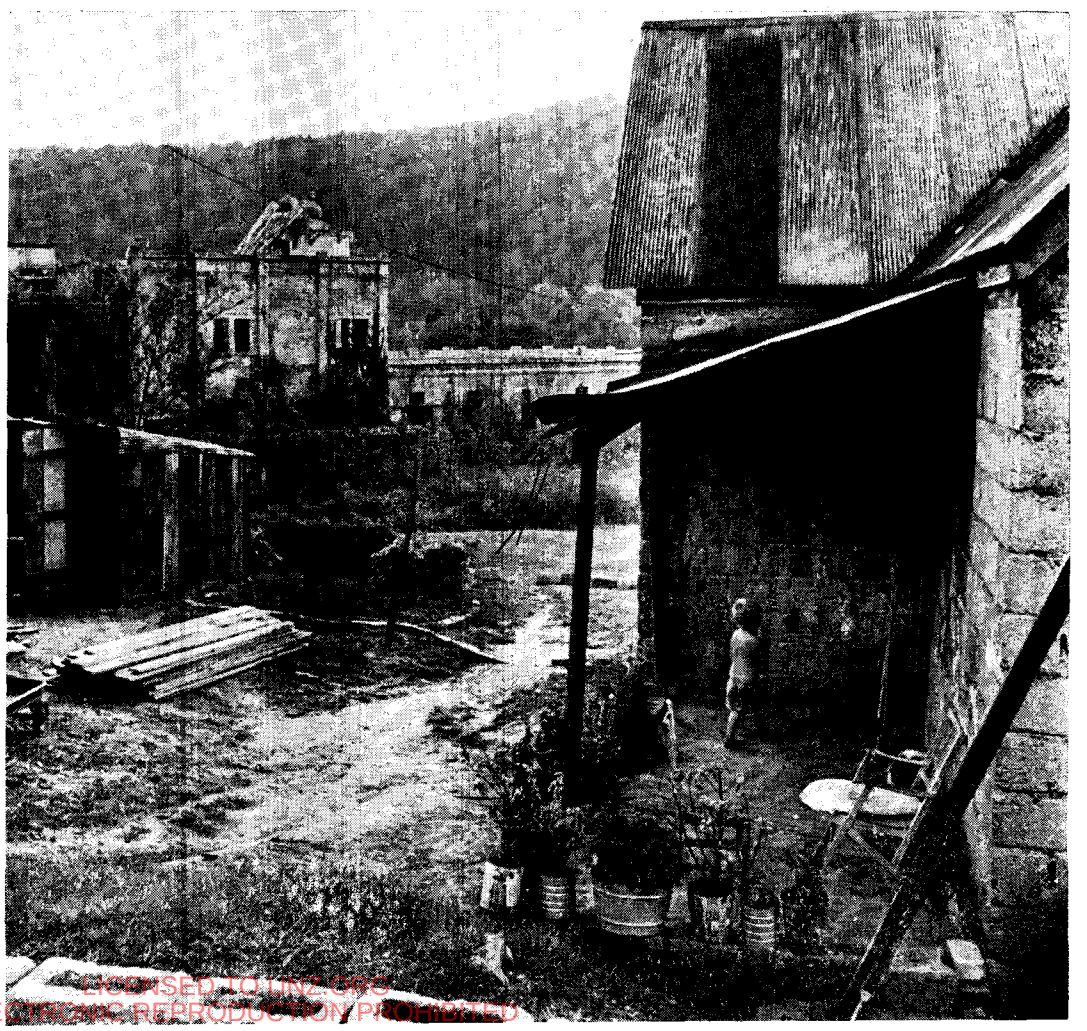
A CHURCH FOR THE HUNGRY

The town is poor—too poor even to qualify for Government surplus food. Why then did the priest insist on building so grand a house of worship?

BY PATRICIA HOUTZ

Photographs by Harvey Lloyd





From his Episcopal mission in Sherwood, Tenn., Father Huske (above) tends poor in hovels like the one below.

Father Joseph Huske was sipping his morning coffee on the Wednesday after Easter, 1960, when he heard the shouts—the church was on fire. He bolted from his chair and ran from the rectory to the burning building across the street. As he ran he remembered the Holy Sacrament, the consecrated bread kept in a container on the altar. Stumbling through the smoke, he seized the container and fled the blaze.

Within minutes all but a few of the inhabitants of the village of Sherwood, Tennessee, were gathered in a ring around the fire.

"There was nothing to do but watch," says Father Huske, a lean, intense man of 44 with gnarled, calloused workman's hands. "We didn't have any fire-fighting equipment. I yelled to some boys to hook a garden hose to a faucet in Charlie Barnes's house next door, but it was too late." The church was already gone. The walls crumpled, the roof quivered and fell with a roar. The church bell crashed down through the incandescent timbers, sending wild peals echoing through the valley.

The church, Epiphany Episcopal, had been built many years before, while the limestone mine, Sherwood's sole industry, still provided employment. But the mine closed in 1948, leaving the miners to eke out their living by farming meager plots and working at a few unskilled jobs. The ambitious and young left town by the hundreds, and many of

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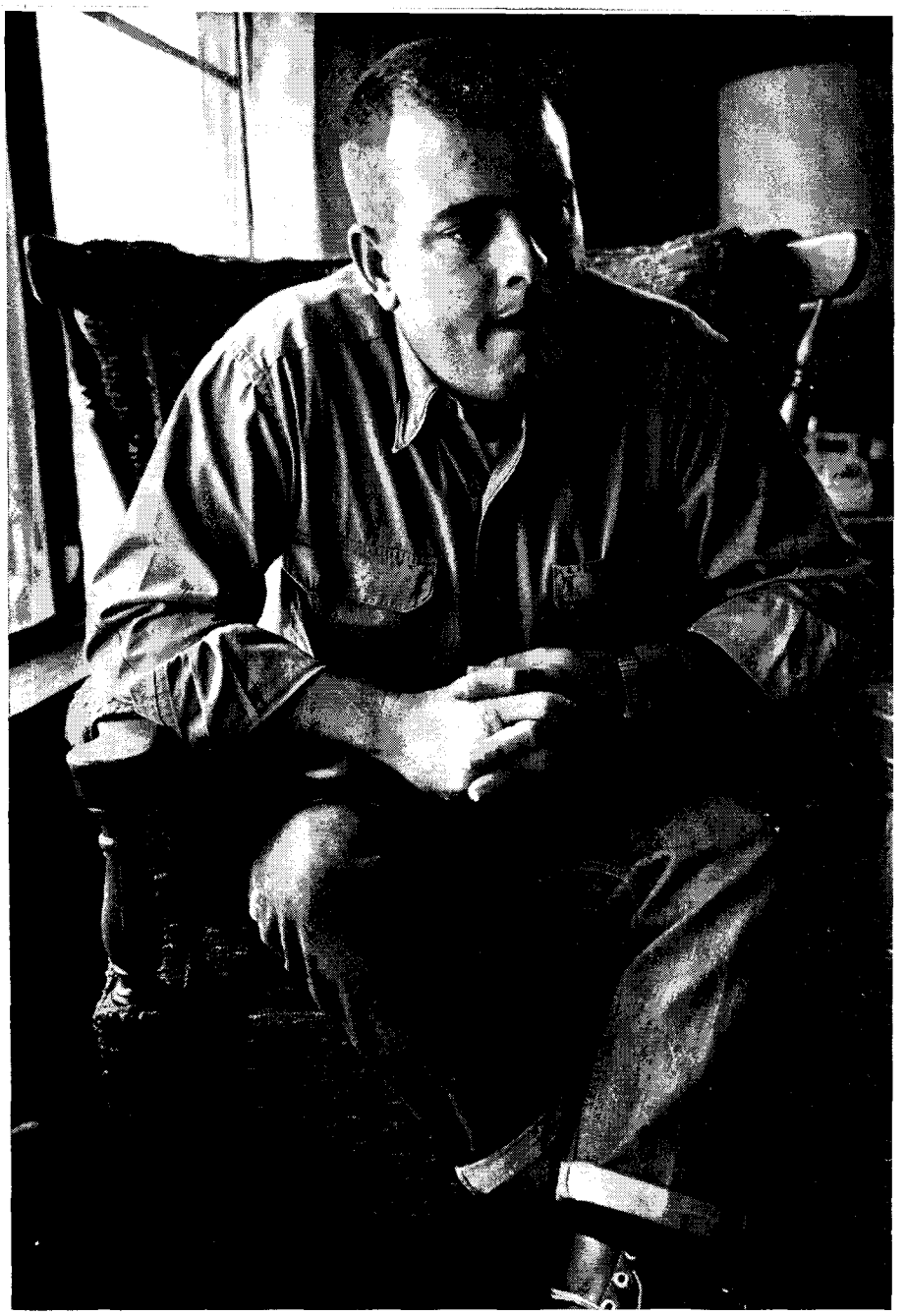

"Miss Florence" Huffer, 78, helps Father Huske by handing out the donated clothing. *Johnny Jackson is Father Huske's right-hand man and was foreman of building project.*

the people who stayed became desperately poor.

Sherwood's appearance is deceiving. On the main street there are cars and trucks, and television antennas rise above some of the houses. Yet off the highway, down in the hollow, are the rows of squalid shacks with sagging porches, ramshackle outhouses, flies and stench. "Inside" water is a rarity. Children sometimes go two days without food. Father Huske himself has about one meal a day. "But the food sticks in my throat," he says, "when I think of all the people around here who get even less." To compound their plight, the people of Sherwood are too poor to get surplus food from the Federal Government; the Government requires that a town pay both the cost of proper storage and the wages of the civil servant who distributes the food, and Sherwood, like many another mountain village, can afford neither. All Father Huske's efforts to get surplus food have been unsuccessful. As for the new Appalachia antipoverty program, it will at best take a few of the more intelligent boys and train them for jobs that do not exist in Sherwood.

For as long as most townspeople can remember, the pastors of Epiphany mission have been helping the people of Sherwood struggle against misery, getting them food and clothing and medical care and occasionally jobs. The town has depended on the mission's help, and when a stunned mother in a ragged cotton dress asked Father Huske, "What will we do without the church, Father?" she was speaking of the physical survival of her family.

Yet she was speaking of another kind of survival as well. Some 400 of the town's 500 people are baptized members of Epiphany, and for them the church, with its music, candlelight, incense and mountain flowers, is an island of beauty and serenity. The changing colors on the altar as the seasons change, the ancient drama of the Christian year—these mark the fundamental rhythm of their days. "That little old church," says Johnny Jackson, the young mountaineer who has served as Father Huske's right-hand man, "it was all you could ask for. As long as I could remember, it was a strong part of my life."

"I guess we all thought that little church just couldn't burn," says Florence Huffer, a 78-year-old parishioner who distributes the cast-off clothing donated to the mission.

When the church did burn, the shock was great. All day long, groups of townspeople stood silently by the smoking ruins, mothers and fathers with children in their arms and at their sides, the calamity reflected in every face. By nightfall Father Huske, still black with soot from searching the ashes for the silver from the melted communion vessels, was haggard from his efforts to calm them.

"There never was any question of whether or not we were going to rebuild," says Father Huske. "We all just assumed we were, and we went to it right quick. The night after the fire I was sleeping and suddenly I woke up about two in the morning. There was the design of the new church, all clear in my mind. I got up and drew it on paper."

It would be a high-vaulted, modern building, handsomer than anything the town had ever known and dramatically different from the little country church that had burned. Local skeptics remarked that Father Huske's design would cost a good deal more than the $18,750 provided by the insurance on the old mission, and far more than a hungry town ought to spend on a church. Yet even if the people of the mission then had known the agonies of sacrifice that lay ahead, they would have assented. The church was their life, and they were confident that Father Huske would see them through, as he always had.

The priest was 31 when he came to Sherwood in 1952. By virtue of stamina and stature—he is six feet one—he was well suited to the rugged mountain life, but by background he was an unlikely vicar for Epiphany. Brought up in North Carolina in a home of wealth and high social standing, he graduated from the University of North Carolina and went on to Virginia Theological Seminary, where he acquired the soft, aristocratic Tidewater accent that comes surprisingly from so tenacious a man in so primitive a place as Sherwood.

Father Huske was teaching religion at St. Andrew's, a boys' school in Sewanee, Tenn., when he first heard about "the pretty little church back in the mountains," and one bright Sunday morning early in 1952 he went to see it himself. As he drove down the winding 12-mile trail that leads to Sherwood, the wall of the mountain was on his left, and on his right, hundreds of feet below, was the floor of the valley—already green, although it was February. Then came the drive through the bottom lands, and suddenly there was the village. Its houses were tumbledown, its fields unkept.

When he crossed the railroad tracks, he saw the little mission church on the creek bank. The service of Holy Communion was about to begin, and he slipped quietly into a back pew. He noticed that the frail, elderly priest who was to celebrate the Mass appeared to be ill. After shakily starting the familiar words of the canon, "All glory be to Thee, Almighty God . . ." the priest's voice faltered, and he fell across the altar. Father Huske quickly moved up the aisle and into the sanctuary. He bent over the old priest, then turned to the young men who had come forward from the congregation and directed them to carry the sick man to the rectory. And then, after putting on vestments, he resumed the canon of the Mass.

As soon as the final prayers were said, he hurried

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'Every morning these people gather at the construction site and ask what we are going to do that day. They are cold and hungry, but they are determined to get this church built.'

to the bedroom of the old priest, Father George Jones. "Could you come back down and fill in until I'm better?" Father Jones asked in a tired voice. Father Huske said that he would try, and a few days later, after making arrangements at St. Andrew's School, he returned to Sherwood. But the old priest never recovered. Two months later he was dead. As he had requested, Father Jones was buried at the top of the cemetery on the side of the hill, overlooking his flock in the valley. "There he lies," says Charlie Barnes, pointing to the hill, "at the head of the pack, just like he wanted. I've never met such a wonderful and beautiful soul."

Soon after the death, the bishop of Tennessee assigned Father Huske to Epiphany mission. "The whole thing down there was unbelievable," the priest later told one of his friends in the clergy. "I'd often wondered what God had in mind for me to do, but after that first week in Sherwood I had no doubt that He expected me to stay right there—for a little while, at least."

His "little while" is still continuing, 13 years later. For each of his first two years he received merely a $360 stipend, but in 1958 the bishop, impressed by Father Huske's work, "regularized" the mission, entitling the priest to a salary of $3,300; later it was increased to $3,900. Nearly all his pay has gone into the mission, along with most of a considerable inheritance and many gifts from his relatives. His one meal a day depends on the charity of strangers who send cartons of food to the church, and he uses cast-off garments from the mission boxes for his everyday wear. "He never buys anything," says a woman of the mission. "Sometimes he looks like something the cat dragged in."

Father Huske and Johnny Jackson's daughters. At center is Margaret, temporarily blinded when 13 months old.

Florence Huffer remembers first seeing Father Huske and thinking, "He's a nice-looking young man. If he's going to be around here, he might be of some help." A stooped, fragile, retired schoolteacher, Miss Florence had been handing out clothing donated to the mission since 1934. "I started arranging flowers for Father Jones," she says, "and gradually got more and more involved with the mission. I wasn't really religious ever. In fact, I didn't know anything about the Episcopalians. I had always thought it was some kind of high-class religion. I've learned different since."

Miss Florence, who has been godmother to several hundred Sherwood children over the years, goes about distributing the clothes and shoes and blankets discreetly, because mountain folk are proud. "Those that need it worst, get it first," she says, "providing we can find their size." Miss Florence knows the size and the need in every family. She'll say to a youngster, "Now you take these home and tell Mama not to let you put them on until you wash your feet."

If from the beginning Miss Florence has been the heart of Father Huske's congregation, Johnny Jackson has been its muscle. Born and raised in Sherwood, Johnny was a 13-year-old altar boy at Father Huske's first, dramatic Sunday at Epiphany, and the priest soon became the most important influence in the boy's life.

"In a sense he's been kind of a father to me," Johnny says in his painfully slow but well considered mountain speech. "You know, being an educated man, he was able to understand a lot of things. I've always been very close to my father, but he never had the chance to go to school. Father Huske really understood me. He was a guy I just always enjoyed talking with."

Johnny had dropped out of school after the sixth grade, and Father Huske persuaded him to return; the boy finished seventh and eighth grades in one year. When Johnny was 18, he married a 16-year-old girl he had grown up with, and Father Huske put the new husband to work. "He came up to me one day," Johnny recalls, "and said he needed somebody around, somebody to help him. I wasn't doing anything, really, so I said sure." He became the mission's caretaker and maintenance man.

The relationship between the priest and the young man deepened when Johnny's oldest daughter, Margaret, then 13 months old, suddenly went blind. Father Huske took the child to doctors in Nashville, but nothing seemed to help. All the while, Johnny and his wife, Charlotte, attended Mass daily, lit candles, prayed. Ten weeks went by. One morning, kneeling between her parents before the stone altar, Margaret said, "Fa' Hus'." She could see. Johnny believes it was a miracle.

Johnny was at Father Huske's side when the church burned, and he was the first person to whom Father Huske showed his design for the new church. A few days later, after more sketching, Father Huske showed it to the congregation. "We'll go right ahead with daily Masses while we're building," he announced, "right outside, in the presence of the Almighty. The Lord is with us. He knows of our trouble. He knows what lies ahead for us. He'll take care of us."

Immediately Father Huske and the boys of the mission began to clear brush and dig foundations. The first load of 500 concrete blocks, about $50 worth, arrived a month later from over the hill, but no one in Sherwood knew how to lay them; the men with skills of that sort had long ago left for more prosperous regions. So Father Huske called together the oldest boys and said, "Boys, we're just going to have to learn to lay these blocks all by ourselves. I don't know any more about it than you do, but we'll just have to try."

"Father," Johnny said, "maybe I can learn and then show them how." Cement was mixed successfully, but three full days later Johnny had managed to set only 16 blocks. Gradually, however, he got the hang of it and the other boys began to follow his example. Soon the priest had to arbitrate among all the young volunteers who loudly insisted on laying blocks for the church.

Six days a week in the summer of 1960, Father Huske and his young apprentices worked at digging foundations and laying blocks. Every day the women and old men and younger children came to sit near the site and watch the work and shout and jeer at anyone who failed to set his blocks true. "Those first few months were a nightmare," Johnny says. "Our workday began at daylight in July and August, before daylight in the fall months, and we worked twelve-hour days. When we poured and finished concrete, we began at four-thirty in the morning and didn't get off until eight or nine at night. Boy, we put in some tough days."

But nightfall did not mean rest for Johnny and Father Huske. First they would plan the next day's work, and then they would get the necessary equipment and materials ready. Afterward the priest would cook himself supper, sit down at his desk and wearily try to write thank-you letters.

Such letters had been going out from the mission for decades. Father Jones had conceived the idea of printing booklets four times each year describing the mission—its people and its needs—and sending them to distant churches and churchmen. Slowly the mailing list grew; today there are 2,500 names, about a third of whom respond to a mailing. Father Huske calls the 2,500 Epiphany's "greater congregation." On each booklet he writes a message, and for each contribution he sends a form letter of thanks with a written inscription.

Before the fire, Father Huske had been averaging 60 booklets and letters a night. But after the

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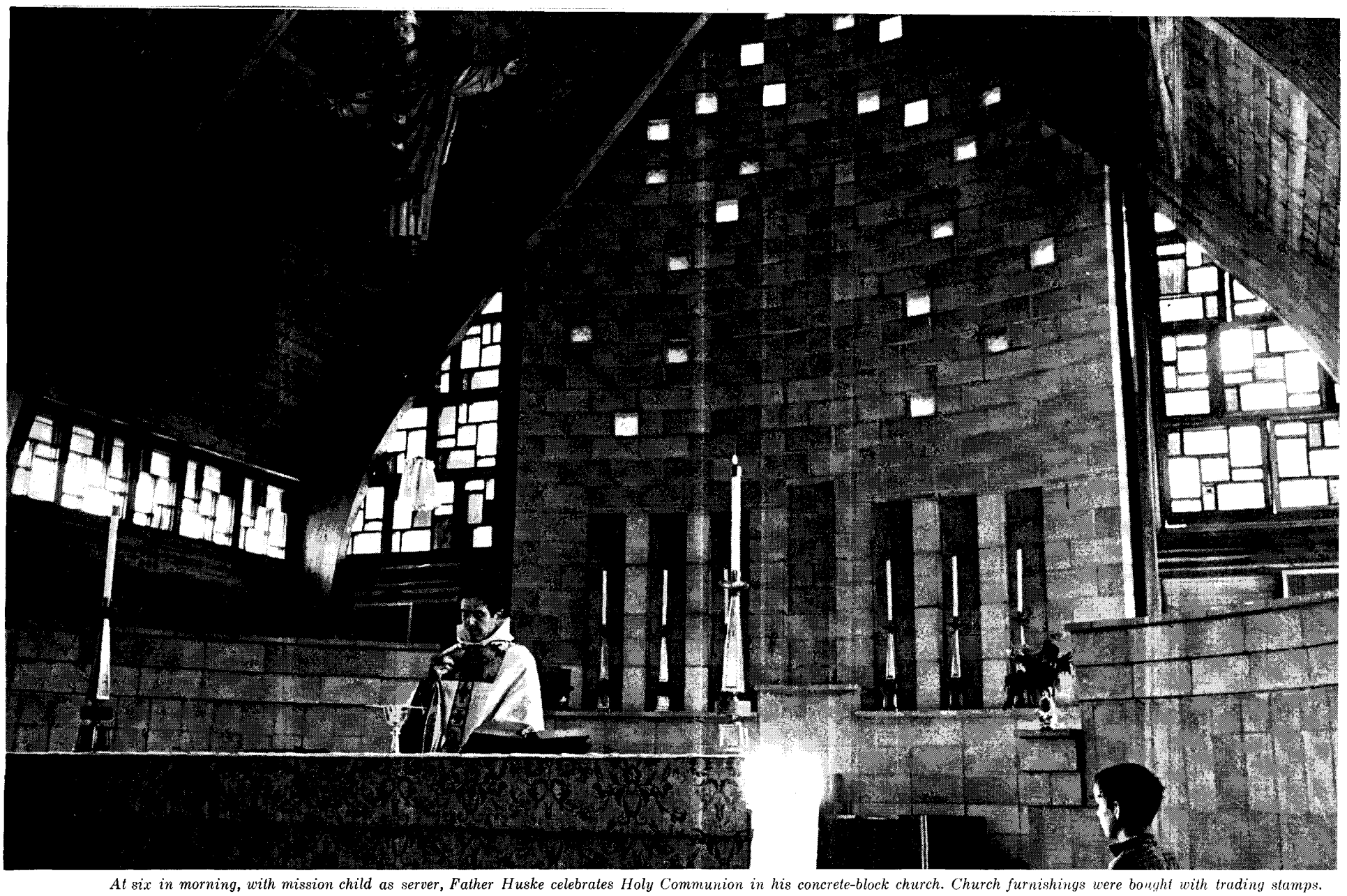

At six in morning, with mission child as server, Father Huske celebrates Holy Communion in his concrete-block church. Church furnishings were bought with trading stamps.

fire he had less time for correspondence and, as he feared, outside help for the mission fell off sharply. "If you can't get those booklets out," he says, "there's no way to keep their interest up. If you stir the pot, it builds back up."

In early autumn he finally completed a new booklet, and Johnny set it in type and printed it on the mission's 200-year-old press. But the priest's depression and weariness were apparent. "Response to our appeal for help has been disheartening slow," he wrote in the new booklet. "Although the number of contributions was large, the amount contributed has not been as much as had been hoped for or needed. If and when the good Lord wills it, we will receive all things needful and requisite for His purposes."

When the winter of 1960 came, the little community suffered. It had no church, little food or clothing. Months of cold and rain stopped the church construction completely. The rows of 10-cent cement blocks, half-submerged in mud puddles, were the only evidence of progress.

When spring reached the valley, Father Huske told his congregation: "Let's work so hard this summer that with God's help we'll never again have to go through a winter like that one."

Throughout the spring and summer of 1961 the priest led the work on the new church. The concrete-block walls started to rise, and the basic form of Father Huske's dream began to come into focus. In the evening, exhausted and grimy after his labor, he wrote appeals for help—to his family, to his friends, to his seminary classmates, to everyone he could think of. And slowly, over the winter and into the spring, the greater congregation responded. "A dollar here and a dollar there," the priest says. "Very few above ten dollars, but it all helped. When the Lord provided, we built. When He didn't, we stopped."

'Without the church, things would be a whole lot worse. That Father Huske is a good man, a real good man.'

What little progress had been made through the summer of 1962 was halted in October when Johnny was called up for service in the Army during the Cuban missile crisis. "I'm afraid this is not a cheery, Christian-type letter," the priest wrote to a friend at Virginia Theological Seminary. "For the first time in almost ten years, we are at an absolute standstill. I have given all that I have, the last available from home is gone, and I have an ever-increasing sense of panic. In the past several weeks we have received only a few pennies in contributions. We cannot get Johnny out of the service, and no other here can read the blueprints, no other can help with the letters asking for help. Every morning these people gather around the church and ask what we are going to do that day. They are cold and hungry, but they are determined to get this church built.

"I beg of you to pray for us here," the letter concluded, "and to ask your friends and church people to try to help these poor souls in Sherwood."

It was the last appeal for help that the weary priest wrote for many months. Attempting to add Johnny's duties to his own, he collapsed in December from a recurrence of the malaria he had contracted in childhood. He was taken to a hospital in Sewanee. While he was there, Episcopal monks from the Holy Cross monastery at Sewanee came regularly to celebrate Masses at Sherwood. Constantly, Father Huske pleaded with his doctors to let him resume work. Then Johnny was released from the Army, and the priest was allowed to go back to his cement blocks and his hungry people. But quickly the chills and blazing fevers returned and, at Johnny's urging, he flew home to North Carolina and rested for two months. "I have no doubt anymore that I'm going to spend my life in that village," he told a visitor. "That much, at least, I've learned these months at home."

Father Huske returned in the summer of 1963. Before he had been inside the dusty rectory 15 minutes, he heard a rap at the door. It was a young housewife. "Thank God you're back," she said. "Father, the kids ain't got nothing to eat."

Roy, one of her seven children, stood beside his mother, looking hopefully at the priest. "Roy," Father Huske asked, "are you hungry?"

"Yes, Father," the child said. "We didn't have nothing since yesterday at dinner we had a boloney sandwich, Father." And then, brightening, he asked, "Are we going to start working on the church again tomorrow?" The priest gave them some food he had brought from home.

He had some money and had planned to buy a little lumber with it, but now he decided the church would have to wait. He would spend the money on food, and, further, he would make one more appeal to Government authorities to send food into the starving little village. "I'm going to Nashville again tomorrow before we start doing anything on the church," he told Miss Florence. "They're so tired of seeing me up there maybe this time they'll give us some help out of exasperation."

In Nashville the priest received his usual polite

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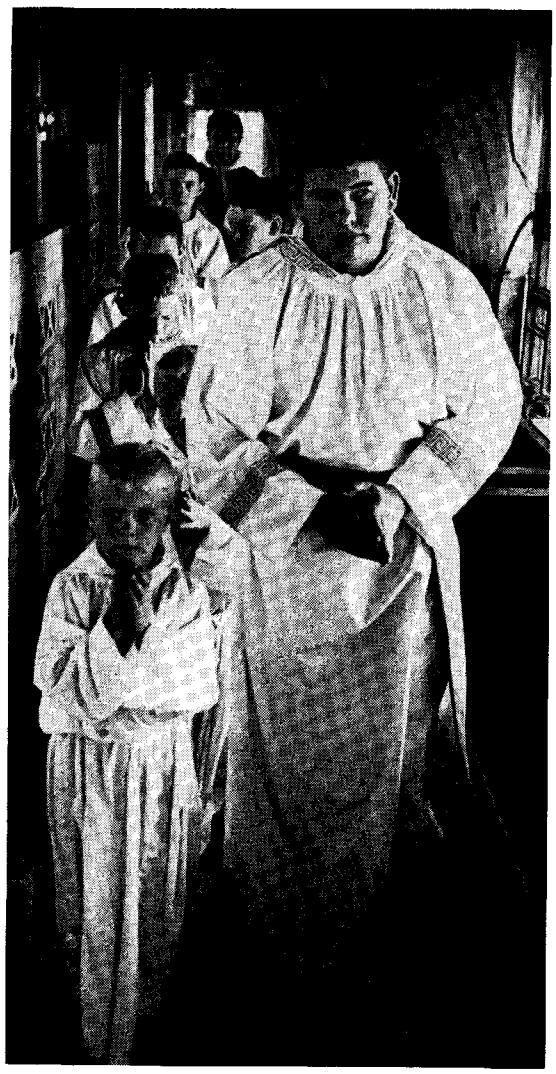

Mission youngsters compete for chance to serve in church.

laminated roof beams. Every available man in the town came to haul on the ropes and heave the huge beams to the top of the church.

Directing the operation, Father Huske looked up at the beams and marveled. "This thing is all built on the principle of dynamic symmetry," he told Miss Florence enthusiastically. "The church, from the inside, appears to be right much larger than it is. It's the relations of various sundry things pushing up. You know, the Greeks did some pretty good things using these principles. Whenever we're finished, it's going to be a gem."

The first Sunday under the new roof was solemnly joyful. There were warm smiles, clean overalls and white shirts, and many extra candles burning. The vestments had inspired many youngsters to ask to be altar boys—to carry the torches and the cross and swing the incense. "We don't need military precision," Father Huske told them. "Thank God we have no dowagers to impress. You get in line, hold your candle high, and you'll learn by watching."

The organ swelled, the church filled with voices, the sun streamed through the stained-glass windows, making slanting patterns in the rising incense. Father Huske's dream had become reality.

Since that first service, the parishioners have filled their new church with worship. In addition to the Sunday Mass, Father Huske celebrates Holy Communion at six A.M. six days a week, with candles and greenery on the altar. When he enters the church a half hour before the service to begin his prayers, there is always someone already kneeling in the pews, waiting for the service to begin.

Not everyone, however, admires the new building. "This great church here," says A. J. Robinson, a slight, balding man who is a member of the congregation, "this marvelous structure—I'll bet there's more than a half-million bucks poured into it. And for who? Not for us, not for the folks of Sherwood. I don't know, sometimes I think Father Huske is putting up a memorial to himself."

There are others who say the same.

It is easy to find fault with Father Huske. As a clergy friend of his points out, one can sneer at the obvious pride with which he wears his torn and soiled clothing—if one forgets that the man has actually labored, and that the dirt is honestly acquired. One can observe his frequently sweat-covered brow and frantic air and excessive exuberance with strangers and see a driven man instead of a dedicated man, anxious for his people. One can remark on his pleasures—the color television set given him by his relatives, and the light plane he keeps at Sewanee and delights in flying—but if the pleasures are mentioned, then so must be the fact that Father Huske has given far more money to Sherwood than it has ever paid him. Many may have already forgotten that it was Father Huske who got a doctor from Sewanee to visit Sherwood, or who is trying to get a new high school.

But why such a church? A visitor to Sherwood soon can guess, for the church is the first thing any townsman shows him. It is the one thing in the valley that is new and splendid, the one sign of industry and common purpose, the one thing to brag about. And as the winter closes in and walls get thinner, clothing gets sparser and fuel and food are harder to come by—as still another lean Christmas approaches—it is warming for Sherwood to have something to brag about.

"Without the church, things would be a whole lot worse," says Sam Haney, a 70-year-old miner. "They always take care of you over there. That Father Huske is a good man, a real good man."

"I sometimes wonder why Father Huske stays in Sherwood," says Johnny Jackson, pausing and thinking. "I just really can't explain it. But I'll tell you something, there aren't many men that could fill his shoes." □

welcome from state officials. He even saw Sen. Estes Kefauver, who was down from Washington that day. Everyone seemed sympathetic, he recalls, "but nobody knew what to do about a place like Sherwood. I've talked to officials at every level," he says, "and it's always the same story. They say the administrator has to be capable of handling $300,000. Why, that's ridiculous. Over at the store in Sherwood they only handle about $11,000 a year. It seems if you have so much money you don't need it, then you can get it."

It was dusk when he got back to the town that day. He could see the people sitting on the creek bank near the new church site. "Father," asked a wiry teen-ager in threadbare blue jeans, "can we get the Government food?"

"I tried every trick in the book," he replied, "but the regulations are clear, and not even a senator can bend them. I told them that we'll fill out the forms ourselves, that I would personally see that it's done right. But they won't give in."

The priest went on to explain that he had also stopped by and asked county officials again if they would provide the money for the storage and administrator's salary, as many counties do. Franklin County is one of the most prosperous in Tennessee, but the top county executive, C.O. Prince, was unwilling. "Prince is a nice enough guy," says Father Huske, "but we never see eye to eye. He knows there aren't many votes on this side of the hill, so he doesn't need to think too much about us."

Lack of money and cold weather slowed construction through late winter, 1963. The new church was still merely foundations and walls. There was no sign of a roof and no notion of where the money for it would come from. And then came a crucial gift: Five anonymous donors from the greater congregation gave $10,000 to buy the giant,

Dominating the valley, Father Huske's controversial new church is the most splendid structure the town has known.

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Editorial

A vintage year

As another year draws toward a close, it seems fitting to look backward for a moment to consider what has happened to the world during the twelve hectic months that are gradually slipping into history. At first, trying to recall the highlights of the year, one realizes how quickly and how easily one's memories blur. Where were we, really, a year ago, and where have we come since then?

A year ago Sir Winston Churchill, the indomitable and irreplaceable old lion, was vibrantly alive. Today he is gone, as are others among our noblest and most eloquent spokesmen. Albert Schweitzer, who richly embodied his own creed of reverence for life, is gone now; Adlai Stevenson, who illuminated American politics for a decade, is gone. T.S. Eliot, whose poetry spoke for a whole generation; Martin Buber, the gentle philosopher; Felix Frankfurter, the quiet voice of law; Dr. Gordon Seagrave, who dedicated his life to healing the people of Burma; they welcomed the coming of 1965 but did not live to see its end. There were others, too, an extraordinarily varied group of men and women who had influenced our lives in good ways and bad, great ways and small—Le Corbusier, creator of mighty buildings, and King Farouk, symbol of decadent monarchy; Edward R. Murrow and Bernard Baruch, Clyde Beatty, Father Divine, Pepper Martin, Syngman Rhee, Helena Rubinstein, and Porfirio Rubirosa, and Clara Bow, and Malcolm X. And there were the nameless dead, wiped out by Nature's careless hand in floods and earthquakes and hurricanes, slain by man's own capacity for violence, in war and riot and senseless carnage. Some died heroically, giving their lives for others; others simply as ciphers in the process of history.

If a look back through 1965 inevitably reminds us of our mortality, it must also remind us that we have sent the human mind and body farther than ever beyond all previously known frontiers. It was in 1965 that a 30-year-old Russian named Aleksei Leonov first climbed out of a world-orbiting vehicle and "walked in space" more than 100 miles above the earth. The United States not only matched that feat but sent a photo-taking missile to the moon and, for the first time, reached the planet Mars with a flying laboratory that sent back photographs across 134 million miles of space.

There were other momentous changes during this year of 1965, changes that brought if not improvement, at least the hope of it. Fighting broke out in the Dominican Republic but was brought to a halt; war over Kashmir ended in a truce. The ugly conflict in Vietnam grew enormously, with United States forces increased from 25,000 to almost 200,000, but though we can see no more than a dim possibility of peace, we have at least averted the outright defeat that once seemed imminent.

In the great domestic problem of civil rights, this was the year of Selma, where kneeling Negroes prayed for the good health of Sheriff Jim Clark, and Watts, where both the words and the action were more violent. "Let's get Whitey!" became part of the language, and so did the exhortation: "Burn, baby, burn!" But the message of Selma was heard. Congress, as part of Lyndon Johnson's vast program of social-welfare legislation, passed the most drastic voting-rights bill of the century, and tens of thousands of southern Negroes finally won the most basic of political freedoms, the freedom to choose their own representatives at the polls. The message of Watts, too, was heard, persuading many people that purely legal "rights" will not appease the blind anger in the Negro ghettos of the North. If programs like Operation Head Start and the Job Corps are only a start toward better education and better jobs, they are at least a start in the right direction.

No year can be recalled only in terms of its crises or its great events, however. According to one poll, for example, the problem that most Americans cited most frequently as their chief cause of guilt and anxiety was the problem of eating too much at dinner. In another sense, 1965 might well be called the year of the fad. Speeding skateboards became a new traffic menace and a new cause of sprained backs. Pop art appeared on appliances, and was replaced in the newest galleries by dizzying "op art," and "kinetic art," which moves around the room by itself. The superhuman James Bond became a major industry, inspiring imitations and parodies of every variety, until the cult of supermen became so extreme that it could be satisfied only by comic-strip heroes of an earlier day, and so Batman came back to life, along with Captain Marvel, Wonder Woman, and Superman himself. It was a big year for the discothèque and the wriggling discothèque dances, a year the old Stork Club closed and crowds pushed their way into a new place called Arthur, named after the strange haircut of the Beatles, who, in turn, won Britain's prestigious Order of the British Empire.

There is, thus, no sign that the human race is about to become suddenly wise or virtuous, but no sign that it should be engulfed in disaster and despair either. This has been, if neither the best nor worst of years, far from the least interesting.

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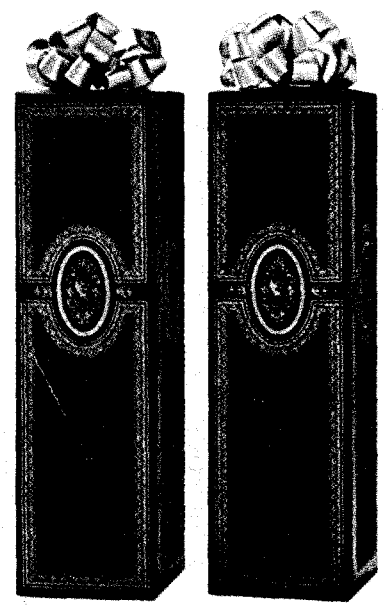

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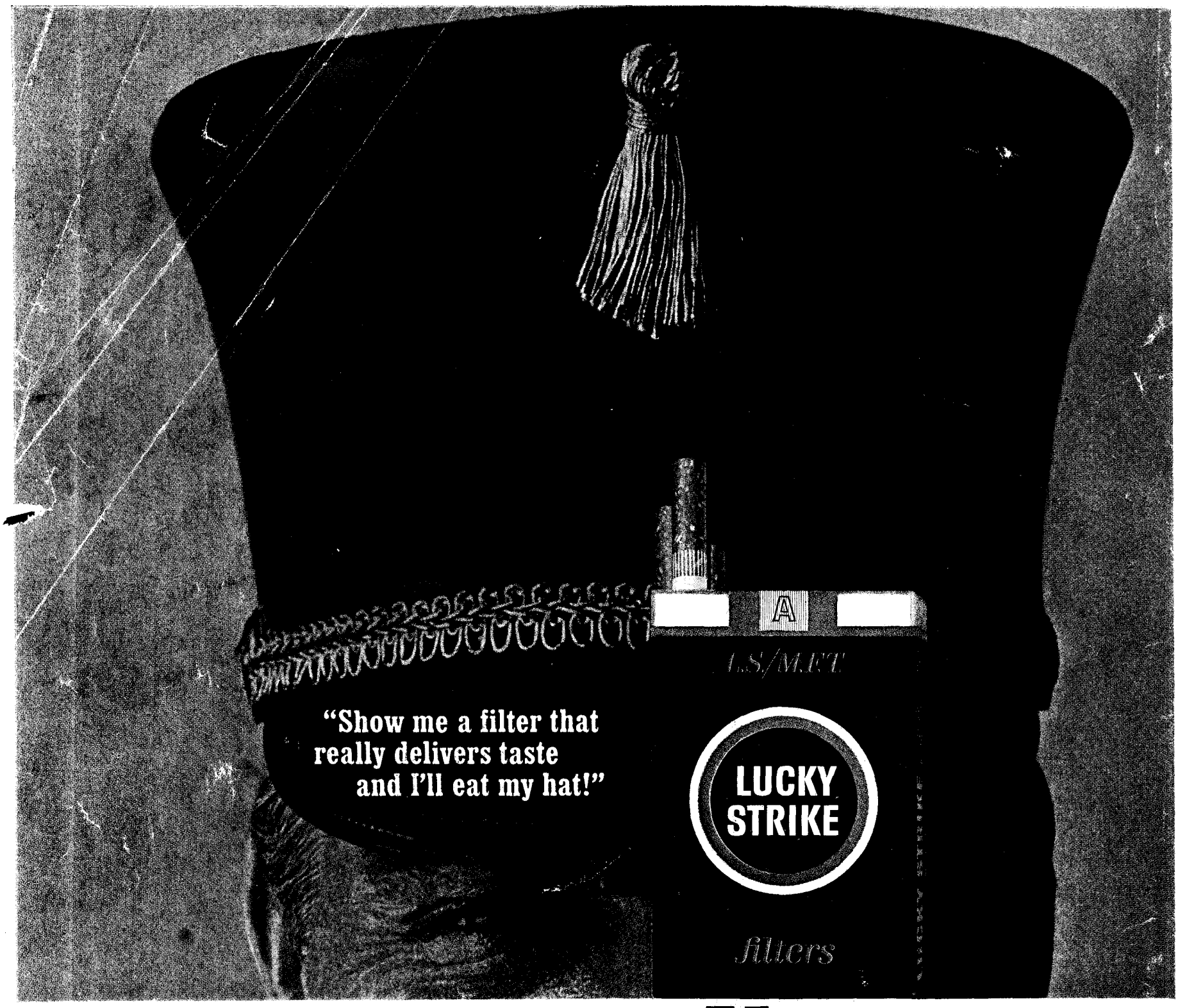

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